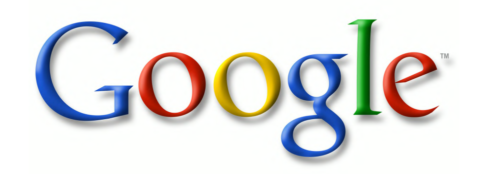
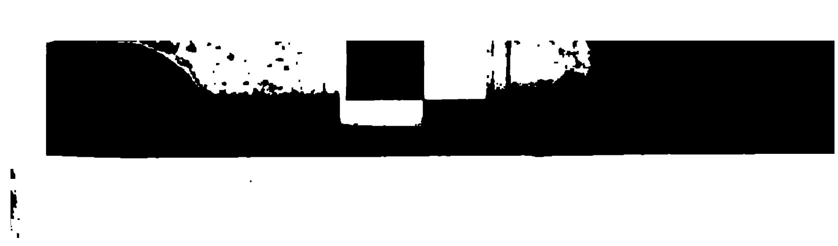


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JEANNETTE ISABELLE.



Just published, in Two Volumes,

PAYNELL;

OR, THE DISAPPOINTED MAN:

A NOVEL.

BY MILES STAPLETON, ESQ.

JEANNETTE ISABELLE:

A NOVEL.

———— "And yet I find
Most vain all hope but love; and *thou* art far,
————! who, when my spirit overflow'd,
Wert like the golden chalice to bright wine,
Which else had sunk into the thirsty dust!"

PROMETHEUS UNBOUND.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

LONDON:
JOHN RICHARDSON,
25, SOUTH AUDLEY STREET.

M.DCCC.XXXVII.





C. WHITTINGHAM, TOOKS COURT,
CHANCERY LANE.

PREFACE.

"Ho! ho! Monsieur Nugnez; vous venez de chez un imprimeur! cela semble menacer le public d'un nouvel ouvrage de votre composition."

"C'est à quoi il doit en effet s'attendre," me répondit-il; "je te dirai que je me suis avisé de composer une brochure, qui est sous la presse actuellement, et qui doit faire un grand bruit dans la république des lettres."

"Je ne doute pas du mérite de ta production," lui répliquai-je; "mais je m'étonne que tu t'amuses à composer des brochures: il me semble que ce sont des colifichets, qui ne font pas grand honneur à l'esprit."

"Il y en a quelquefois de bonnes," repartit Fabrice. "La mienne, par exemple, est de ce

nombre, quoiqu'elle ait été faite à la hâte. Car je t'avouerai que c'est un enfant de la nécessité. La faim, comme tu sçais, fait sortir le loup hors de bois."

"Comment!" m'écriais-je—"la faim! est-ce l'auteur du *Comte de Saldagne* qui me tient ce discours? Un homme qui a dix mille écus de rente, peut-il parler ainsi?"—

"Doucement, mon ami!"—interrompit Nugnez.

GIL BLAS DE SANTILLANE,
liv. xii. c. 7.

JEANNETTE ISABELLE.

CHAPTER I.

It was a horrible night in January. Merry as were the balls and concerts fixed for that evening in Paris, the streets at least gave no indication of gaiety and feasting. Down the whole length of the arcades, from the corner of the Place Vendôme to the two extremities of the Rue de Rivoli, not a soul was to be seen, and yet the Louvre clock had only just struck ten. Not a dog dared to stir out in that dreadful storm; but the wind sung through the deserted arches of the Rue Castiglione, and the rain seemed to fall in sheets upon the housetops. The Dutch ovens with roasted chestnuts, so wel-come at the turnings of the streets to the ouvriers

coming home from work, or the children released from their pensions, were no longer visible. Even the perennial lamps, hung out from the tobacconist's windows to light the fresh cigar, had been quenched by the penetrating gusts of the hurricane, and the drivers of the fiacres smoked their short clay pipes under the cover of the cape of their great coats.

"Quelle nuit épouvantable!" exclaimed an old woman, as she issued from the obscure door of a small house in the Rue St. Honoré, and prepared to cross the street, courageously battling with her blue cotton umbrella against the whole fury of the elements. "Quelle nuit épouvantable! jamais de ma vie je n'ai rien vu de semblable!"—and certainly it must have been either a very bad night, or a very stupid person, or both, when French lips could occupy themselves with a remark upon the weather. The old lady's senses, perhaps, were not in their acutest order at the moment; for scarcely had she attained to the centre of the hardly distinguishable crossing, picking her way over the great stones, by the help of a horn lantern in her left hand, and holding the patchy parapluie close down over the frills of her cap with her right, like a shield constantly presented against the enemy to windward, when she felt herself suddenly knocked head over heels by the violent concussion of some object ad-

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vancing from that very direction; and not till some moments after, on coming to her senses, was she made aware that she had been run over by the foremost of three horses, attached to a travelling carriage, which still waited in the street before her.

"Mon fils! mon pauvre fils Louis! qu'est ce qu'il deviendra!" exclaimed the terrified old beldame, as she gasped for breath in a fresh tornado of the tempest; "bien sûr, que je vais mourir, et il sera seul! mon cher pauvre orphelin! mon pauvre Louis!"

"What's the damage done? and have you sent for a surgeon?" exclaimed, in English, a mild, quiet voice from the carriage, while the window was let down, and instantly half drawn up again as a heavy plash of rain came like a water-spout through the aperture.

"Nicht viel:—not much damage, my Lord," was the reply: "I believe no surgeon is wanted, es scheint mir wenigstens; for no bones are broken, as far as I can ascertain;" and the old German servant, who had descended, and was occupied with the good lady on the trottoir, began feeling very unceremoniously the legs and arms of the patient to discover if there were any fractures.

"Finissez donc! finissez! ôtez vos mains! coquin! c'est honteux, c'est indigne!" screamed the

old woman, as she struggled against the anatomical investigation—"vous chiens d'Anglais!—vous êtes tous comme cela—vous êtes une race maudite—voilà, ce que vous êtes!"—and the old woman raised her figure to its full height, and stamped with rage upon the pavé with such force as to fully convince the Englishman's courier that there was no further need for his medical intervention. Maliciously therefore unpinning the front of her dress, as if to relieve her and give her some air, and then leading her directly under a spout, which squirted a whole gutter-ful of puddle-water over her, he wished her bon soir, and returned to the carriage.

"Anton," said the voice from inside, "give the poor old creature this"—and a napoleon was handed out of the window.

"Es ist gar nicht nöthig—it's quite unnecessary, my Lord, and a great deal too much," said the free-spoken old servant.

"Take her address, Anton," was the only answer; and the old lady having given No. 179, Rue St. Denis, au quatrième, to the servant, the carriage drove off again, amid her vociferations of "Chiens d'Anglais! maudits coquins," and such other epithets, which showed that the piece of gold had not at all appeased her anger for the roll in the gutter.

There is in France still a very large number of persons among the lower classes, who participate, to its fullest extent, in all the detestation and abuse of the English, expressed by the old woman Boivin, whose violence I have just described. These persons are all of them of a certain age; they are either old Republicans or Imperialists; and it is not wonderful that it should be so, especially when we recollect how we were ourselves taught in our childhood to regard Bonaparte as the wickedest man in the world, and that the influence of Nelson had made it a popular feeling, if not an individual duty, that we should hate the French: but the French Republicans of the modern school have none of this narrow prejudice, or circumscribed nationality, about them; there is an enlarged love of liberty which originates in thought and in principle, a sort of cosmopolitan feeling, an extension of patriotism to the whole globe, a profession of fraternity to all those of the human race who have sentiments, and views and desires in accordance with their own. There are many societies tending to the same end in different countries, where their existence is known, although their secret ramifications are unrevealed, and only discovered by their results: there is la jeune France, and la jeune Allemagne, and la jeune Pologne, and la jeune Italie, and la jeune

Espagne; but all these are only as the arms and legs to the body, merely the sails of the mill; it is the combination of them all into la jeune Europe that makes them truly formidable: the strength of union, the central committee, and the corresponding branches; above all, the diffusion of education, and the consequent cultivation of the reasoning faculty, which will prevent large bodies of men in future from ever being duped by a name and a sound.

However, I am already digressing, and I have not got through half the first chapter. On the departure of the old woman, the courier drew his Mackintosh more closely round him, and resumed his place upon the box. The window was drawn up again in its well-fitted grooves, and the postillion cracked his wet whip with most sonorous effect, and woke the damp echoes of the slumbering street with a still more unpitying performance on his horn. The horses seemed to feel that they were near their resting place, and went double quick time; when, suddenly, on arriving at No. 123, they were pulled up; the porter's bell was rung unmercifully, the big gates of the Hôtel Bedford were thrown as wide open as their hinges would allow, and the proprietor, with his wife, and the foreman, with half a dozen waiters, each with a napkin under his arm, ran out into the large and handsome court-yard.

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"Are there not apartments engaged here in the name of Lord Clanelly?" enquired the courier.

"Yes, my lord; waiting your lordship's arrival since Monday," was the reply; and orders were immediately given to the waiters to light the bougies in Nos. 9, 10, 11, and 12, au premier.

"They are the next rooms to the suite occupied by Lord Furstenroy," said the landlord; "I thought your lordship would like them better."

"Good, good," said the English nobleman, as he descended from his britska, and gave Anton directions as to what part of the luggage must be brought up stairs that night.

"C'est la dernière course pour aujourd'hui, milord;" said the postillion, as, having received his legitimate claim from the courier, he approached the master himself with his hat off; "nous sommes venus très vite, et les chevaux sont bien fatigués, et vous voyez, milord, il fait un temps infernal!"

The eye of the inn-keeper was fixed on his lordship's hand as it rummaged in his waistcoat-pocket; and when, at last, it re-appeared with a five-franc piece, which was given as a pour-boire, in consideration of the drenching drive, to the post-boy, our host took his wife by the arm and led her into the kitchen.

"Wife," said he, "his lordship pays extras;

note that; and don't forget it when you make up his account."

We will now follow his lordship into the retirement of his chamber for a short time, and give a hasty account of his person, his manners, his character, and his particular vocation on the present occasion. It will be necessary, first of all, to inform our readers, that the individual we have introduced to them in the present chapter is not the Earl of Clanelly, but Lord Carmansdale, who was the guardian of that young earl, and had been obliged to hasten to Paris to fulfil a mission, which promised to be no easy task, relating to his young and noble ward, and the family of Lord Furstenroy, whom he found lodged in the same hotel.

His protegé, Lord Clanelly, had sometime since contracted a marriage engagement with Lady Emily Bazancourt, eldest daughter of the Earl of Furstenroy, and the date appointed for the nuptials had been fixed within a few days of the present period. The young man's arrival from Italy was daily and hourly expected; and, as rooms had been engaged for him since the last week, some surprise began to be felt at his protracted absence. Unbounded, however, was the consternation of his guardian, who had undertaken to wait for him at Genoa, and bring him in his carriage to Paris, at receiving one morning a letter

from him, bearing the post-mark of Naples, stating that he had that day married a young baroness of one of the oldest Neapolitan families, and briefly requesting his lordship to make every necessary excuse to Lord Furstenroy and his daughter, "if this alteration in his plans at all disarranged their engagements." Here, then, was the difficult business with the explanation of which the Marquis of Carmansdale found himself charged on the present occasion; and, although bred a diplomatist, he confessed many times to himself, as he walked up and down his room with his hands resting on his hips, that he had never had a question to manage which required more adroitness or more habilité on the part of the communicator.

"Inconceivable!" repeated he, as he raised his right hand to his forehead, "that a young man of his rank, position, fortune, prospects, should ruin all by one rash act of this kind. Astounding! that he should write to me, his guardian, of changing a marriage engagement with exactly the same coolness that another man would write to his valet about changing his box at the Opera. It arises, I fear, from sheer légèreté of character; perhaps from having no character at all, except a determined self-will, and a desire of instant gratification to his passions. There is no telling where to lay hold on such a young

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man as this. There is no fine feeling, no honorable pride, no point d'appui, in short, to appeal to as a foundation. His present marriage must end ill. I foresee it plainly; and then, how on earth am I to break the delicate subject to-morrow morning with Lord Furstenroy?"

His lordship had just finished this soliloquy, and a long-drawn gape with which he concluded it, when the garçons entered, bringing in a late dinner or supper. They were evidently surprised at his exterior, as if they had expected a differently-looking man; for they had been taught to await the arrival of Lord Clanelly, whom they imagined him to be, as the youthful bridegroom of the beautiful Lady Emily, who was in the adjoining apartments. No one, however, presented more the appearance of a genuine English gentleman than did the Marquis of Carmansdale. Tall and somewhat thin, with a remarkably fine head of hair for a man of sixty-five, although the greater part of it was grey, he was rather what is called a dandy of the old school, and still adhered, in all such minor points as he dared, to the dress of our grandfathers and great-grandfathers. Hence his immense affection for snuff-boxes and canes, and his rage for all specimens of rococo and ancient china and bijouterie.

His old servant Anton was a German, who had

remained with him for the last forty years, ever since he had been attaché at Berlin in his youth; and he was perhaps the only person living who could reveal many secrets of Lord Carmansdale's family life; for, though living now as a bachelor, his lordship was in fact a married man, albeit he and his wife, who lived principally on the continent, had not met for a period of many years. From habit and long indulgence, the old domestic had grown to be almost the master on many points.

One of the stories the marquis told of him was, that on an occasion when he sent him out to buy a case of eau de Cologne, he returned home with a single bottle; remarking, as he gave it into the hand of his master, "I thought it better to be careful; what do you want to throw away your money for in buying a whole box at a time? you know the steward said in his last letter that you ought to retrench; so use this first, and when it is done, I will promise to get you some more."

Another story, which the marquis did not tell, but which was believed to be equally true, was that one day, having the intention of shooting at his country residence, he desired Anton to lay ready for him his corduroy breeches and his thick shoes: "Oh! nein, nein; das kann ich nicht;" was the answer of Anton; "ich meine sie heute selbst anzuziehen; I'm going to wear them to-day myself."

Be the truth of this last anecdote as it may, it is certain that a degree of intimité prevailed between the nobleman and his servant which often led them into conversation, as it would appear to a stranger, almost on equal terms. Yet his lordship was a proud man, and to people whom he met in the world he preserved a cold and distant demeanour. He would have been ashamed at finding himself speaking to half those among whom he was thrown in society with the same familiarity and equality which he often assumed towards his favourite domestic; but if he was proud, he was also vain; and so necessary is the fuel of flattery to vanity, that some degree of pleasure is derivable even from the assent of those to whose opinions we can attach no value, and some sort of gratification results from the approval and admiration of the ignorant.

"Anton," said he, having finished his repast, "bring the cassette with the snuff-boxes."

He unlocked the case, and produced, first, one of oriental agate; next, one of antiquely embossed gold, set with brilliants; then, one of rock crystal; another of mother-of-pearl and gold; and lastly, one with a miniature on the top.

"Do you think this is a real Petitot, Anton?" said he, smoothing the enamel painting of the last box with his handkerchief.

Anton knew no more about Bones or Petitots

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either than the man in the moon; but knowing that it pleased his master to assent, and being accustomed to go through the same catechism nearly every night, he answered that his lordship was himself so good a judge, that if he imagined it to be a Petitot, it most probably was one.

His lordship then asserted that the embossed work on the gold box resembled the designs of Benvenuto Cellini.

"Das glaube ich auch," said his faithful servant, who was always of the same opinion.

"Do you think this is a good emerald, Anton?" asked his master.

Anton answered that it was superb.

"And which do you like best of my canes," continued his master; "this melted tortoise-shell I have brought with me, or the filigree-headed one I left at Genoa?"

Anton answered dexterously that they were both beautiful, but that he preferred the one which his master had with him now.

"Well done, Anton, you are a good judge; you have not lived with me for nothing, and you may go to bed: to-morrow we must go to my friend M. Verdier, in the Rue Richelieu, and see all his old things that are new, and all his new things that are old; good night, Anton;" and so saying, his lordship

went to bed himself in the best possible humour at his joke and with his snuff-boxes.

"My good gracious!" said the chambermaid Sally that night to the kitchen-woman Betty (for the Bedford is an English hotel); "is that the young lord that is so handsome, to whom my Lady Emily is going to be married? Why, he's old enough to be her grandfather; and he's ordered stone bottles of hot water to be put into the bed to warm his feet, because he says the blood don't circulate."

CHAPTER II.

Leaving Lord Carmansdale to repose with his various étuis and tabatières ranged round him on the night-table by the side of his bed, we must now tap lightly at the door of a neighbouring apartment, and crave admission for a short time of two young ladies, whom we shall find making their bed-toilette, and talking over the histories and the scandals of the salons of Paris. They were both tall and well made women, of the ages of seventeen and eighteen, although the eldest had considerably the advantage of her sister in the regularity of her features, and the attractiveness of their expression. Lady Emily Bazancourt, for it was no other than the destined bride of Lord Clanelly that we are describing, was one of those who had just escaped what is usually considered the misfortune of having red-coloured hair, but she was not for this the less beautiful; and the bright auburn tresses which, now released from their confinement, fell in rich luxu-

riance over her marble neck, nearly as their hue approached to the forbidden tint, were as soft and as silken as the down of the cygnet. Her complexion, as is invariably the case with women who have hair of a similar colour, was fair and transparent to the last degree of perfection, and a slight embonpoint, which gave a fulness and roundness to her figure, harmonized with the peculiar character of her beauty, and invested her tout ensemble with an air of softness and loveliness, which made her with men an almost universal favourite. Whether there be some undefined and secret charm about complexions of this order, which affords a presumption of an ardent temperament and tumultuous passions, I will not now stop to inquire; the perpetual good nature, and the sunshine of the smile that played for ever about the mouth of Lady Emily, were enough to account in themselves both for the number of her worshippers, and the devotion of their idolatry. The regularity of her teeth, the smallness of her taper hand, the archness of her eye, in which there was ever a sort of sly and roguish playfulness which seemed waiting for a laugh, and, above all, the commanding air with which she trod the earth, with the prettiest little feet that ever Madame Melnotte fitted: all these things had given her a celebrity and a renown among the beauties of Paris

for the season, and no ball was complete unless it numbered her among its belles, no dancer was happy without he could contrive to make, at least, one tour with her in the cotillon.

Lady Fanny Bazancourt, her younger and only sister, who sate now by her side in a voluptuously-cushioned bergère, drawn close to the fire, and matched by the well-padded footstool beside it, was, in point of beauty, certainly not the equal of her elder companion. Her figure was not less symmetrically modelled, and her skin was scarcely less delicately white, but the colour of her hair had transgressed the fatal boundary, and was decidedly, though not disagreeably, red; and there was a certain expression of harshness and asperity about her features which did not conciliate friends, and rather made people afraid of her; she passed, indeed, in the world, not quite undeservedly, for a wit, and the wit of women is too often, though most unjustly, reputed to be unmitigated satire. She was fond and proud of her sister to the last degree, without being jealous of her in the least; for she had her own set of favourites, and even her own set of admirers, and nothing pleased her more than to form a small circle of three or four in a corner of a room, and, while her sister Emily was waltzing away to the sound of Collinet's violin, to caricature and burlesque the whole scene

before her, for the amusement of her chosen coterie. She was a decided pupil of Democritus, and divided the world into two sets, or parties, the smaller number, who are to be laughed *with*, and the greater number, who are to be laughed *at*. Even her own father, poor old gouty Lord Furstenroy, who was acknowledged to be the most violent Tory in the Carlton Club, the most steady whist-player in the Traveller's, and the most prosy story-teller in Boodle's, even he did not always escape the raillery of his entertaining daughter ; but hers was no mauvaise langue, and no thought of spite or ill-nature ever entered her head ; and what she said off-hand to amuse herself and others, was nothing but the result of her gaieté de cœur, and an overflow of natural spirits, combined with a lively perception of the ridiculous. We have often wondered why it is that in France une femme d'esprit is universally a person courted, followed, flattered, fêted, and beloved ; that every one is desirous of making her acquaintance, and being her friend, and that every one speaks well of her, and after her last good thing has been quoted, some one always says, " Dieu ! comme elle est aimable cette petite Madame chose." But in England it is exactly the reverse ; no sooner is a woman in society known to have committed the enormity of saying a brilliant thing, than a run is made upon her as if

she were a wild animal, or a Bedlamite broke loose. She is sarcastical, says one; she is ill-natured and unamiable, says another; she would sacrifice her best friend to point a witticism, exclaims a third. Now, although I am in general rather of Paul Courier's idea, who says somewhere, "je ne crois pas à bons mots, parcequ'ils sont tous mauvais," I must say that I have generally found the most witty women the most good-natured, and those that have been called satirical the most agreeable companions. Let people ask themselves, if there is a greater dread of ridicule here than on the other side of the channel, whether there may not be also a greater consciousness of gaucherie.

This evening Lady Frances happened to be in one of her severest moods, and as she listened to the roaring of the wind in the court-yard, and heard the pelting of the torrent of rain against the well-glazed windows, she drew closer still to the cheminée; and while she rolled on another block of wood—

"Well," said she, "my dear Emily, I hope you are as delighted as I am, that we are not going out to-night to be gené to death at old Mrs. M'Rubbers."

"My father would have liked his écarté," replied Lady Emily, "and, as there are four or five rooms always open at Mrs. M'Rubbers, I dare say we should have had a quiet waltz or a gallop."

"Oh! but there are no people going there, at least, nobody that you or I care to meet: I am not like Beau Brummel exactly, who walked into a room, looked round, said, 'is anybody here that anybody knows?' and walked out again; but there never are any but stupid people at Lady M'Rubbers; it is quite impossible there should be, and you know I can't endure stupid people."

"My dear Fanny, I am sure that I hate stupid people quite as much as you do; but," added she, as she was unlacing her corset leisurely at the pier-glass, and eyeing with considerable complacency the graceful tournure of her shoulders, and the alabaster whiteness of her neck, "I think I should not have minded some of the people we should have met there. Even the old gentlemen that play cards with papa can pay, I assure you, very pretty compliments; and that funny piece of antiquity, Sir Derby Doncaster, told me the other night that I had exactly the waist and the action of a favourite filly of his that he once trained for Newmarket: you must allow that women don't get such pretty speeches made to them every day."

"I have no taste for exacting such Tattersall tributes of admiration, and if I was to listen to all the old women, of both sexes, that constitute Mrs. M'Rubbers board of green cloth, I should have no

time for talking myself, and you know I can talk against time with anybody. Well, who is there besides, that is so very delightful, now that we have settled Sir Derby Doncaster?"

"Why, there's Caroline Pelham's little Italian beau, the Comte de Braglia, surely you don't find him so very disagreeable?"

"De Braglia is exactly like a little attorney's clerk, at Gray's Inn, all full of fleas and business: he is certainly the most honestly dirty man I ever knew, for he wears not even an apology for linen, and neither wristband, collar, frill, or front, real or false, have I ever been able to detect. Hypocrisy has been called the homage which vice pays to virtue, and the *shirtee* may be called the homage which dirt pays to soap and water; but De Braglia disdains both the romance and reality of a wardrobe, and that broad black stock of his, like charity, covers a multitude of sins."

"Then there's his tall friend in the Fauxbourg St. Germain," said Lady Emily, "the Marquis de Ladversaire, who is a great devotee of yours, for I heard him ask you to waltz twice at Madame de Bligny's last grand crash."

"Oh! the gigantic wretch!" exclaimed the sister, "he came up and made me a stiff bow, like the leaning tower of Pisa: he held his arms out on

both sides just like the espalier apple-trees, which papa had planted round our lawn in Northamptonshire; and then as to waltzing with him, he is what Lady Broadwell calls 'such a very active waltzer,' he waltzes as if he were in stirrups, up and down, up and down like a postillion on horseback. Never talk about M. de Ladversaire being a devotee at my altar, for his incense is most marvellously thrown away."

"Eh bien—voyons. There's M. de Noel, who is certainly not quite such a monstrosity as the last, and perhaps may suit you better."

"You think, because I am not captivated by a Polyphemus, that I must be éprise with a dwarf. Why I could put M. de Noel into my reticule, and not feel that he was there: he is so absurdly small, that he might do like the poor idiot boy at our place at Newnham, who went and asked his mother for a ladder to gather the gooseberries and currants; and as to making an offer, if he wanted to whisper in my ear, I should expect that he would at least bring the library steps to stand upon."

"Then what have you to say against Baron Hohenlinden, the Austrian attaché?—our brothers both said at dinner that he was the best chaussé man in Paris; and that Sakoski had told them his was the prettiest foot that he had ever taken the model of on a last."

"It is very true that Hohenlinden is pas mal, as far as the chaussure is concerned; but only look at his face: it is like a nutmeg-grater, or a batter-pudding in a hailstorm, or a rough-cast wall, all mortar, pebbles, and cow's-hair; and besides, although Fletcher and Richard are both very good boys, what can they possibly know yet about the mysteries of boots and trowsers? These are subjects which require profound reflection, grounded upon mature experience, and our brothers are both much too young to deserve that any weight should be attached to their opinions on such weighty points."

"Poor Fletcher!" rejoined Lady Emily, "you are determined to be very exclusive to-night, in laying down the law. He is, notwithstanding, the eldest of the family, and has almost reached his twentieth birthday: and then Richard, though he is but sixteen, has at least as much sense as most men at five and twenty. Richard is my favourite, I must confess, of my two brothers: he has so much firmness of character, and strong common sense—don't you think so, Fanny?"

"Yes; it is true that the lines of his character are more deeply drawn, while that of Fletcher, although older, is but sketched upon the surface; but though, perhaps, Fletcher has less decision and energy of purpose in action, he has counterbalancing

talents of his own; for music he has a decided genius: our music-master assures me that the adagio movement, in that quartett which Fletcher has written, is worthy of being played at the Conservatoire; and then he has an immense power of observation, and a sort of intuitiveness and perspicacité that give him an insight into other people's minds; but he is an enthusiast, and a theorist by nature— and just at this moment he has got such radical crotchets in his head, that I wonder my poor dear good Tory papa does not have a fit of Conservative gout every day after dinner at some of his speeches."

"Well," rejoined Lady Emily, "all I can say is, that if ever I want anybody to fight my battles, Richard is the knight errant that I should choose, and I doubt not that he would acquit himself admirably."

A tremendous burst of wind, hail, and sleet against the window, startled the two sisters as this sentence was spoken, and impressed it so deeply on their minds, that it was afterwards remembered as having been uttered ominously, when time and circumstance had given occasion to the speaker to redeem the meaning of her words.

"Well, Emily dearest," said her sister, as their fright subsided—"what a delightful ball we are sure of having, at least to-morrow night at the Embassy!

You shall have all your beaux round you there, and you shall put on Victorine's new dress, and you shall be the prettiest woman in the room"—and she kissed her lovely sister, as she was now half reclining on the side of her bed, in vestito di confidenza, with nothing but a loose dressing gown drawn round her, and the ample downy slipper encircling her diminutive ankle.

"Yes, Fanny, we shall have a good ball, I have no doubt; and you shall have George Grainger and Lord Arthur Mullingham all to yourself in a corner."

"George Grainger, à la bonne heure," replied Lady Frances, "but as to Lord Arthur, he is my bête noire, and you may keep him for one of your own partners. I like Grainger because he tells me all the wicked stories of Paris, and because he knows every thing about every body, and because he wears such very nice clothes, and has not a single farthing of money to pay for them. It always happens that men are twice as agreeable when they have not got a sous in the world.—But we have strangely forgotten your runaway lover, whilst we are talking over all our other beaux—what fun, if he should arrive to-night or to-morrow morning, so as to be here in time for the ball! I should like to have him of the party, when we go to the ambassador's—wouldn't it be nice?"

" Just untie this knot for me, there's a dear," said Emily; and, as her sister stooped to execute the task, she threw her arms round her neck, and kissed her many times, and, as she kissed her, she sighed: and when Lady Frances rose up, she found her cheeks were wetted with her sister's tears, and she bent over her again, and clasped her once more to her bosom, for she felt that there was more there than could be expressed—hurt pride at the delay of Lord Clanelly, fond anxiety for his safety, anger at his silence, hope of his arrival—all these feelings seemed to mingle in her tears; and the two sisters, as they embraced each other on the bed, wept together, and spoke not.

It was just at this conjuncture, that the ringing of the porter's bell, the opening of the gates, and the rattle of carriage wheels, described in the last chapter, was heard in the court-yard below. Emily sprung up with her finger on her lips—

" 'Tis he—it must be Clanelly!"—and she paced hastily up and down the apartment, agitated with a transport of hope, and doubt, and joy. Twice she approached the window, determined to hazard one gaze on her lover as he descended from the voiture, but as her hand was on the blind to draw it back, she hesitated and stopped. " What would he think," she said half aloud to herself—" if he saw

even so much as my shadow on the curtain!"—there seemed a degree of indelicacy in the movement, and she abandoned the idea.—" And yet," said she to her sister, " I should like to have seen how he is looking after his long journey—all the way from Rome—it is a long distance; but Clanelly has vigour and strength enough for anything:—how I long for breakfast time to-morrow!"

" How are you sure that it is Lord Clanelly, after all?" remarked Lady Frances.

" We will soon see," was the reply of Lady Emily; and she opened the door of the adjoining closet where her maid had been waiting. " Jane," said she, " go down stairs, and find out from the servants who it is that is just arrived." The soubrette presently returned with the news that it was an English lord, and that he had asked for the rooms which had been engaged for Lord Clanelly. This intelligence satisfied Lady Emily that it was her lover, and, having once more embraced her sister, she fell asleep, with the most joyful anticipations of the morrow.

CHAPTER III.

THE following morning early, Lord Carmansdale, having breakfasted and attired himself, selected from his collection the gold box set with diamonds, as his companion for the day, and prepared to descend on his unpleasant mission to the apartments of Lord Furstenroy and his daughters.

"What are you going now to do with that diamond box ?" said the careful Anton, "warum möchten sie sie heute mitnehmen ? I'm sure one of the others will do for to-day. Suppose you were to lose it ?"

The interference of his domestic was so habitual to his lordship, that it was only regarded as a useful admonition, and laying aside the gold tabatière, he chose in its place the oriental agate box, with rich gold chasings, of the date of Louis quatorze. Then, that all might be in harmony, he armed himself with an ebony cane, with a gold pomme of somewhat similar workmanship, which he had once bought as

a curiosity, having been formerly the property of the grand monarque himself. It has been recorded as one of the finest actions of that most magnificent fribble, the fourteenth Louis, by I know not which of his innumerable biographers and annalists, that one day at St. Germains, a gentleman in waiting having answered with greater freedom than became him, his majesty rose from his seat, opened the window, and calmly threw out his cane into the court below; by which figure of speech he intended to convey to the officer, that had he retained the weapon in his hand, he could not have commanded his temper sufficiently to prevent his stooping to chastise him. It was a favourite speculation with Lord Carmansdale whether this might not be the identical cane of the story; and he appealed to his general referee Anton, as usual, to know whether he thought the stick had ever really belonged to the king of France.

"Very probably," said Anton, "for I observed the other day his name is scratched on the ferrule, and who knows but what he might have done it himself—es ist ganz wahrsheinlich?"

His master raised the end of the cane, and found the ciphers Louis XIV. scratched on the spot where his servant had directed him.

"Alas! Anton," said he, "I fear this is nothing

but the memorandum of the shopman, for I remember I paid fourteen louis for it at a shop in the Palais Royal."

The Bazancourt party was assembled at the breakfast-table, when the unwelcome bearer of evil tidings entered on his disagreeable duty. Lord Furstenroy was reading out one of Sir Robert Peel's speeches in Galignani, which he did, interspersing it con amore at intervals with "hear, hear," "name, name," "laughter," and "cries of adjourn," exactly as they were printed in the report. Lady Emily, who was in unusually good spirits, and looked remarkably well in one of the prettiest morning caps ever furnished from the Rue de la Paix, felt a presentiment that all was not right as her lover's guardian entered, and she stretched out her hand under the table to her sister Frances, who pressed it affectionately. Lord Fletcher, the eldest son, who had been ironically cheering his father during the long speech he had been reading on the tithe bill, looked on the somewhat embarrassed countenance of Lord Carmansdale, as if to dive into the secrets he came to reveal; but Richard Bazancourt watched only his eldest sister, and as he saw a cloud pass over her features, his own countenance fell, and he rose, and placing himself behind Lady Emily, leant over the back of her chair. After the usual compliments of greeting had been interchanged,

and due enquiries had been made after the gouty sufferings of Lord Furstenroy, Lord Carmansdale observed, in reply to an enquiry from the latter, that his ward, Lord Clanelly, was still in Italy. He then requested to have a few minutes' private interview with him after breakfast, and the conversation died away into that fixed and constrained tone of mere passing courtesy, which so strongly indicates the existence of some subject in which all parties are interested, yet which all are equally anxious to avoid. Lord Carmansdale asked Richard Bazancourt when he returned to Eton, what form he was in, and whether they had a good collection at the last Montem. He then admired the mosaic of Lady Frances's chain; gave the history of a large ruby, which he just missed buying of a Jew at Genoa; and asked if there was any important news in the paper.

"Capital speech! capital argument of Peel;" exclaimed the old gouty earl: "the Whigs will be all out in a fortnight; they can't stand this long—impossible."

Lord Carmansdale, who was expecting every day a diplomatic appointment from the Whig party, assured his lordship that his private communications with government did not hold out the least prospect of their retiring from office.

"Ah! I forgot," replied Lord Furstenroy, "you are one of the hornets—you are not one of *us*—not one of our regular church and king men. You don't belong to the Carlton—you will do very well to talk heresy with Fletcher—sad dog, master Fletcher; sad dog—disgrace to the family—rank sedition—utter ruin—wretched prospects—misguided boy—" and so muttering to himself, the old earl looked at his daughters, who retired with their brothers, and left the old gentleman to all the mystery of the distressing communication which awaited him.

Words cannot express the indignation of Lord Furstenroy at the capricious insolence exhibited towards his daughter by the behaviour of Lord Clanelly. The feeling of Lady Emily, to whom the result of his visit was made known by her father, as soon as the Marquis of Carmansdale had withdrawn, had not less of haughty vindictiveness and proud resentment in it, but it was tempered with feminine softness, and she burst into tears; then recovering herself, and putting on all the dignity for which she was remarkable, she drew up her stately person to its full height, and laying her hand on the shoulder of her younger brother, Richard, who had remained with her alone in the apartment after the departure of the rest, she said—

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"Do you love me, Dick?"—He looked up fondly in her face, and she stooped down and let him kiss away a tear from her eyelid.—"My brother," she continued, "women are but poor defenceless beings in this wrong world: we receive injuries, and we cannot redress them; we suffer insults, and we may not revenge them. This day I have learnt the execrable vileness, the base duplicity, the unfeeling heartlessness of which men are capable. I have no remedy but submission; I have no resource but in endurance. Do you sympathize with me, Richard?—Can you comprehend, young as you are, that it is a humbling and a hard task for a lofty spirit like mine to bend without a blow?—Can you understand me, when I tell you of a thirst of vengeance, and desire of heaping retribution on the head of my aggressor, which haunts me, and will never cease to haunt me, like a spectre, till its object is attained?—It was only last night, Richard, at midnight"—and she looked earnestly into her brother's face, as she impressively repeated these words—"that I asserted to my sister, without ever thinking the fulfilment of my vow could be so near, that if ever mortal man dared to pass a slight upon me; that if the improbable conjuncture should ever arrive, when the eldest daughter of the house of Bazancourt should be subjected to ill treatment, by

word or deed, from any breathing soul, it should be to you that I would look for redress. I have read your character from a child; I have marked the deep feeling, and the high courage and the haughty defiance of your deportment, and I choose you for my champion. Clanelly has offered to me the grossest stain upon my pride, the deepest wound to my maidenly dignity, which it is in the power of man to give:—to you I confide my revenge; you are young yet, and it may be years before you will have an opportunity of paying him the fatal debt which is his due;—but take my hand, and kiss it, and it shall be a sign to me, that even were it twenty years hence, you will not forget to revenge me."

Richard Bazancourt raised his sister's hand, and pressed it to his lips, and answered—"I promise and swear to you solemnly, be it two years hence, or twenty, or fifty, that I shall first be destined to cross the track of Lord Clanelly, that he shall find me a lion in his path. The injury he has this day done you shall be atoned for by his blood, or else my own shall flow."—There was an air of collected determination and conscious power about the youthful speaker, as he uttered these words, that gave far stronger assurance of their eventual fulfilment than had they been poured out in a tempest of

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impotent rage. Richard Bazancourt was not a man who promised lightly, or who forgot his promises, be they for good or for ill.

It was a melancholy day, and for the most part a silent one, in the family of Lord Furstenroy. Private calamities, however, do not put a stop to public fêtes, and the giddy wheel of fashion whirls as merrily round, notwithstanding the many hearths which are desolated with lamentation, and mourning, and woe. Every body was going to the English ambassadress's ball to-night; not to be going was to be nobody; and Lord Carmansdale having this time provided himself with the emerald-headed cane en écaille fondue, and the diamond-box, which he received with many injunctions from Anton, descended at length from his carriage at the gate of the Hôtel in the Fauxbourg St. Honoré.

It is an old remark that ill news travels post, and an equally old one that every body is more occupied about his neighbour's affairs than his own; yet even Lord Carmansdale, with all his knowledge of the world, was surprised to hear the buzz that was already circulated round the room relative to the absence of the Bazancourt party and the marriage of his renegade ward. Two dandies of the first class were standing near the door as he entered; it was George Grainger and Lord Arthur Mullingham.

"'Tis pity," said the first; "I'm really sorry for Emily Bazancourt, she is such a good creature."

"If it had been her sister Fanny," rejoined Lord Arthur Mullingham, "I should not have so much minded, for she is my absolute horror."

"I don't agree with you," said the good-natured George Grainger; "I think they are both very fine girls."

"Oh!" said a dowager near them, who had gained the ear of a gossiping old English admiral; "oh! I'll tell you all about it. It is the Barona di Scarpa that Lord Clanelly has married; oh! the most beautiful, the most talented, the most interesting little being in the world. Why, she was in Paris last winter, and made fureur among all the men. At the Tuilleries they were mad about her. The king was actually obliged to desire the Duke of Orleans not to call on her any more. When she was ill he used to send her Roussillon from his own cellar; when she was well, every day the gardener came to the door with bouquets and fruit."

"Whom was she with, then, last winter?" asked the admiral, who liked to be right in his bearings.

"Why, I will tell you; with her old father, who is since dead of the cholera; one of the first victims on its appearance in Italy. He was the most indulgent old man on earth, and so fond of his

daughter, that he would have gone on his knees to ask her pardon; and then she had such pretty captivating manners, it was impossible to resist her or deny her anything. Oh! the most extravagant creature as to money ever seen! Lord Clanelly will soon have enough of her in that respect. She seemed to think gold was made for nothing but to be thrown out of window. I remember once her shoemaker's bill being brought in for satin shoes for a month; it came to more than seven hundred francs: and the old baron, her father, remarked that he certainly thought it a great deal of money to spend at once upon her extremities. On this, the little maid, who was reclining on the couch, pretended to be mightily displeased. 'Fie, papa,' said she, with the most haughty manner in the world, 'kneel down this moment, and kiss my pretty little feet, and beg their pardons;' and the old gentleman was so delighted at the prettiness of her manner and of her feet that he obeyed directly. 'I forgive you,' exclaimed she, as she held out her hand to be also kissed by her affectionate father; and the bill was paid without further remark, and would have been, had it been fifty times the amount."

"Very pretty story indeed," said the old admiral; "what fools you women make of us!" and the dowager, taking the speech as a compliment to herself, leered significantly at the admiral.

The salons began now to get full, and the announcements thickened.

"Sir Tunbelly Tosspot and Lady Tosspot," cried the servant, as two figures rolled into the room like tubs upon castors;—"General Sir Drum Kettledrum and the Misses Drumstick,"—"Sir Hard-up Diddledun Bilk and his lady."

"Titles enough to swamp the peerage," exclaimed George Grainger to his friend.

"It is what Theodore Hook would call 'haute canaille night' at the embassy; they are obliged to ask every body."

"What a terrific profusion of orders!" said Grainger to one of the Secretaries of Legation, who just came up; "I see blue ribands, and red ribands, and white ribands, and yellow ribands; in short, I am surrounded by all the colours in the rainbow, and find myself quite in the minority, not being decorated."

"Did you never hear Metternich's observation made at the Congress of Vienna?" replied the secretary. "It so happened that Lord Castlereagh was the only man who came into the room without wearing any order, and some officious martinet immediately reported to Metternich that the English representative had come to their meeting without a decoration: Metternich looked for a moment at the

fine figure, and commanding height, and noble bearing of Castlereagh, and his reply to the remark was simply, 'Mon Dieu! que c'est distingué!'"

"Nevertheless," said Grainger, "it seems to be the exception to-night not to wear a riband at one's button-hole, and I begin to feel like Adam and Eve in the garden of Eden, when they first became aware of their nakedness. I think the sooner I hide myself the better;" and so saying, he took a pretty French comtesse round the waist, and was presently lost in a waltz.

"And who is this tremendously grand personage," inquired Lord Carmansdale, advancing towards the secretary, "whose entrée has just been accomplished with so much fuss, and flutter, and parade?"

"Oh! a very great man indeed!" replied his informer; "this is the famous American millionaire, who wears all sorts of coronets on his carriages, dresses his servants in every variety of livery and button, has arms and crests of every description engraved on his seals, wears all the diplomatic uniforms by turns at court, and, in short, is generally known at Paris as the Duke of New York."

"And is this the daughter leaning on his arm, who is making such doux yeux at Lord Arthur Mullingham?"

"The same; if I was you, Mullingham, I should

go and ask her to dance; you don't know what attractions you may possess as the second son of a marquis in the eyes of the rich republican, to say nothing, of course, of your more personal recommendations."

"Je trouve que le jeu ne vaut pas la chandelle," replied the apathetic Lord Arthur, who had a most happy knack of concealing his preferences and his dislikes, and generally acted so that his opinions might be interpreted by contraries.

The American girl was certainly not beautiful; but Mullingham stole quietly round in a few minutes, and before many more bars of Musard's last waltz had been played, they were both spinning together like tetotums. Lord Carmansdale found himself left alone to the mercy of the old dowager, who shone conspicuously among the wall-flowers in a turban of flamme d'enfer.

"Lord Carmansdale," said she, knowing well how to-entrainer him into a conversation, "do you go to the sale of antiquities to-morrow in the Rue de Bac?"

"I had not even heard of it; will there be much rococo,—anything in my line,—any old snuff-boxes or bonbonières?"

"A whole set of egg-shell butterfly breakfast-cups—plenty of splendid Dresden—quantities of

crackle porcelain—a great many beautiful monsters—and Sèvres, of course, by baskets-full."

"I don't know," said his lordship; "I have no money to spare."

"Your journey from Genoa must have been very provoking to you," continued the dowager, arriving at last at the real point to which she had wished to steer the conversation; "will the young couple continue at Naples, or will they travel northward, do you suppose?"

The Marquis of Carmansdale, who was a difficult man to be pumped in so direct a manner, looked at his cane; and not noticing the question, remarked, somewhat pointedly, that he had a taste for all old things in the world, with the sole exception of old women.

This would have been rude to anybody else; but the dowager required to be hit hard;—there are such people. Undaunted she attacked him again.

"Is Lady Emily much cut up by this unfortunate desertion?"

"Good night, Mrs. Macrubber," said his lordship, and he stepped into his carriage.

CHAPTER IV.

Alone, in a plain and small apartment on the fourth story of a tumble down old house in the Rue St. Denis, surrounded by books, and mathematical instruments, and human skulls, and anatomical preparations in spirits, and watching the few sparks which gleamed at intervals from the carefully-husbanded fuel on the broken grate, sat a thin and pale young man of eighteen or nineteen years. The glass bottles, and dissecting-knives, and badgers' heads on the table, and the crossed thigh-bones, and labelled specimens of dislocations and disease which seemed to be nailed against the wall for ornaments, as pictures are in ordinary houses, proclaimed the individual to be a medical student. The furniture of the room was cheap and mesquin. None of the luxuries, and scarcely the ordinary conveniences, of civilized life were there. The cuvette was broken,—the looking-glass was cracked. Of the three chairs, which had all probably been cane-bottomed in the beginning,

only one, which was placed under the wall and had been little used, retained the original material, which had been replaced in one of the two other instances by rushes, and in the other by a stout board of oak. An old armoire of elm-wood had lost one of its folding-doors, and through the aperture, instead of coats and trowsers, were visible one or two skeletons suspended upon hooks, and a pile of old books heaped confusedly together in a corner. Books, indeed, seemed to be the only article, with the exception of an old-fashioned electrical machine, which appeared in perfect order and good preservation, on which any expenditure could have been made by the occupant of the apartment, and of these there was no scarcity; although, to one who took the trouble of examining the plain wooden shelves which hung against the plastered wall, the collection appeared rather bien choisi than voluminous. The young man himself seemed not to be in good health, and there was a fire in his eye and a hectic on his cheek which accorded but too well with the general spareness of his figure and sallowness of his features, and seemed to indicate a tendency to consumption. He was absorbed in contemplation. The veins on his temples were swelled, and throbbed quick with the intensity of thought,—the lamp of enthusiasm burnt in his bright eye,—and not till he was startled by the fall of a

book, which had been folded on his knee, did he awake from the profound reverie in which he had been entranced.

The book was a volume of Rousseau on the Social Contract; and, as he stooped to raise it from the floor, there was the marked reverence and the fond devotion of a disciple visible in the manner of the student.

"Prophet of truth!" he half muttered to himself, "honest, veracious, natural Rousseau! what a charm there is about his every page, and what a command of sympathy in his every sentiment!—There is a religion in his writings—there is something of sacred and divine, something of the inspiration of heaven in the unartificial simplicity of his style, at once so bold and so quiet, so overwhelming against the falseness and conventionality of the world, yet so meek and unadorned in his manner of preaching the Gospel of Nature, it seems to me that his tenderness must win all hearts that can feel, and his truth triumph with all heads that can reason. Why is it else, that his memory is still respected and loved by all souls of kindred genius, widely as they may profess to differ from his creed; while others, who have attacked the same institutions, and wielded the same warfare with other weapons, are stigmatized by every name of opprobrium? I go into the Societé

des Droits de l'Homme, I find Rousseau's bust on a pedestal of marble, and his works adopted as a text-book. I open a volume of Chateaubriand,—Chateaubriand the Legitimatist, the friend of the restoration, the abettor of the priests,—and side by side with his reprobation of Voltaire, I find him eulogizing the very name of Rousseau, and hailing him as '*l'apôtre de Dieu.*' His elevated views of human nature, the dignity he confers upon mankind by picturing what we might become, when all this mass of deception, and illusion, and trickery shall be swept away, when governments shall exist only for the good of all, and virtue shall be the rule of public administration and of private conduct,—all this would be enough to raise him to his pinnacle of fame; and all this, too, shall come to pass; what he has predicted shall be accomplished; human nature shall yet one day be released from her bondage of many centuries, and show that we are in truth perfectible. We shall see yet the halcyon days when there shall be no more stain of sin, or vice, or crime, or error in the world, and the prison and the preacher shall alike be needless, and become matters of history to the curious, as relics of a by-gone age."

The young enthusiast paused for a moment, and his eye lit up again with a preternatural brilliancy as the vision of his imagination kindled into vivid

portraiture on his excited brain. "But after all," he continued, "it is his vast, and deep, and gentle power of loving that makes us love Rousseau. It is the fountain of love which seems to be diffused through every line, and steal over every word; a something too philosophical to be passion, yet too tender to be mere philanthropy; it is this which wakens our sympathies, and makes us enter into his sentiments and sufferings, as though they were our own. We read and admire other authors, but we literally feel with the feelings of Jean Jacques. Love!" he repeated to himself, "and, after all, what is it? A dream which no two hearts can dream together,—a glory seen only by the chosen of heaven, and invisible to the world around,—a mighty mystery,—an undefined hope,—an insatiable longing for an unattainable end,—parent of a progeny of virtues,—mother of civilization and the arts, of poetry, of music, of all that is best in emotion, or brightest in fancy. It is Love which gilds the earth with a halo of light, and teaches us not all to despair of the world's redemption yet. It is Love, and above all the fond faith in virtue which is the result of loving all that God has made, the belief in the purity, and chastity, and goodness of one object which is more than all in life besides, which binds me still to my fellow-men, and makes me take an interest in the weary details of the business of existence."

The young man drew from his bosom a miniature prettily enough painted upon ivory, and inclosed in a locket of the same material, which was suspended by a black riband from his neck. "Here at least," said he to himself, "I have one solace to redeem the sickening hours which are saddened by commune with the wickedness and baseness of mankind. Here at least is traceable, in the lineaments of these features, all that is excellent in motive, and refined in taste. Thank God that I have known her: wide as is the difference between our positions in rank, proud as is the eminence on which she stands in the world's eyes, in comparison with my own, to me at least she wears no coronet—to me she speaks not in the language of courts. She doffs the purple and the pall; she forgets the blaze of diamonds and the pomp of retinue; and she could put on the plain bonnet of straw and the robe of frieze at my bidding, and live contentedly on village fare. Thank God that I have known her:—I can now die happy; but I am not yet to die—higher destinies are reserved for me and for her. The gulf that exists between us shall yawn no longer. Kings and aristocracies must be swept away; the fabric of society must be reconstructed on a juster basis; equality of rights must be proclaimed to all mankind; and then, then, I shall be able to woo her in the world's eyes, and

wed her with the world's approbation. Prejudices will disappear, and a new era shall dawn upon the earth. Then, my mission once accomplished, I shall die content. Then come the wearing cough, and rack me with perpetual pain! Welcome then the sleepless night, and the asthmatic breathing, and the burning fever, and the leaping pulse.—What is death, that one should fear to die?"—and he took up one of the skulls from the table, and would probably have rivalled Hamlet in the profoundness of his speculations, when he was interrupted by the shrill voice of an old woman screaming from the inner room—

"Viens donc—viens—Louis, mon fils Louis—dépéche-toi"—and old Madame Boivin, whom we may recollect in the first chapter, as having been knocked over by the carriage of Lord Carmansdale, stretched her head and shoulders out of bed so far as to become visible through the half open door of the apartment.—"Dieu! comme je souffre," exclaimed the old lady, as her son approached the side of the bed, and felt her pulse.

"But you are not ill—indeed you are not; your pulse is good, and your bruises are nothing."

"Tu es un ingrat, Louis," said his mother, who was determined to be very ill in spite of her son's assurances to the contrary, and who had not stirred

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out of bed since the accident, although nothing was in truth the matter—"you are an ungrateful son. Was it for this that I paid for your schooling, and for your learning medicine, that even your poor old mother should be neglected in this way? Prettily you must have neglected your education! Two days I've been in bed, and not a box of pills, nor a draught, nor a blister have you prescribed. I've actually had nothing from the chemist's—nothing at all. It must be surely ignorance on your part."

"My dearest mother, if I found it necessary or expedient to give you any medicine, I am sure I would do it:—your appetite is good, your limbs are all sound, you talk as well as you ever did in your life—what can be the good of writing you a prescription?"

"Simply to show that you are a dutiful son to your old mother," said the old woman, rather embarrassed for a reason; and then turning all her anger on her favourite object of attack, the English, she exclaimed—"Ce sont des jolis coquins, ces Anglais là—why don't they come to see me?—why don't they send to inquire?—they took my address, and pretended to be so anxious—mais il a peur, milord Anglais. Oh! je lui laverais joliment la tête, s'il oserait venir. I'd teach him to drive over poor old women, as if they were stones in the road! I'd

teach him to offer a poor niggardly miserable napoleon to a Frenchwoman, as a compensation for having endangered her life! Mais il ne viendra pas; —bien sûr que non—il ne se soucie point de moi—il est trop fier, lui, de sa naissance, et de ses voitures, et de ses domestiques. Pour moi, je pourrai bien mourir—qu'est-ce que cela lui fait?—Il ne s'en occupe pas."—At this moment of her harangue her attention was arrested by a carriage which drove up to the gate below, and stopped there. Presently there was a knock at the door of the room, a very gentle one, for it was made with the gold end of the Louis quatorze walking-stick, and Lord Carmansdale entered, accompanied by Lord Fletcher, whom he had adopted as his companion, partly from chance, partly from liking his early predilection for Whiggery. The fact is, his lordship had driven round that morning to the sale of china, in the Fauxbourg St. Germain, according to the information he had received the preceding evening. Finding little to his taste, and Anton having seriously advised him not to throw away his money at an auction, where he was sure to find all the things cracked or damaged, and also been sore pressed by the old dowager on the point of Lord Clanelly's marriage, as well as with regard to a Dresden clock, of which she evidently wished him to make her a

present, he had invited Lord Fletcher to accompany him on a visit of charity, and obtaining old Boivin's address from Anton, had mounted au quatrième, to inquire after the results of the fall. The old woman's reception was not the most gracious in the world; and while Lord Carmansdale was talking to her, Lord Fletcher, as all young men naturally do when they find themselves gêne in a room, approached one of the bookshelves, and began reading the titles on the backs of the books. Condorcet, Diderot, D'Alembert, Thiers, and Barante, Chateaubriand sur les Révolutions, pamphlets of Cavaignac, Marrast, and Armand Carrel: these were sufficient to rivet the attention of the young liberal nobleman. On another shelf were metaphysical works, extracts from the Encyclopædia, Helvetius, Condillac, Hume's Essays translated, and Guizot's Cours de la Philosophie; and then, on a third shelf, which hung over his bed, were Madame de Staël's Delphine, Mirabeau's Lettres à Sophie, the Nouvelle Heloise, Emile, and a Shelley—an English Shelley—with notes scribbled all over the inside, and many particular passages marked on the margin with a pencil.

"We must be friends!" exclaimed Lord Fletcher, as he brought down the book from its place, and took the young Boivin by the arm—"do yóu like this writer?'

"Ask me not if I like him," was the reply—"I adore and worship him. I was reading Rousseau when you entered, and doubting whether any head and heart were ever constructed with equal delicacy of perception and refinement of sensibility, and above all, with such a fund of all that is softest and tenderest in our natures—the principle and essence of love, the power of loving, and desire of being beloved; but Shelley is his antitype: he is the poetic parallel of his great predecessor. Love forms the basis of his system; all morals are made referable to this standard; every thought and action that emanates from a love to our fellow men is good, and all that does not is evil. Shelley was indeed one of the grand geniuses of the age. Justice has never yet been done him: his flight was among the clouds of heaven, but men are malicious enough to shoot their shafts even at the soaring eagle and the gentle dove."

Fletcher, wishing to pay a general compliment to French poets, yet distrusting his own tact as well as judgment even as he spoke, mentioned Lamartine as the favourite poet of the English.

"It is well," said Boivin; "he is in fact an English poet, a legitimate disciple of your lake school: I say a disciple, because his genius is in truth essentially imitative. If Byron, and Words-

worth, and Rogers had never written, the lyre of Lamartine would have slumbered for ever in silence. I fancy he is more highly appreciated in England than in France: there is something meditative about his poetry, which suits your national taste; but we have no great poets. Some of Victor Hugo's odes are beautiful; some of Béranger's songs are divine: but they are still odes and songs; and yet these short pieces constitute perhaps after all our really national style of poetry, and have done so ever since the time of the Troubadours. Still even in these there is too often more aim at epigrammatic point than indulgence of the simple vein of nature; and too many of the prettiest and most popular chansons of Parny or Bernard are nothing but *concetti.*"

Lord Fletcher listened with delight to the observations which flowed so easily and so readily from the lips of the young student, and pleased with his general appearance and deportment, as well as his learning and talent, he invited him to call on him; and thus an acquaintance was formed which threatened at one time afterwards not the most agreeable consequences to the son of the English aristocrat. Lord Carmansdale had finished consoling the old woman, who showed him reproachfully many of her bruises, and described in vivid colours—that is in black and blue—many other still more terrible ones

in invisible parts of her body. Farewells were interchanged, and Lord Fletcher gave his hand warmly to Louis Boivin, which excited a look of surprise and hauteur on the part of Lord Carmansdale. Lord Carmansdale, as he entered the carriage, asked Anton for a pinch of snuff, and told him he was tired to death, which in return excited a look of surprise and hauteur in Lord Fletcher, who did not understand being so familiar with a servant. As the carriage drove away, the widow gathered up five napoleons which Lord Carmansdale had left on the table, and exclaimed very gratefully—

"Maudits Anglais! que le diable vous emporte, tous les deux!"

CHAPTER V.

" Mr. Snuffles, my lord ;" said John the following morning, opening the door of Lord Furstenroy's apartment, and ushering in a business-like personage in a brown Scotch wig and spectacles.

" I wish Mr. Snuffles was at old Nick !" said his lordship aside: then bowing politely, " Mr. Snuffles, how you do? I am delighted to see you ; are you just from London ? "

" Just arrived, my lord ; journey most disagreeably unenjoyable, and most uncomfortably unpleasant ; hope your lordship's health is fortunately flourishing, and felicitously favourable."

Mr. Snuffles was Lord Furstenroy's man of affairs in Lincoln's Inn, and had come to Paris purposely to draw up the marriage articles of his daughter, and give a meeting, according to appointment, with Lord Clanelly, for that purpose. He had a fat barrelly body, and thin diminutive legs ;—he had a head so remarkably small, and a mouth so uncommonly

wide, that it was currently reported of him, that he could put his head into a pint cup, and put a pint cup into his mouth. His clothes were made extremely loose, and hung bagging about his body; and his nether habiliments, being cut unusually short, either for economy or from ignorance of the fashion, gave Richard Bazancourt occasion to remark, that he had put his legs too far into his trousers. He had a most ostentatious delivery, with a habit of puffing and snorting between every other word, which gave him somewhat the articulation of a rhinoceros; and, moreover, mistaking tautology for copiousness of style, like a great many extempore preachers in the pulpit, he always strung together a long list of adverbs and adjectives of the same meaning, and fancied he was eloquent; and a love of alliteration being added to his love of synonym, it not unfrequently happened, that the sense was sacrificed to the sound. Altogether, Mr. Snuffles presented an inimitable subject for the pencil of a Gigoux, a Johannot, or a Cruikshank.

Lord Furstenroy had been occupied with his favourite morning's amusement, of reading straight through Galignani's Messenger, which he usually did, advertisements and all, after breakfast: but it was no speech of Peel or Wellington that had riveted his attention to-day, and he was in a sufficiently ill

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humour at a paragraph that had met his eye, as Mr. Snuffles entered. He pointed out with his finger the passage to the lawyer, who read as follows:—

"Considerable surprise has been created among the fashionable circles of English society, now resident in Paris, at the marriage just contracted in Italy, by the young and handsome Lord Cl——y, a minor, with a fair Neapolitan baroness. Report says, that the family of a noble earl have a right to consider themselves much injured by the suddenness and capriciousness of his lordship's matrimonial choice."

"This is insolence! this is vile! this is atrocious of the editor!" exclaimed the old peer. "I will give up taking in the paper—it will be a pity—good reports of Peel's speeches—but public duty—not shrink from it—ought to be prosecuted—large damages—profligate rascal. You are, I presume, already acquainted with the circumstance of Lord Clanelly's unmentionable marriage, Mr. Snuffles?"

"I have heard something of it, my lord, for the first time this morning. His conduct seems certainly most indecorously unbecoming, and most indecently improper. That is most incontestably undeniable, and most irrefragably irrefutable; such, at least, is my view of the case. If you think necessary, I can consult precedents: I have with

me Barnewall's Reports, and Chitty's Practice of the Law in my trunk. The utility to me of these two works is amazingly extraordinary, and astonishingly remarkable. But is not Lord Carmansdale arrived in Paris?"

"Lord Carmansdale, who is the guardian, as you are probably aware, dines with us to-day. If you will give me the honour of your company, Mr. Snuffles, at seven o'clock, you will meet him. I can't tell you how it pains me, to think you should have made so long a journey, as from London to Paris, for nothing."

"It is certainly most laughably ridiculous, and most ludicrously absurd. Your lordship's invitation is very temptingly seductive, and very acceptably welcome. As I have to make the most of my time in Paris, I will wish your lordship good morning. I beg your lordship to be assured of a sympathy and condolence, most unfeignedly unaffected, and most unboundedly unlimited."

Lord Furstenroy bowed, and Mr. Snuffles puffed, and bowed, and snorted, and retired.

"My dear Emily," said her father, when the visit was over, "we don't wish to see much company at present, but my man of business, Mr. Snuffles, is arrived from London, and I have been obliged to ask him to dine; and you know Lord Carmansdale dines

with us: you had better ask one or two more people that can talk, or we shall have such an ill-assorted and uncongenial party, that we shall be ennuyé to death. Can't you ask the Comte de Carbonnell? I owe him a dinner."

"And let the other be George Grainger; shall it not, papa?" said Lady Emily. "You know poor Richard goes back to Eton to-morrow, for his holidays are over; and Mr. Grainger always makes us so merry; and it would be such a pity to have a dull party for the poor boy on his last night at home."

Notes were accordingly dispatched, and as George Grainger and Lord Arthur Mullingham were inseparable as the Siamese twins, the latter was added to the party, for he was also no ordinary favourite with the old earl, on account of what were called his very sound and constitutional politics; that is to say, he was a Tory. At the appointed hour of seven the party began to assemble. The Comte de Carbonnell was a middle-aged man of good family and fortune, with a fine hotel in the Fauxbourg St. Germain, and a magnificent chateau in the south, on the banks of the Rhone. He had long been an admirer, if not a suitor, of Lady Emily Bazancourt, and to-night, either from really liking him, or from pique, from caprice, she certainly seemed to show that

his attentions were far from disagreeable to her. A most decided flirtation had already commenced on the sofa, to the utter confusion and discomfiture of poor George Grainger, when Lord Carmansdale entered the room.

"Well, Lord Carmansdale," said Fletcher, "I have been thinking all day of my medical student protegé. I suppose you have been enacting the antiquary, as usual?"

"Yes, I have been rococo-hunting a little among the old shops on the quais. I found nothing but two beautiful Buhl cabinets, just matching each other; and when I had marchandé-d the old woman down to eighty francs less than she asked me, my old prudent servant, Anton, refused to put them into the carriage, because, as he said, it was a piece of useless extravagance. Perhaps he was right."

"I think he was for once," said the very honest Lord Fletcher, who was a bit of a utilitarian among his other radical professions. "What is the good of all the old marqueterie, and all the old intaglios, and all the old dirks and daggers, and all the old monster pearls in the shape of dragons, or hearts, or devils, or chariots and horses, that you are always rummaging to find? as if Marshal Villars's tobacco-box, or Madame Montespan's curling-irons, were really better than any other tobacco-box or curling-

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irons:—as if any extra value could really attach to Madame Maintenon's rosary or smelling bottle, or any extraordinary virtues be secreted in the gold tag of Madame Pompadour's stay-lace."

"You are quite wrong, my dear young friend, quite wrong I assure you," said Lord Carmansdale, calculating all the while the advantages and disadvantages of a bargain he might have driven in the morning, for a snuff-box that had belonged to the Regent Orleans. "As you grow older, you will mix with your other liberal notions, which I so much admire, a love for articles of virtú, and a refinement of taste, in which, at present, I regret to find you rather deficient."

"Never," said Fletcher; "perhaps there is one exception, with regard to antiquities, to be made in favour of fiddles, and other stringed instruments; and even in this, my argument of utility still holds good; for an old Straduarius or Amati, is not better than a new yellow-varnished violin, in a red leather case, all covered with gold lyres, merely on account of its age, but because the tone of one is musical as is Apollo's lute, and that of the other like a tin-kettle. But in every thing else I like what is useful, and I make utility the standard of value. If I had a library, I would not spend my fortune in collecting the rare editions of the hundred and one printers

before Aldus and Elzevir, which are paid for so extravagantly by a Jacob or a Heber. I had much rather have good legible modern copies of the same works, in a clear type, and on good paper. The same with regard to paintings: if I had a picture gallery, instead of wasting some thousands of pounds on a Pietro Perrugino, or any other antique rarity, which is cracking and peeling off the canvas, and has already lost more than half its tints from the lapse of time, I would fifty times rather employ good modern artists to paint me pictures, which can really please the eye by the vividness of their colours, which would be really works of imitative art, and not derive their sole value from their age, and the past reputation of their author. I feel firmly convinced, that this will become the general opinion before very long. The prices of all those things which derive a factitious value from their antiquity, must fall in the market; and modern ingenuity will be rewarded instead, more in proportion to its merits, and the intrinsic worth of its productions."

"Misguided boy! dangerous principles! always for innovation," interrupted his father, "got among political economists—Poulett Thomson, Senior, Maccullock—bad set—ruinous opinions."

"Mr. Snuffles, my lord," said John, opening the door; and as they had only been waiting for Mr.

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Snuffles, the party now adjourned into the adjoining room.

" Mr. George Grainger, Mr. Snuffles, of Lincoln's Inn," said Lord Furstenroy, as these two individuals found themselves placed together at the dinner-table.

" I am happy to have the honour of making your acquaintance, Mr. Snuffles," said George Grainger: " I was once intended to have been one of the wise men of the East myself, and actually had chambers in the Temple, but I took, as Milton says of the sun, ' a westering course,' and hardly ever used to go inside of Temple Bar, except once, when they made me go and vote at a city election. How have you been spending your day?"

" Oh!" said Mr. Snuffles, " I have had a day most entertainingly amusing, but most exhaustingly fatiguing, I assure you. I have been up to the top of Napoleon's column in the Place Vendome, where my hat blew off, and down to the vaults under the Pantheon, where I lost my shoe in the mud."

" You have done more than I have, then," said Lord Carmansdale; " I have known Paris fifty years, and have never been in either place which you describe."

" Astonishingly surprising, and remarkably extraordinary!" said Mr. Snuffles, " why this is my

first day in Paris, and I have been all through the Stranger's Diary in Galignani. Let me see; to-day, Saturday; up at eight; parade, with military music, Place du Carousel—national guards and troops of the line at ten—exhibition of Sêvres porcelain, 18, rue de Rivoli—manufactory of Gobelins tapestry, three to four—pigeon shooting at Tivoli—Garden of Plants—apply with passport at the bureau de l' administration."

"Why you are indeed quite a man of business," said George Grainger.

"Oh!" said Mr. Snuffles, "I have seen all the pictures in the Louvre, and been over the statue gallery as well."

"Rather cursorily, I should think," said Grainger.

"Something in the way that Bob Tracey goes over his lesson, as he calls it, at Eton," said Dick Bazancourt.

"So you are off to school again to-morrow, Dick, are you?" said his father; "take some more of the ragout à la financière; you wo'nt get any at your dame's at Eton."

"Comment trouvez vous la cuisine dans cet hôtel?" enquired the Comte de Carbonnell, addressing, for the first time, a general question to Lord Furstenroy, for he had up to this moment been

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exclusively occupied in talking in an under tone to Lady Emily.

"Not too good," replied his lordship; and Lady Fanny at the same time appealed to George Grainger, as an oracle in such matters, for his opinion.

"It is with great diffidence," replied the witty gourmand, with mock solemnity, "that I venture to speak upon so grave a subject. It is true that I am a humble votary of the noble art, and I am not ashamed of it. Since in these days no man is quite an atheist, why should we not recognize divinity in a blanquette aux champignons, and worship a dinde aux truffles?"

"For shame, Mr. Grainger! I did not expect you to talk such wickedness or such nonsense, when I asked your opinion about the dinner."

"Not at all wicked or nonsensical either," replied he; "on the contrary, it is a sacred subject, and I wish to speak on it with all possible respect. I look upon a kitchen as a temple, and upon the cooks as priests; and as the steamy incense rises in wreaths, whose fragrance the ancients imagined must be so acceptable to the gods, I often fancy the souls of departed voluptuaries must look down from heaven, and regale themselves on the refreshing odour. To be an admirer and appreciator of what is good, can never be unworthy of the most exalted

and enlightened mind; and if Epicurus of old, 'amid the roseate and sparkling errors of his creed,' as Lytton Bulwer says, did catch from time to time a glimpse of the true sources of morals and causes of happiness, if the founder of the sect of the garden, and its soft philosophy, did think profoundly, and labour for the good of posterity, while he himself lived on the simple fare of roots, and water from the spring, surely he has in some measure his reward in the respect which is now paid to his name, and in the perpetuation of the title of '*epicure*' to all those who can penetrate the high mysteries of the Physiologie du Goût."

"Don't listen to his nonsense," said Lord Arthur Mullingham to Lady Frances: "tell me who made this pretty dress, Palmyre, or Madame Mannoury?"

"Do you think it pretty? I would ask Comte de Carbonell his opinion, if he were not so busy. Do you understand women's dresses? Can you tell, for instance, whether a hat is made by Herbault, or Hyppolyte, or Baudrand?"

"It is a subject I have particularly studied since I have been in France," replied Mullingham. "If I were a member of the legislature in this country, I should certainly turn the rage for the toilette into some political advantage. France,

perhaps, is the only country in the world where vanity might be made the medium of legislative rewards and punishments. I would encourage the most virtuous mothers and most dutiful wives by an embroidered tablier, or a distinctive canzeau of gold tissue, and would condemn every cattiva donna to appear in public without an artificial tournure, or with an ill-made corset."

"I remember," said Lord Fletcher, "in one of the codes of the Convention, the very point you are speaking of was attempted to be turned to account, and distinctions of dress were substituted for more solid rewards to virtue, and discouragements to crime, an idea essentially French. Two of their laws ran thus:—'Les hommes, qui auront vecu sans reproche, porteront une escharpe blanche à 60 ans,' and again, 'Les meurtriers seront vetus de noir toute leur vie, et seront mis à mort, s'ils quittent cet habit.'"

"What do you know about the laws of the Convention?" exclaimed his father, taking a pinch of snuff out of Lord Carmansdale's chrystal tabatière, "idle reading—waste of time and trouble—unprofitable trash—going to rack and ruin—deluded young man—deplorable infatuation!"

"Lord Furstenroy," said Mr. Snuffles, "it is most tormentingly provoking, and most irritatingly

tantalizing, that I am obliged to have the honour of wishing you good night. I'm off to-morrow in the diligence. I have an importantly consequential, and influentially weighty meeting appointed in my chambers on Tuesday."

The party broke up.

"Good bye to you all," said Mullingham; "Grainger and I are going to start for Italy, with a view of being in Rome in time for the holy week."

A slight sigh involuntarily escaped Lady Emily Bazancourt, at the mention of Italy. "They will meet *him*," thought she; "Grainger, I know, will treat him as he deserves, for my sake;" and she shook his hand warmly and significantly.

Lord Arthur Mullingham had been unusually attentive to Lady Frances; but M. de Carbonnell had been still more so to Lady Emily. The two sisters longed for the private gossip of their bedroom, before retiring to rest. Before, however, she joined her sister, Lady Emily sought the chamber of her brother Richard, who was hastily packing his portmanteau preparatory to his departure on the following morning. "Richard," said she, "will you forget me? Will you ever cease to remember the words that passed between us yesterday morning? Every minute that I live, I feel more and more the desire for revenge. I cannot brook the

insult of the heartless stripling whom I once condescended to admit to hopes of possessing my hand; still less can I bear the triumph of another woman. Repeat your promise of yesterday, and add to it a hope that his wife may also be included, sooner or later, in the punishment you may inflict upon her husband."

"I will repeat my promise of yesterday," said her brother, "but I war not with women; I am too brave a cavalier—mais nous verrons—we know not our destiny." His expression was remarkable—it is true we know not our destiny! His sister kissed his cheek, and hastened down to join Lady Frances, to whom she revealed, under a promise of secrecy, that she had that night bound herself, by a solemn vow, to become the wedded wife of the Comte de Carbonnell.

CHAPTER VI.

We must now transport our readers for awhile to a warmer climate and a sunnier land—to the country of the orange and the vine—the birth-place of the glowing canvas and the breathing bust—to Italy, where the classical associations of the past hallow the soil that we tread on, and the serenity of the deep blue heaven softens the indolent senses to luxury, and courts imagination to voluptuous reveries.

The elegant and inimitable Horace, the smooth Tibullus, Ausonius with all the seductive descriptions of his fascinating verse, the splendid relics of the Latin muse, these are not half the associations that rise in our bosoms, and make our hearts beat quick, as we approach the scenes immortalized and ruled by the Cæsars and the Popes. If the "Tibur Argæo positum colono" has, indeed, a charm which might make us choose it as the resting-place of the evening of our days; if the "Fundit humi facilem

victum justissima tellus," in truth, makes doubly sweet the caves, and living lakes, and dewy vales, and the lowing of the oxen, and the slumber in the grassy shade; there is even yet, perhaps, a greater glory that hangs round the memory of the tenth Leo, and a brighter prestige in Michael Angelo's creative genius; and if now, for a time, the iron of despotism has entered into the soul of the people, and Manzoni's fancy and Rossini's fire are almost solitary exceptions to the blank engendered by political oppression; if it was not an exaggerated picture which A. Marchetti drew, when he strung his lyre to such sorrowful complaining, as

Italia, Italia! oh! non piu Italia—appena
Sei tu d' Italia un simulacro, un' ombra—

still there is in the modelled forms, and flashing eyes, and ready eloquence of the population, a promise of a better age, and an auspice that their literary regeneration only awaits their liberation from their present political thraldom.

And it is of one that we are going to speak, who, of all others, was the most calculated to feel the bitter contrast that we have described,—the glory and the shame of the present and the past,—the historic splendours of her country's earlier days,—and the unworthy repose in which it is at present lulled by

the craftily administered opiates of power. Born a native of the Neapolitan dominions, compelled by circumstances in her dawning youth to a pilgrimage through many lands, which had enlarged her mind, and diversified the sphere of her observations and reflections; she singularly united all the quickness, openness, and enthusiasm of the Italian character, with something of the air refléchie, and the meditative tone of mind which is generally remarkable in the inhabitants of more northern climes. There was a something pensif about her very gaiety, a something melancholy au fond even in her liveliest moods. Exquisitely beautiful by nature, improved and embellie by every adventitious gift which it is in the power of education, or wealth, or art, to bestow, Jeannette Isabelle, nèe Barona di Scarpa, and now the bride of the English Earl Clanelly, was the cynosure of all hearts and eyes. Correctly chiseled as were the lineaments of her countenance, and finely drawn as were the lights and shadows of her every trait, hers was yet a beauty which it seems almost sacrilegious to describe or analyze. The play of feature, the expression, the animation, the intelligence, these it was that gave the real charm, and the surpassing magic to her face; and though a painter might have chosen for his model the brow, the cheek, the classic mouth, the full and well-placed eye, in

conversation with her, all these minutiæ were forgotten; and bewitched by the general impression of loveliness, the observer overlooked the minor details of her attractions. Her stature was rather delicately small than otherwise, but the proportions were most faithfully preserved, and the extreme minuteness of her foot and hand, gave an indication of her high ancestry and noble blood. Her complexion was that of the sunny south, and the veins that mantled through its surface were tinged deeply with the warm colour of the purple tide within. Her neck and shoulders were flooded by the rich profusion of her very dark brown hair, which she wore like a young Camilla, loose and free, and floating in wavy circlets where it chose to wander; but, perhaps, the most remarkable of her features, was the uncommon brilliancy which sparkled in her large and full eyes, like the flash of the diamond. Across the dark and ill-lighted theatres of Italy, she had been recognized at the widest distance by this peculiar brightness of her vision, although retired in the obscurest corner of some hidden avant-scène. She was still extremely young, (nineteen summers had not yet rolled over her head); but, in all the tact and finesse of life, in all the knowledge that is necessary for the world, as well as in all the learning that is improving to the understanding, she was far advanced beyond the

circles that moved around her. No motion was inelegant, no expression was ill-turned, no thought even was unstamped with the native purity and beauty of her mind. Yet, with all this was mingled a most irresistible spirit of coquetterie, and a most voluptuous impressionability of the senses. If thought and deliberation were enthroned upon her brow, kisses seemed to hang upon her rosy lips, which love had imbued with the quintessence of his nectar; and the ease of attitude, and the versatility with which she changed from the pose of listless languor to the sprightly liveliness and buoyant activity of the dance, demonstrated the force and the variety of those passions which were controlled, but not concealed, by the strong common sense and weight of character which she developed whenever the reign of reason predominated.

There was something in the manner in which she, at one moment, seated herself on a footstool at the feet of some one, listening to the tale or the jest; at another, reclined on the couch, drawing up her little feet sufficiently just to discover beneath the folds of her drapery the delicately moulded ankle; or flung herself into a fauteuil with careless impetuosity, or lounged against the wall with an air of indolent repose; there was something in all this that excited in others, ideas, and perhaps

wishes, of which she herself was the last to conceive the nature. For the innocence, and simplicity, and freshness of her mind were unrivalled; and the snow of the Righi was not purer than the infantine naïveté of her bosom. In this extremely unsophisticated tone of thought, and natural plainness of heart, she was still a little girl. Frank and free, and open and honest, she was like a child in her unsuspecting and confiding goodness; but in common things, experience of the world, and suffering, and consequent habits of thought, had made her a woman almost before her time, and if her franchise sometimes betrayed her into difficulties, her discretion, at least, always knew how to retrieve them. Her quick perception took the alarm the instant she had gone too far, and the rebuke which she could convey by her manner, was such as to annihilate the transgressor.

An anecdote will best illustrate both the dangerous nature of her beauty, and the stern character of her mind. It was a Frenchman, at Paris, who was one day venturing to draw a comparison between the two very opposite styles of expression, of herself and the fair Comtesse de Vauban.

"You," said he to the comtesse, "are like a virgin of Raphael, so wrapt in heavenly thought, so elevated above the stain of passion, so unearthly, so coldly and chastely beautiful."

"And what is the resemblance you assign to me?" enquired the young Italian Barona.

"Vous! vous êtes plutôt, Marie Madeleine," was the answer; and then, after a slight pause, he slowly added—" mais avant son repentir."

Our little heroine rose and left the room, her cheeks burning with indignation, and never again was the Frenchman permitted the entrée of her father's house.

Such was the woman, who, by a strange concurrence of circumstances, and perhaps, most of all, by the agency of that blind destiny which rules the fortunes of all men's lives, had recently become the wedded bride of Lord Clanelly. At once so winning, so exciting, so seductive in her own address, and so timidly sensitive, so bashfully retiring from the address of others, there seemed to be a sort of "*consciousness of sex*," which pervaded her every look, and thought, and action; and if she resembled the wanton woodbine, which, prodigal of its embraces, winds round every tree, and leans on the objects it entwines, she was at least only like that gadding parasite, when with the honey-dew upon the bursting bud, and with the crisp fresh leaf, and the cool fragrance of the night still round it, it shrinks from the kisses of the morning sun, and trembles as the breath of the breeze or the wing of the bee brush

lightly over it. But why attempt to "describe the indescribable," as Byron says of the Venus de Medicis?—there are things, the newspapers tell us, which "*baffle description*," and Jeannette Isabelle was one.

The untimely event of her indulgent father's death, which had left her without a natural protector or near relative in the world, (for her mother had died during her infancy), was perhaps the most influential reason which determined her to accede to the pressing solicitations of Lord Clanelly for an immediate marriage. The persuasions of her friends, and the zealously exerted influence of all those who from position or ties of blood had any claim upon her regard, would have nearly sufficed in themselves to have driven her into the much courted alliance; but when she looked round, and saw her own friendless and deserted situation in the world; when she gazed back upon the years of suffering which she had already spent, and from which matrimony seemed to assure her at least oblivion and repose; when she reflected on the peevish and unamiable character of the only person to whom she could otherwise now look for a legitimate asylum; when she felt the indifference to all things, and the aching void, and the unfilled place in her affections created by her father's death, and listened at the same time

to the passionate pleadings and warm professions of eternal devotion with which she was unremittingly besieged by the enamoured Lord Clanelly, it is not wonderful that she yielded; and, ignorant as she was of his previous engagement to Lady Emily Bazancourt, and hoping all things and believing all things of her lover, it would have been strange had she not accepted an offer which seemed to promise so many advantages as that of the English peer. Young, for he was still under age, and assured of a most ample fortune, and heir to princely estates, Lord Clanelly united also to these recommendations the most prepossessing exterior; a tall and handsome person, and a face in which, however, regularity of feature perhaps rather predominated over intellectual expression. He was certainly a man to make a woman love; and even the bare eagerness and impetuosity with which he prosecuted any point which he had once resolved to attain, the vehemence of his passion, and his empressement for its gratification, were qualities which made him a first-rate hero in the Italian school of romance. Still it was not without much fear, and some presentiments of unhappiness, that the Barona di Scarpa consented to sacrifice her independence to his pressing importunities; the melancholy which sometimes came over her seemed to cast a deeper shadow on the morning of the

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solemnity, and she looked as she stood at the altar as much the victim as the bride.

The match had been so hastily contracted, that little time or opportunity had been afforded to her of thoroughly investigating the character and habits of him who was now to be her companion for life. It so happened that, like many Italian women, she had a great fondness for live animals, and she had a regular ménagerie of little pets and favourites, who all knew her, and fed out of her hand. She had her pretty spaniels, and her playful greyhound, and her goats, and a young roebuck, and a little capucine monkey, with a long gold chain and collar of turquoises; and as she sported on the turf of the ample garden of her palace near the Piazza Reale with her merry playthings, she seemed wild as themselves, and looked like an enchantress, or a Miranda, or a spirit of the woods and waves. Perhaps, curious as it may seem, this taste for wild animals, and the love of feeding and tending upon them, was after all the strongest point of sympathy between Jeannette and her husband; at any rate it was that which first caused their intimacy, and brought them frequently together. Lord Clanelly was celebrated, even in England, for his breed of bull-dogs, terriers, and fighting-cocks. His tastes were in fact, in many things, essentially low, and

not contented with the more aristocratic pursuit of the turf, he had been frequently seen at the prize-ring, or even at the cock-pit, or an occasional dog-fight. Nevertheless he could be thoroughly gentlemanly in his address and manners; he was a good linguist, he had considerable readiness in conversation, and he was in fact a person of no contemptible talents. His great defect was the exceeding légèreté and want of firmness of purpose, which allowed him, for the momentary indulgence of a whim, to sacrifice the feelings and happiness of any who happened to be obstacles or stand in the way of his enjoyment.

The present of a splendidly large Newfoundland dog, a characteristic cadeau, but one which was peculiarly pleasing to the little Barona, was the first thing which really made him appear agreeable in her eyes; and when soon afterwards he occupied himself seriously with the task of procuring for her a young doe that might pair with her favourite roe-buck, and at last succeeded, and brought it to her himself, and begged that it might be called "Jenny," after her own name, she really began to fancy she could like the young earl as a husband. The affability of his manners, the ample brown whiskers that half covered his handsome face, and which were not at all required to

" plant out" any defects, the straightness and firmness of his leg, and the vigour of his gait—all these things, perhaps, had not been lost upon her; and if there were slight roughnesses in him which occasionally offended, these, said she to herself, I can polish down and correct.

She liked England; she had been in a great measure educated in a convent in that country during her father's residence there; and the prospect of residing in the summer time at one of those rural palaces which are so peculiarly the boast and pride of the English aristocracy, and of wandering in the woods and green lanes with her tame playmates round her, and then the exhilarating expectation of spending her winters in the gaiety of the London monde, where her beauty and wit must command admiration, and her vanity be flattered by repeated triumphs, had been perhaps not without their influence in deciding her agreement to the proposed union.

The day arrived; the nuptial guests assembled; the church of Santa Maria del Carmine echoed with the final vow; the garlands were distributed, the donations were given to the poor, and nothing but congratulations and rejoicing met the ears of the beautiful and flattered bride.

" How I wish," said her young friend, the

Principessa de Collini, " that I were in your place! I can't tell you how I envy your happiness!"

" How tiresome my admirer is!" exclaimed the little Marchésa de Balbi, " he has been two years about me, and never proposed yet, and that Englishman has won Jeannette in a fortnight!"

CHAPTER VII.

It is the peculiar misfortune of women, resulting from the relative position which they occupy in society, that they never can see more than one side of a man's character. Of course, the fair side is always presented towards them, and all the darker traits and wilder extravagancies, are sedulously concealed on the reverse. This makes it so doubly dangerous for a girl to consult only her own preferences, and her own will, in making her choice for life; and this also proves the expediency, on all occasions, of taking the advice of some experienced male counsellor. Many a man may shine in the salon by his wit, taste, elegance, address, or good breeding; and yet, when he quits society, and revolves upon his axis, the darker half of his day may be passed in the kennel, the brothel, or the gambling house. How is a woman to ascertain this, if she is obstinately bent on asking no judgment but her own? Poor Jeannette Isabelle had no male

friend to refer to, whom she could trust. It was not wonderful if she began, very soon after the period of her marriage, to find that all is not gold which glitters, even in the tempting circlet of a wedding ring. Occasional symptoms of ill-humour, and a peevishness which seemed ever to be more discontented the more she endeavoured to soothe it, were the first clouds which rose to darken the horizon of her prosperity. Her husband had been so long the lawless follower of his own will, so accustomed to freedom from all restraint, and so spoiled by the subserviency and flattery of the menials around him, that he soon began to devèlope a weariness and tedium at the little attentions which were necessarily due from him to his wife; and seemed, in fact, to be as exigeant and egoistical in making her wait upon his pleasure, and minister to his caprices, as if their sexes had been changed, and she were the devoted and admiring bridegroom, and he the beautiful and commanding bride. So tiresome, and so provoking, did this querulousness at length become on the part of Lord Clanelly, that he seemed to look upon even the regard and attention paid by his wife to every other object than himself, as so much taken from his own due. He still loved her with passionate excess; but there was so much of selfishness in his love, that he ever wished to concentrate and fix

upon himself, every thought, motion, and desire of her who was the object of his passion. He would recall her from the balcony, whither she would stray in the cool of the evening and gaze upon the stars, to sit beside him on the sofa, as if he were really jealous of her admiration of the lamps of heaven. If he were lounging in a fauteuil, and observed that she was more than usually interested and intent upon a drawing or a book,—"Jeannette," he would say, "Jeannette, my darling, I have dropped my handkerchief, come and pick it up for me, dear:" and though, when she hastened to rise and cross the room to execute the task, she was drawn on to his knee, and covered with caresses and a multitude of kisses, still, the constant repetition of such wearing scenes, never ceased to make its gradual impression, like the dropping of the water on the stone, and she began to feel something of indignation, at being thus converted from the empress to the slave.

It is the drizzling, misty rain, which insinuates itself into the stoutest garment, and strikes the chill to the heart of the traveller; and so is it in love, that these little teazing, irritating trifles, try the temper more, and wear affection out more certainly, than the fiercest burst of passion, or most violent storm of anger.

Another fault committed by Lord Clanelly in the

treatment of his wife, and which also resulted from the self-willed and reckless sort of life he had been in the habit of leading, was the light tone in which he was accustomed to speak of woman's virtue, and the little value he seemed to attach to it. It was not the circumstance of his reading to her Boccacio's pages, whose poetical imagery palliates the coarseness of his anecdotes; nor yet of his putting into her hands such books as the *Liaisons dangereuses*, or Faublas, in which the philosophy of the human heart, or the elegance of the style, redeem in some measure their immorality;—it was not this, we repeat, that undermined the affections of Jeannette, or made her fancy excitable, and inclined to wander, or taught her to think disrespectfully of her husband, which is generally the first step on the road to infidelity;—it was not this: for, according to Madame de Sévigny's often repeated maxim, "tout est sain aux sains;" and her mind was too pure, and her principles too high, to be shaken or dazzled by any loose sentiment she might casually meet with; but it was the discovery, that all her excellence was not, and never could be, appreciated;—it was the general want of delicacy of sentiment, and reverence for modesty and virtuous conduct, on the part of her husband, that shocked the feelings of Lady Clanelly, and, in any other woman, might

have almost justified infidelity, by the reflection, that so little value was attached to correctness of conduct, that it almost seemed a matter of indifference, whether the rules of propriety were adhered to or not. To Jeannette, there was a religion in love; its mysteries seemed to her a holy and sacred thing. Every endearment she bestowed, had its end and origin in the heart; and a sort of enthusiasm of fine feeling invested each act of blandishment with a halo as beautiful and bright, as if love were indeed a wandering beam from heaven. But her husband, who had less of sentiment and more of prâtique in his character, recalled ever to the slimy earth her exalted imagination; and displaying more animal passion than refinement of sensibility, wounded her by his brusque manner, his levity of expression, and his too often worldly and corrupted opinions, which he displayed with a hardiness that could not be called liberality. And this want of a fancy, which could burn and kindle with her own, began to be severely felt in every pursuit, and almost every event of our heroine's life. In vain she sought to fan, and stimulate into action, the long dormant feelings of enthusiasm, which perhaps had once existed in her husband's breast. Long mixing with the world had blunted the edge of his sympathies, and quenched the flame of his genius. Young

as he was, a sort of callous indifference, an apathy, and a disgust, had crept over him: he had drunk deep of the cup of enjoyment, the dregs of which are poison, and his mind was blazé, and discontented, and unexcitable. Every thing appeared to pall alike upon his senses and his thoughts. He had indulged every appetite too long to brook restraint,—he had played the Roué too well to succeed in Benedick,—he had wallowed too deeply in the mire to be able to restore himself to his original purity, by quaffing and laving in the waters, even of the crystal spring.

How could such a man be a fit companion for our heroine, as with tumultuous bursts of admiration, and passionate appeals to the genius of the past, and tributes to the ideal, she wandered round the sacred and classic environs of Naples? His was no soul which would bid him stop and kneel in wrapt devotion at the shrine of the reputations of the elder time—which could "unsphere" on the banks of the Ilyssus the spirits of Plato and his master, or find enchantment among the shades of Cirey in the memory of Voltaire—which could kindle with the bold courage of a Luther at the fortress of Wittenberg, or sigh at the hermitage of Ermenonville over the sorrows of Rousseau. The magic of life was dried up in his heart—the spell was broken

—the illusion fled—all those mighty sorceries which the perception of the sublime or the beautiful excites in every wholesome mind and undiseased imagination, were for him no more—his heart was dead to them. Paul, at the moment of the departure of Virginia; Werter, in the attitude of grasping his pistols; Romeo, with the poisoned goblet to his lips; Chatterton, through poverty and privation persisting still, the illustrator and the victim of genius—these were no themes for his perverted tastes, and vitiated appetites, and exhausted faculties. His heart leapt not at the charms of poetry. His pulse was cold to the exhilarating music and the merry dance. Ennui had settled like a cloud upon his soul. In vain his pretty Countess lavished her praises on the beauty of the bay of Naples, the luxuriant verdure of its gardens, the splendours of its innumerable villas, the freshness of the vines. In vain the Lucrine lake and Avernus were visited, and identified with the descriptions bequeathed to us by the Mantuan bard—in vain the tomb of that poet himself, and Pausilippo, with its subterranean road, and Portici, and Caserta, and the hermitage of Epomeo, and Capri, with its thousand recollections, and hallowed Pæstum, and Herculaneum, and Pompeii—those living tombs of departed nations—were resorted to for amusement, and for instruction, and perhaps still

more for the purpose of creating a mutual interest between herself and her husband, and finding some chord that would vibrate in harmony between them. He hung like a dead weight on her merriest moments, and he could not understand her more exalted flights of enthusiasm. He began to be a gêne and a drawback to her enjoyments; and every time that he interrupted her admiration or her eagerness after some object which interested him not, her weariness increased, and she could not help asking herself—Is this the man that I had dreamt I loved? Where was the charm? What is become of the illusion? Yet would she strive to conceal from him the irksomeness and impatience which he caused her; and to please him, she would caress the little doe he gave her, and frolic with the Newfoundland dog, till he became jealous even of his own gifts, and he would call her off from her amusement to make her come and sit by him hand in hand in the old garden armchair at the back of the Palazzo.

Why was she not then happy? For so many women this would have sufficed—so many women would have been not only satisfied, but pleased and delighted, to enjoy thus far the adoration of their husbands. We know not why it is, but there is in some breasts a longing after the infinite, a perpetual craving for something unattainable, an ardent tem-

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perament, which seeks ever the vast, the boundless, the eternal, the universal. It is to such necessary that there should be something surpassingly excellent, and strikingly superior, to concentrate and attract that love and admiration, which, when once a worthy object is found, they know better than all others to bestow. Jeannette Isabelle began to feel happier in solitude than in the society of her husband —she began to find it a relief and a comfort to her to be alone. She would gaze over the waters of the beautiful bay, as if longing for something beyond their far horizon,—she would sit and look for hours at night on the stars in the blue Italian heaven, and, as she intently regarded the immensity of the dome above her, tears came into her eyes. Then she would retire to the privacy of her own apartment, and pore almost till morning dawned over some tearful history, or some stirring poem, or some old romance.

Lord Clanelly now found himself in that very disagreeable position for a man to be placed in, that of intellectual inferiority to the woman whom he has chosen as his companion for life. A consciousness of his own weaknesses and his own unworthiness was never absent from his mind. He could not help feeling that he was often a bore to his own wife, and his temper was still more soured; and he became

jealous, and watchful, and recriminative, without the shadow of a cause.

It so happened that a little long-eared spaniel of King Charles's breed had been given her by an Italian marquis, named Pisatelli, who was a distant relative of her own family, and who was at the time paying his addresses to her most intimate friend, the Principessa de Collini. He had also brought her at the same time copies of two favourite French songs, which he used to sing, and which he had written out for her; one was "Vous démandez pourquoi je pleure," a simple romance of Panseron; and the other, "Sans espérance," by Hâlevy, which she had so much admired, when Shollet had sung it in the pretty opera of L'Éclair the preceding winter, at Paris. A few nights afterwards, a ball took place at the palace of the King of Naples, and Jeannette was as usual the pre-eminent, almost the exclusive object of admiration and idolatry. All the royal family were pressing in their notice and attention to her; the butterflies of fashion fluttered round her—they were dazzled by her beauty. The authors, the men of esprit, whispered in her ear—they were enchanted by her wit.

Pisatelli approached the circle, and saluting her as Corinne, asked whether she were most proud of the tributes to her talents or her beauty?

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Her answer was, that she liked the fashionables, because she could amuse herself on them with her wit; but she liked better the wits, because they could make such pretty compliments to her beauty.

"Then," said Pisatelli, "the woman predominates over the genius, and your vanity is more pleased with a compliment to your beauty than to your brain."

"And with what woman is it not the case?" replied our heroine, "Do you not remember the anecdote of De Stäel, that one night the maladroit Schlegel found himself placed at table between her and a celebrated beauty of Vienna, and intending to contrive an impossibility, namely, to pay a compliment to two women at once, remarked, that for the first time in his life he found himself between the paragons of wit and beauty? De Stäel, colouring red, and looking furious, at once took that compliment to herself, which was intended for her neighbour, and replied, 'that she was much pleased; for though she had often been told she was witty, she had never received such high praise of her beauty before.'"

"I adore that feeling above all in a woman," said Pisatelli; "and I can enter into the views of poor De Stäel, when she said she would give up all her reputation as a writer, only to be good-looking."

It was just as this colloquy was going on, that Lord Clanelly's attention was directed upon the two talkers, by the Honourable Mrs. Scraggs, with whom he found himself in conversation. The Honourable Mrs. Scraggs was the fruitful and fond mother of Lieutenant Scraggs, in one of his Majesty's regiments of the line now quartered in Ireland, and of three carrotty daughters, for one of whom she had originally destined the house and estates of Clanelly. She had never forgiven the slight passed upon Miss Clementina Scraggs, by the marriage of Lord Clanelly with the Barona, and she sought revenge. The Honourable Mrs. Scraggs, however, was anything but like Ovid's description of Invidia, who is represented by the poet as excessively thin and meagre: the Honourable Mrs. Scraggs, on the contrary, was one of those fat and dowdy figures which Sheridan said he "longed to draw out, as one does an opera-glass." She looked more like a bloated, gloating toad, as she remarked to Lord Clanelly how well her ladyship was looking this evening; and then added, that *M. de Pisatelli seemed to think so too.* At the time he said nothing; he would not so far gratify the malignant and Honourable Mrs. Scraggs.

But the following morning, as his wife was sitting beside him in the garden, and the pretty little

long-eared spaniel came bounding to her side, and she stooped to caress it, a cloud came over Clanelly's brow, and he remembered the remark of last night, and he spurned the poor animal from him with his foot. "Clanelly!" exclaimed Jeannette, in a tone so grave, so severe, so sorrowfully reproachful, that it must have gone to the heart of a stone. Tears came into her eyes; this increased the ill-humour of her lord; explanations and recriminations ensued; they both felt aware that the bond that had united them had snapt. The immediate cause of quarrel was ridiculous; but it was not ridiculous that two young people—become now indifferent to each other, or nearly so, or perhaps worse—should have to travel on together to the end of the journey of life.

"Il leur fallait des distractions."

Clanelly, just at this conjuncture, received also information that his guardian, Lord Carmansdale, had obtained his diplomatic mission to the court of Naples, and was expected immediately to replace the present chargé d'affaires. This decided him to leave Italy, as he was unwilling to encounter his angry guardian. "To-morrow," said he to his wife, "we will leave Naples and start for England;" and the heart of Jeannette beat lightly at his proposal.

CHAPTER VIII.

Never a more beautiful day dawned on the magnificence of Italian scenery than that which was destined to witness the departure of our heroine from all its splendours and its charms. Words cannot paint the brilliance of the prospect on such a morning around Castella-Mare, and along the whole route to Sorrento, or the hues flung by the lights and shadows of its uneven surface upon the sides of Vesuvius, or the brightness and gayness of the bay, as the boats skim lightly over it, and their white sails gleam in the splendour of the rising sun. It was only the middle of April,—but so genial was the season, that almost a sultriness was already perceived in the air; and the elasticity and buoyancy of spirit, so peculiarly the result of the Italian atmosphere, was never more strongly felt by the crowd than on the present day: but our heroine's mind was convulsed with a struggle of contending emotions;—joy at the prospect of changing the scene and diversifying the train of her often too melancholy

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thoughts; sorrow at the necessity of parting once more from her native and her dearly-loved Naples; apprehension also for the future, and doubts and fears for the effect such removal and a return to his old associates in England, might have upon her lord:—all these feelings contended for mastery in her bosom; and as she stood in her favourite balcony, and saw trunk after trunk, and imperial after imperial brought down and attached to the carriages, and heard the order given to the postillions to take the route to Aversa, her heart turned faint and sick, and she trembled violently and was obliged to cling to the railing of the balcony for support. The birds were singing in the trees, and her own canaries in their cages answered them. She opened the door of their prison, and would have set them free, but so well had they been trained to their captivity that liberty had lost its charm, and Jeannette thought of their resemblance to her own countrymen, the Italians, and said, "Why will they not be free?" and she wept.

Of all the pretty pets in her ménagerie she took a sorrowful last farewell. Only the greyhound and two of the spaniels,—not Pisatellis,—were selected to accompany her, and to all and each of the others she gave a parting embrace, as she carefully enjoined the domestic to soigner them carefully till her return. Her return—when was it to be? She looked down the

dark stream of fate misgivingly, and all was dark: she could perceive no future for herself; she could feel assured of no anticipation of happiness to come; she had even a firm presentiment that she was going forth as a wanderer to return no more; that the sufferings she had hoped to terminate by her marriage were but now going really to commence; and as the young favourite roebuck and his doe came bounding up merrily to her side, and looked up in her face with their full dark eyes, she felt her heaviness of heart and melancholy foreboding increase.

"Oh! if I but knew," she exclaimed to herself, "if I could but find the clue to Clanelly's character, which would lead him back into the right path, and teach him once more to deserve the respect which I formerly bore him! I would fain think that he loves me yet. On our journey I shall have still further opportunity than I have yet enjoyed of studying him, and I will endeavour to approfondir his weaknesses and failings to the bottom; in order, by ascertaining the causes of his defects, to know how to endeavour to remedy them."

"Carlo!" she continued, "poor Carlo!" as her eye glanced on the majestic Newfoundland dog which had been the earliest pledge of her husband's love, and the first conveyance of its expression—"Carlo, my old fellow, you cannot come with us; there is no

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place for you," and for a moment the associations and souvenirs connected with the unconscious animal, who put his fore paw affectionately on her knee, overwhelmed her, and she leaned her forehead on her hand, lost in a train of dreamy reverie.

If our heroine had still loved her husband, it is evident that a place might have been easily found for Carlo in one of the carriages. In such little trifles does estrangement, as well as love, betray itself.

At this moment her pretty merry little friend, whose name we have already mentioned as having been her bridesmaid, the young Principessa de Collini, entered to bid her farewell. She ran up to Jeannette, and threw her arms round her neck and kissed her; and then she presented to her, as her parting gift, a beautiful and fragrant bouquet she had that morning risen early to gather for her from her own parterre.

"I have brought you these flowers, dearest," said the merry-souled Principessa, "and as my garden is within sight of the Castelle Uovo, where the gardens of Lucullus used to be, I think I have a right to make a classical application of them, and constitute you my Flora;" and so saying, she playfully placed the garland as a crown upon the dusky and flowing ringlets of her melancholy friend.

"Sure I am," answered Jeannette, as she admired

her fragrant offering, "that no Roman maiden of old ever presented a richer sacrifice at the foot of the garden goddess; and I thank you. Nina," she continued, "I am very unhappy."

For a moment they were both of them silent, and then it was Jeannette who proceeded again.

"Nina, I thank you for your bouquet; will you oblige me by accepting from me a present in return? If you will permit it, I will bequeath to you Carlo, my poor Newfoundland favourite. I will give him to you to keep till we meet again; and if that time should be so long," and she sighed as she spoke, "that the poor beast should die, bury him for me in your own garden, where you gathered for me the bouquet, and promise me that you will think often of me as you walk upon your terrace, which we have so often paced happily together."

"I accept your gift, dearest Isabelle," said the Princess, "and thank you for it many times. With regard to the end of your speech, I will promise not only to think of you often, but I will promise more:—I will undertake, and pledge myself solemnly by a vow, that, should you ever be in distress, mental or bodily, in which I can assist you—that should you by any train of unfortunate contingencies find yourself deserted or desolate in the world—or, what is perhaps worse, should you become oppressed, and

tyrannized over and insulted by one whom I was once fool enough to envy you as a companion for life, I will risk every thing to deliver you. I have never loved any one as I love you, Jeannette."

Jeannette Isabelle was moved, but unable to stoop to confess even to her most intimate confidante a fact with which she seemed already but too familiarly acquainted, namely the ill-treatment of her husband. She replied with all the pride of women on such occasions, "I know your kindness, Nina, and I am far from being ungrateful for your offer; but Clanelly is too good to me to render it probable that I shall ever stand in need of your assistance, from such reasons at least as you have ventured to suggest."

"Carlo," said Nina, playfully, as if to relieve her friend, for she saw her heart was full—"Carlo, we will be friends, dog, won't we? and if your mistress ever tumbles into the water, we will both jump in together and pull her out."

"Well, Nina," said our heroine, stretching out her hand, "you are a good girl, and I hope *you*, at least," emphatically, "will get a good husband at last. Is Monsieur le Marquis very attentive lately?"

Nina blushed in her turn, and the servant coming in to announce that the carriages were packed, and all was ready, broke up for an interval the conversation.

"And now," said Jeannette at last, "I go forth into the world more alone than formerly; then I had a father, now I have nothing but——" she forgot that she was on the point of communicating the very secret she had struggled to disguise; and suddenly breaking off, she exclaimed, "write to me, dearest Nina—write to me always; you are too true a friend for me to lose sight of for a day."

The thought of the use to which she might, perhaps, one day be necessitated to turn her friend's generous offer of assistance, flashed across her mind, but she dispelled it. She rose to descend the staircase, and she found Clanelly waiting; but it was much too beautiful a day for him to be in bad humour; entirely a sensualist, he depended on his outward impressions of the moment to give a colour to his feelings. He saluted Nina good-naturedly: he held out his hand to our heroine, and carefully put on her shawl; and as the carriages dashed down the streets, and through the Piazza, every one remarked what a happy, smiling couple, were Lord Clanelly and his wife; and the little Marchesa di Balbi, who was gazing from her window, again coveted the good fortune of Jeannette, and heaped redoubled reproaches on the head of her own unfortunate lover, who had been two years admiring her at a distance, and had never yet dared to make

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any closer proposal of alliance. How blind the world is!

Nevertheless, as the britska rolled along the great Northern road, and the variety of objects, and the unbroken sunshine, and the beautiful blue heaven, and the songs of the peasants, broke upon her senses, our heroine did feel, for a time, relief from her melancholy, and was beguiled into hopes for a happier future. The trees were already in the full luxuriance of verdure. The atmosphere was already perfumed at intervals with the fragrance of violets and of early spring wild flowers, and an occasional convolvulus stealing through the hedges, looked out, as Mrs. Norton beautifully expresses it, "as if longing for a breeze."

The orange and lemon trees were beginning to blossom, and Jeannette thought to herself, that long before their boughs were yellow with their golden fruit, she should be far away. Just as she was revolving these thoughts, and they had advanced some stages on their way, and were now between Sparanise and St. Agata, an English carriage met them; and as the custom is, they waited nearly opposite each other to allow the postillions to exchange their respective horses, and return with them to the post from which they came.

"Eilen sie sie—make haste—schneller, go quicker

—sapperment corpo di Baccho—God damn," exclaimed the Englishman's courier, in a mixture of English, Italian, and German; and at the same time, a very white hand, with an antique ring on the little finger, and containing a mother-of-pearl snuffbox, was seen on the ledge of the window. It was a trying moment for Lord Clanelly, as he recognised his guardian, Lord Carmansdale, with his old faithful attendant, Anton, and he leaned far back in his carriage, in the hope of not being recognized. His britska had a plain pannel, without arms or coronet, and he hoped he had escaped; but it will, perhaps, subsequently appear, whether the observant Anton did not remark the expressive countenance, the long hair, and strongly-pencilled brows of Lady Clanelly, although at the time, the carriages glided on in silence, each on their separate route; and Lord Carmansdale presently found himself too much occupied at the Embassy at Naples, to pay any attention to the circumstance of the rencontre with his rebellious ward.

Another coincidence, however, awaited our heroine and her lord in the hôtel at Fondi, perhaps even yet more remarkable than the last. Over the door, communicating with the apartment into which they had been shown, was an aperture, intended for a window, but the glazing had been removed, and

the voices of two Englishmen in conversation could be most distinctly heard.

"Oh! no," said one, "impossible for me to think of it; I have in the first place no money, and am only considered in society as a dangerous detrimental."

"But you have always your profession of the bar to fall back upon if you like it," said the other voice. "Make your offer and marry, and then leave it to Providence, or your own talents, or your own impudence, to get on."

At this period Lord Clanelly quitted the room, and left his wife alone, to hear the remainder of the interesting conversation.

"You advise me then to follow the recommendation which Lord Kenyon once gave to a young barrister, whose father had consulted him about the desolate prospects of his son. 'The best thing for a young man to do,' said he, 'is to spend his own fortune as fast as he can; the next thing is, to marry, and spend his wife's fortune; and then, when he finds himself with encumbrances, and without money, it is very odd indeed if he does not begin to work in earnest, and if he works in earnest he must succeed.' But conceive me, my dear Mullingham, at the bar. Had I gone on with it, I should have become, perhaps, by this time, just such an old

petrified fossil—just such a piece of cross-grained mahogany—as that queer old fellow Snuffles, whom we met the other day, if you remember, at Lord Furstenroy's dinner."

"Yes, by Jove, I do remember it: what a quizz the animal was! but I think you ought to remember it, Grainger, better than I, for you had him at your side all dinner time, instead of the fair lady Emily."

"Poor Lady Emily! I admire her certainly, and I could never treat her in the abominable manner in which she has been treated by that rascally Clanelly. I do think his conduct, in respect to that marriage, the most infamous and cowardly that ever disgraced a young man's honourable name."

"Well, after all," said Mullingham, "perhaps she had rather an escape, for I understand Clanelly would have been a regular brute to her; they say he still keeps up his connection (notwithstanding his marriage) with that woman that used to be about in his cab in London; and, besides that, he is a terrible *coureur*, and not a day passes, but that he gives some occasion or other to his wife to reproach him with infidelity."

"All the happier for her if she doesn't know it," said Grainger. "I am told she is a charming person!"

Poor Jeannette, who had not ventured to draw

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her breath during this colloquy, sunk back in her chair: what followed appeared to her at the time of little comparative interest; but every word was engraved on her memory, and she recalled the circumstance long afterwards in another land.

"What a nice fellow young Bazancourt is," said Grainger.

"You mean that fanatico per la musica, Lord Fletcher," said Mullingham.

"On the contrary; I mean Dick, as they call him, the youngest. He is quite a boy yet, of course, or else I wouldn't give two sixpences for Clanelly's life. I never saw such an eye to draw a trigger! and he looks as if he never would forget either his friends or his enemies: what a face too for a woman to love! I think I never saw a more beautiful expression."

"Well," said Mullingham, as he called his valet, Stephen, to dress him for dinner, "it is a distingué avenir that you mark out for Richard Bazancourt; you intend that he should commit both love and murder."

The voices ceased, and poor Jeannette Isabelle trembled from head to foot with agitation; but when her husband returned, she complained of passing indisposition, and kept to her own reflections the disastrous secret.

CHAPTER IX.

Our work resembles at present a landscape seen through a fog. Only detached and insulated spots are visible, which appear to have no connexion or relation with each other, and all that intervenes is a dense mass of mist and incoherent perplexity: by and by the sun will we hope break out; the vapour will disperse; the floating islands of the narrative will become conjoined and continuous; the fitness of the parts to each other and to the whole will be made evident; and the general order and harmony of the prospect be established.

For the moment we must leave Lord Clanelly and his interesting partner on their route to England, and lounge arm in arm with George Grainger and Lord Arthur Mullingham round the streets and squares of Naples.

"By Jove," said Lord Arthur to his companion, as they were sitting together in the Albergo degl' Ambassadori over a breakfast of fruit, and iced wine,

and cold turkey chicken, "we must go to-day, and call on Carmansdale; I suppose he must be regularly installed in the embassy by this time, and must have polished up all his snuffboxes till he can see the reflection of his own gray whiskers in them to perfection. I wonder what Carmansdale does with his wife? One never hears anything of Lady Carmansdale, nor where she lives, nor what she does, and it is a most extraordinary thing that everybody takes him for a bachelor. Allons! I long to see the papers, too, in hopes that there may be some chance of your friends the Whigs being out-voted."

"Wait a minute," said Grainger, "something dreadful has happened to me—pity me."

"What's the matter?" asked the other, "any bad news?—have you got letters of ill tidings from the poste restante? No loss of relations, I hope? —no pecuniary difficulty—my dear Grainger?" observing the very grave and dejected countenance of his friend.

"No, alas! nothing of so trivial a description, mon cher; but conceive my chagrin—there is actually a large hole in a pair of light boots, which Guerrier made me only the day before I left Paris."

"My dear friend! I do then really pity you; this is indeed an affliction. Why don't you go to Fitz-Patrick, or to my friend Concanon, in the

Arcades?—his leather is like O'Connell's tongue, and goes on for ever without the least symptom of wearing out."

"The O'Connellites are obliged to you for your compliment," said the witty dandy, "and I must see how I can return it:" and then continuing in the tone of affected gravity, which he knew so well how to assume, he proceeded—"what a glory for the leader of you Tories, to have identified his name for ever with the discovery of Wellington boots! Various and proud as are the distinctions of our aristocracy, long as we may name our buggies after a Stanhope, our jackets after a Spenser, or our great coats after a Petersham, none seems to me so high an honour as this baptismal adoption of the boot; and yet how ephemeral is all human grandeur! It is now pretended that the Roman emperor Caligula took his name from the peculiar kind of gaiters which he was in the habit of wearing. A few years more may pass by, and history may doubt, perhaps, with respect to the Wellingtons, whether the boots took their name from the hero, or the hero took his name from the boots!"

"Apropòs de bottes," interrupted Mullingham, "I must write a new order to Paris for a fresh supply; I will give the commission to Lord Fletcher, from whom, by the bye, I rather expect to find a letter

waiting for me at the embassy. I suppose he is still amusing himself at Paris, and probably not at all the less so, for the circumstance of his father and sisters being shipped for London."

"I hope, when you write to him," said Grainger, "you will give him some good advice: I should imagine few people better calculated from experience to undertake the part of 'The Guide to Paris,' or 'The Young Man's Friend.'"

"If I have any useful experience, I can assure you I have purchased it dearly," replied Mullingham; "I will give you an instance of the way in which I have been schooled in misfortune. About six or eight years ago, when I first came as attaché to the Paris embassy, I remember falling desperately in love with a passing beauty, a very young girl indeed, whom I met quite accidentally in the street. Without a great deal of difficulty, I persuaded her to come and pay me a visit in my lodgings; and wishing to make what I considered a most handsome present, and being obliged to compromise between my vanity and my necessity for economy, I presented her with half a dozen silver tea-spoons from my own table, and engraved with my family crest. Eh bien!—time rolled by: I think six years had passed over our heads, when, finding myself again in Paris, and having, as you know, the

mauvaise habitude of falling in love, I was so struck by a face and figure of a woman in a box aux Italiens, who blazed with diamonds and bijouterie, and quitted the theatre in her chariot with horses and liveries of her own, that I determined that, coute qu' il coute, she should be mine. I dispatched an ambassador with preliminary protocols, and after the intercharge of numerous dispatches, a treaty was concluded, in which, like the Turks to the Russians, I was condemned to pay her an indemnity for the expenses of the war to the amount of a thousand francs. The terms were accepted, and I was permitted to pay her an evening visit in her sumptuous lodgings, where I remained so extremely late, enjoying the charms of her conversation, that the next morning arrived before I was aware of it, and I consented to stay with her for breakfast. Well, George, figurez vous, that during the meal I took up by accident one of the tea-spoons, and there on the end of it, to my utter astonishment, I found engraved the boar's head and laurel in his mouth, which you know as well as I do; in short, my own family crest: I looked at it with surprise, and remarked upon the oddness of the circumstance— 'Mais, mon cher Arthur, est ce que tu ne me connais pas?'—exclaimed the extortioness of a woman, who it appears had known me perfectly well

the whole time; and, on examining more closely, I at length recognized the once familiar features of my old friend of the trottoir."

"The romance of your first love must have been a little dispelled," said Grainger. "I am sure I wish I could rise as rapidly in my own profession as she did; but you are getting shockingly loose in your conversation, my dear Mullingham; and, besides, we ought to be walking towards Carmansdale's."

"Allons!" replied Lord Arthur; and Grainger having changed the unfortunate boot, they sallied forth together in the direction of the embassy, and the above conversation was continued at intervals on the way.

"It is very striking that the saving system should be so universal among the class of persons in France, which you have just described," said Grainger; "but so it is: they all lay by money, and many of them, who have begun their career penniless, die the possessors of an ample fortune. In London, I know not why, but it is exactly the reverse: the prospect is indeed melancholy. A girl is seduced—say a clergyman's daughter in the country, or a young lady from a boarding-school—the chances are twenty to one that in a few years she will be houseless, friendless, moneyless, begging

alms of the midnight passengers, and dying of drinking gin to excess: one of those 'nymphs,' in short, who, since Rochester's time, continue to

> take their stand
> Where Cath'rine street descends into the Strand.

In France they all gradually ascend the ladder: in England they go down and down in the world, till they perish of shame and want. I believe much of this difference must originate in the light in which connexions of this sort are viewed in the two countries, and the greater leniency of treatment they experience, both from police protection and from private manners in France; but, whatever be the reason, true it is, that many a woman who plies in the beginning for five francs on the boulevards, dies prosperous and wealthy. The conturière and lingère become proprietesses of a modiste's or nouveautés shop. The soubrette rises from being a waiting maid, to keeping a boarding-house for vagabond English, or an estaminet; and a few, perhaps, who have commenced as actresses or dancers, are transmigrated into Ninons de Lenclos or Marions de Lorme."

"The fact is," said Mullingham, "that the spirit of saving among the lower orders, from which class these women are of course for the most part drawn,

is a thing unknown in England, owing to the fatal operation of our late poor laws. I believe, really, that it is here we must look for the true reason of the difference you have pointed out. All the French ouvriers and peasants in town or country, but most in the country, lay by some portion at least of their earnings. The cottages may look poor to an Englishman who passes from Boulogne to Paris in a diligence; and it is true that a French countrywoman does not think it necessary to wear a hat, or walk in leather shoes, but the plain cap, and the wooden sabots, are the talisman of their prosperity; and all these poor-looking peasants have a secret hoard somewhere, either in a hiding-place at home, or deposited in the provincial caisses d'épargnes."

"This has probably much to do with it," contitinued Grainger; "nevertheless, I apprehend our first reason to be the principal cause of the difference, namely, the opposite manner in which the position of these individuals is regarded by the public. The same reason, too, must account for the greater degree of elegance and refinement of manners and tastes, for which the courtezans of France have been remarkable through all its history. Self-respect is the key to, and generator of, a more elevated tone of sentiment; and where this is not quite lost, efforts will still be made to preserve it. But, as in the army,

the once-flogged soldier becomes so degraded in his own eyes, that he is fit for every enormity, so in England women, who are taught that their position is so despicable as to be irretrievable, lose at once even the ambition of appearing more virtuous than they are, and there is less decency in London than in Paris. Where, for example, are the parallels in our history to the Ninons and Marions whom you just mentioned—the confidantes of the Richelieus and Mazarins, the modern Aspasias, the associates of the courtiers and the wits of the most refined aristocracy in Europe? The paramours of our princes are all of a coarser kind. Doll Tearsheet is of course the creation of the poet, but he had dipped his brush in the tap of the pot-house before he attempted her portrait. Jane Shore, instead of the voluptuous courtezan, brings nothing to our memories but the white sheet and wax taper of her superstitious penance; and even the celebrated Nell Gwynne, under the patronage and surveillance of Mrs. Chiffinch, puts on a broader smile, and laughs too vulgarly loud to be compared with the tenants of the perfumed boudoirs of France. The beauties of Charles II. are indebted to Sir Peter Lely for the perpetuity of their renown for personal attractions; but we look in vain to the Duchess of Cleveland, or the Duchess of Portsmouth, for the lively repartees

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and piquant anecdotes we all remember of the Montespans, and Pompadours, and de la Valières. This, perhaps, depends in a great measure on the want of mémoire writers in our own court literature, a species of composition which abounds almost to absurd extravagance among our neighbours. What a field for mémoire writing, for instance, is opened in the late reign of George the Fourth! but voici, the Largo di Castello, and here we are at the door of the embassy. Pray ring hard, Mullingham—his old German, Anton, is so devilishly slow."

Meanwhile the representative of his Britannic Majesty at the court of Naples, was seated in an antiquely carved easy chair in his dressing-room, with no garment round him, though long past the hour of noon, except an ample roquelaire of Persian silk, girded loosely round the waist with ropes and tassels. No mighty question of war or peace seemed at the moment to challenge the finesse of his diplomatic labours. No Vattel expanded its luminous leaves on the table before him—no Puffendorff or Grotius were there to enlighten him on the debateable points of international law—but a novel of Paul de Kock was on the table de nuit, and a volume of Goldsmith's History of England, bound by Lewis in London, and now carefully covered with a double wrapper of white and brown paper, served as a support to elevate the half-consumed bougie. Happy

and honoured Goldsmith! Farewell to the toils of Henry, and Hallam, and Turner, and Linguard, and Hume—Goldsmith triumphs over them all, in being selected as the referee and instructor of so high and important an authority. A row of seven or eight watches, of different size and antiquity, was on the dressing-table; amongst them were several of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, curiously embossed in gold on their massive cases. There was a time-piece by Bréguet, and an old English double-cased chronometer and repeater; but no product of Geneva appeared among the collection: for it was a favourite saying of Lord Carmansdale's, that a Geneva watch was only a fit appendage to a Vienna carriage, and that both were so flimsily made, that they should be possessed by no one who did not live on his capital, and intend to get through his fortune at the longest in five years. There was a variety of gold chains, and trinkets of every description, on the table, upon the drawers, and suspended from the wall upon hooks. The whole room, in short, resembled more than anything else the shop of Escudier, that king of marchands des curiosités, on the quai Voltaire at Paris. The faithful Anton was standing behind his master, carefully polishing with a huge piece of soft wash leather a large and rich gold plateau, while his master himself was similarly employed upon a snuffbox.

"Well," said the old servant, with his customary licence of remark, "I can't understand what can be the use of so many snuffboxes, when your lordship so seldom takes snuff—es ist sehr ausserordentlich, nicht wahr?"

"I got this last box very cheap, Anton," said the English nobleman; "I gave forty scudi less than the old woman asked for it."

"Desto besser—so much the better," said Anton; "as it is, I don't think it such a very great bargain."

"But the cup and plateau, Anton, which you are polishing there—ah! verfluch!—mind what you are at with it—don't rub so hard—don't bend down the edges in that manner."

Just at this moment a violent ringing was heard at the bell outside: "Sit still, Anton, and don't leave your work," said the diplomatist; "it's ónly some cursed Bull come about his passport. Let them find the attaché."

"Your lordship forgets that since Mr. Kynaston resigned, no new attaché is appointed, and the secretary of legation is gone over to Rome for a week upon leave."

"Then I am all alone here, eh? You must sign their passports, Anton, yourself. I'll make you my secretary pro tempore."

Another servant tapped at the door, and informed his lordship that two Englishmen below wanted to speak with him.

"Tell them I am engaged," was the answer.

A message was again sent up, to which Lord Carmansdale replied with the greatest gravity—"Tell the two gentlemen that I regret the circumstance exceedingly; but that the commission is sitting at present in my room, and I shall not be able to see them for the next three hours, if they will call again."

No answer was sent up to this message; but Arthur Mullingham and Grainger ran up the stairs in a fit of almost convulsive laughter, burst into the room, and shook hands with the minister in the very midst of the commission, consisting of himself, his valet, and the snuffboxes.

"I really am delighted to see you," said Carmansdale, also laughing heartily; "I was afraid it was some raw John Bull, with a letter from one of my twenty-ninth cousins, and looking as hungry at my dinner-table as one of the lazaroni with a plate of maccaroni before him. How they bore me, my unfortunate countrymen! The vulgarity, the presumption, the coarseness, the indelicacy—bah!—but I want your opinion about a stand or pedestal I am going to have made for this cup and plateau.

I bought them of a Jew at Florence by the weight of the gold, and only gave six scudi for the façon, which is beautiful."

"Have you any letters for us?" asked Lord Arthur.

"One from Paris for your lordship," said Anton; and Mullingham, seeing it was in Fletcher's handwriting, put it in his pocket to be read at leisure.

"Are you engaged to-morrow?" asked Lord Carmansdale; "for heaven's sake go and join Mrs. Scragg's party, if you want really to be well amused. A sort of fête-champêtre to be given on the bay. I will undertake to send you both invitations."

The offer was accepted, and the young men, having talked over a variety of subjects, lounged back to their hôtel.

Stepping for a minute into the public coffee-room, they found a party of their countrymen assembled there. "It's d—d insolence," said a little fat red-faced man in a corner, who continued mopping his "dew-besprent" forehead with a cotton mouchoir, "three times I've been myself with my passport to the embassy, and 'not at home' was the answer. I'd taken my place for Rome, and paid for it, and so have lost my money—and the country pays him £4000 a-year for treating his countrymen in this way."

"And I," said another half-gentleman, pint-of-port looking Bull, in a bright blue neckcloth, "I had a personal letter of introduction to him, from a connection of my own family, who knows him intimately. Would you believe it? I have left the letter, and called three times, and he only sent his servant with a card in return, and has not even asked me to dinner."

"I shall represent all this at the Foreign Office on my return," said a pompous Radical; "Lord Palmerston is my particular friend, and often asks me my opinion about the diplomatic appointments."

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CHAPTER X.

"Lord Arthur Mullingham, allow me the honour of presenting you to the Honourable Mrs. Scraggs; Miss Scraggs; Miss Clementina Scraggs; Miss Barbara Scraggs; Mr. Grainger; Mrs. Scraggs and her family. How strange it seems to call you *Mr.* Grainger. There are some people in the world that one always calls naturally by their christian names, and they are sure to be universal favourites. If a girl, for instance, is called by men Fanny Jenkins or Emily Bacon, she is sure to be a pretty, merry, good-natured, dancing flirt; and if a man is called William Atkins, or George Grainger, by women, one always expects to see a light-haired, laughing-faced, good-looking fellow, and the chances are ten to one that he plays solos on the flute, and sings Italian duets. Here come some more of our party;" and so saying, Lord Carmansdale gave his arm to our friend, the little Principessa di Collini, who had also been invited to the party, and got away to a little distance, as if to avoid something disagreeable.

The sun shone bright upon the bay, and kissed the sleepy waters as they rippled and murmured to the shore. The spot selected for the re-union was at the site of the old ruin, called the Temple of the Giants, close by the fine remains of the Cumæan aqueduct, and not far from the Arco Felice, or gate of Cumæ; and occasional detachments from the party mounted to the summit of the arch to enjoy the fine view of the Circæan promontory, which is commanded from its summit; and Miss Barbara Scraggs said, the island of Ventotiena* looked so beautiful that she should not mind being as naughty as the celebrated Julia, if she was sure of meeting with no worse punishment than confinement to its lovely shores.

The rest of the party, who had just arrived in a hired calêche together, consisted of four gentlemen, who will be perhaps best described by affixing to them the sobriquets which they had received from the facetiousness of Miss Clementina, for the Misses Scraggs were exactly of that class of girls who glory in the vulgar wit of giving nicknames to all their acquaintances. The first who descended from the voiture was a middle-aged, soft-voiced, and comfortable-looking individual, whose name was Barlow. He was a person who knew every body, and every thing about every body, and was always determined to make the

* The ancient Pandataria.

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acquaintance of any new arrivals in a place at all personal risk: hence he had acquired with the Misses Scraggs the familiar appellation of Toe Barlow, from its being said of him that he had the habit of treading on the toes of people to whom he could not otherwise be presented, and that thus, by begging their pardons, he would enter into conversation and dispense with the necessity of a better introduction. He himself, however, derived his sobriquet of *Toe* Barlow from his christian name of Anthony, although malicious persons declared that he was christened James William in the parish register, and that the name of Tony was adopted since he had earned the nickname of Toe. No sooner, however, on the present occasion, did he recognize the strange faces and figures of Lord Arthur and Grainger, than he set himself about discovering who they might be. He was presently informed of their names and family, and that they had come with Lord Carmansdale in his carriage. Accordingly he determined that he must instantly make their acquaintance. Now it so happened that George Grainger had certainly a more distingué appearance than his noble friend;—Nature does sometimes make such mistakes;—and Toe Barlow imagining him to be the son of a duke, on no better grounds than because he looked like a gentleman, approached him with his blandest smile, and said, "I beg your pardon; I

hope you will allow me to inquire after Lady Mary Ellersby, your lordship's sister, I believe. I had the honour of sitting next her at a dinner party at the Duke of Wellington's, before I left town."

Grainger simply replied that he was probably mistaking him for Lord Arthur, whom he pointed out at a distance.

"Dear me! how extraordinary!" replied Toe Barlow, determined at all events to hazard a compliment. "How extraordinary! There is such a remarkable likeness in the face between you and Lady Mary! What a beautiful creature she is!"

The next individual who alighted from the calêche was a recreant Polonais, a young man of a good family in Poland, but who had basely allowed himself to be corrupted by the Russians, and was now supposed to be employed in some way as a spy, or reporter on the movements of the Neapolitan government. Eau-de-cologne was said not to be among the articles of his toilet, and though, like the Venus of the poet, he scattered odours in his train, they were not embued with the ambrosial fragrance which hovered round the flight of the goddess.* The avernus of the poets was an emblem of his mouth, and many an unfortunate fly who flew past the pestiferous abyss, overcome by

* "Ambrosium fugiens latè diffudit odorem."—Æneid.

the Tartarean vapours, fell a victim to his rash flight upon the table. Hence Miss Clementina Scraggs had not inaptly affixed to him the appellation of the *pole-cat*.

After the pole-cat came the Kilkenny cat, a young good-looking Irishman, a regular fire-eater, always ready to quarrel with any body to the last gasp, and so named by Miss Scraggs from the old story of the two Kilkenny cats, who eat each other up, till there was nothing left but the two tails and a little fluff. Mr. Higgins Fitz-Waterton, as the syllable prefixed to his surname was intended to indicate, was the illegitimate offspring of an Irish earl, who had bequeathed to him a very small fortune in the funds, which he had entirely spent. Lord Carmansdale called him "the man with a thousand a-year——for one year," and now that he had no further means, he managed notwithstanding to go on without at all retrenching his expenditure. He lived rather as La Fleur says, in the Sentimental Journey, "comme il plaït à Dieu," that is to say, he was always ready to fight, gamble, or drink; was rather an amusing fellow in a mixed party, and having very little left either of credit or of honour, he always concluded every sentence he spoke with "on my honour and credit." As his character was well known, and Miss Barbara or Bab Scraggs was known or surmised to have five thousand

pounds, her honourable mamma was always in agonies whenever he appeared, and it was only by the cleverest contrivance that Miss Barbara obtained for him to-day's invitation.

But the fourth and last individual that the calêche discharged from its well-filled interior, was viewed with very different eyes by the aspiring and honourable Mrs. Scraggs. He was a Dutch diplomate; not a minister, it is true, nor yet quite a chargé, nor even a secretary of legation—but he was entrusted with a special mission respecting some money claims of his own government on the Neapolitan, and his salary was so small that he had not even an equipage of his own. Still he was a diplomate. He wore the diplomatic uniform at the court balls, and danced with Miss Clementina; and then he might rise one day to be even an ambassador, and perhaps be sent to the court of St. James's; and then not even the disappointment caused by Lord Clanelly, would be much to be regretted.

M. Van de Ruyter, so was the Dutchman called, looked as if he were always casting up accounts; his lips moved as if in the act of repeating constantly to himself dot and carry one, and he was absent and distrait to a degree: but it was the extraordinary shape of his head and face, and the marked way in which his features were chiseled out, as if in marble, that

made Miss Clementina give him the sobriquet of "the graven image." Still, notwithstanding all her mother could do, she obstinately and positively refused to fall down and worship him.

"Don't, my dearest Clementina, don't give him that odious name," said the anxious mamma. "I believe he is really attached to you, child."

"Attached to *me!*" interrupted Clementina, "why, he's not even attached to the embassy!"

"Tant pis," said the mamma, "mais tout cela viendra; and if he should once hear that you have laughed at him, he will never forget or forgive the affront."

"Upon my honour and credit," said Fitz-Waterton, coming up, "we have had a dusty drive, Miss Clementina. If we were in England, I should be afraid of being prosecuted for carrying dust off the road without leave of the surveyors, for I am sure I have a peck and more about my clothes; I have, indeed, on my honour and credit."

"You have indeed, poor creature," said Miss Barbara, hitting him some smart pats over the shoulders, as if to disembarrass him of some of the white powder with which his garments were covered.

"Barbara, my dear," said her mother, "lend me your smelling-bottle."

Barbara was obliged to desist, and looking

round, saw the pole-cat approaching the side of her mother. Dinner, which was to have been sent in a cart from Naples, was announced for five o'clock ; and in the meantime, the parties separated and wandered about over the mossy turf, in the various interesting environs of that beautiful spot. A considerable detachment mounted the rock which hangs over the ruin, and on which Dædalus is fabled to have alighted after his flight from Crete; and much fun was excited, by Mr. Toe Barlow being made by Miss Scraggs, to throw himself into the attitude of the aëronaut, just poising on his right foot, and flapping his tired wings. A cavern was soon discovered in the vicinity, and, contrary to all historical record, was unanimously declared by the party, to be the cave of the Cumæan Sybil; and Miss Barbara was put into the mouth of it to tell the fortunes of the rest of the company.

Presently, all drew off towards the place appointed for dinner. Lord Carmansdale, who had been nearly in constant attendance on the Principessa di Collini, was still talking to her on the subject of Lord and Lady Clanelly, as the party approached. The little princess had received a letter from her friend, who was arrived in England, and appeared to write in more miserable spirits than ever. She described Clanelly's treatment of her as

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brutal in the extreme, wished herself a thousand times back again in her own dear Italy, and in her friend's embrace; and besought her not to forget the promise she had so solemnly made her, that she would always be ready to lend her succour on any emergency in which it might be seriously required. This the principessa promised willingly to do; and as her own marriage with the Marquis de Pisatelli was shortly impending, it was more probable that she should be able to render solid assistance to her friend, than had she continued single; but it was agreed, that they were first to travel after their marriage, and consequently, it was very uncertain where the princess would be most likely to be found.

Still the dinner did not arrive; the time appointed had been gone by this hour and a half, and the provision cart was not come. Mrs. Scraggs was almost in tears of despair. The pole-cat looked hungry. The graven image, who was making love to Miss Clementina, all the while seemed to be thinking of his dinner, as also did Toe Barlow, who was rendering himself as agreeable as he could to Mullingham and Grainger, by recounting all the histories and scandals of the place, at which they were soon au fait.

On a sudden, Mrs. Scraggs exclaimed, "Where's my dear Barbara?" "Where's Mr. Fitz-Waterton?" simultaneously screamed Miss Clementina. Par-

ties of search were immediately dispatched in all directions to find the lost couple. Every corner was turned, every nook penetrated: they were shouted to, and no answer was received; when suddenly, as George Grainger was passing the mouth of the sybil's cavern, he discovered the lost pair issuing together from the recess, and "comme tu m'as chiffonnée!" was pronounced by Miss Barbara, before she was aware of the presence of a third person. A good laugh by the whole company was the consequence, and many jokes were made by the Kilkenny cat, who asserted on his honour and credit, that she was only telling his fortune.

At last the dinner, such as it was, arrived: it was intended to be cold, but it had been warmed by the sun. The jellies were melted; the patties had been jolted into disruption by the motion of the cart; every thing was spoiled; knives and forks were deficient; spoons were at a premium; but appetites were a drug in the market, and people contrived to satisfy their hunger.

On the return home at night, Miss Barbara was severely scolded by her mother for the scene of the sybil's cave.

"Oh, mamma," said Barbara, "there is no harm, I do assure you, in Higgins Fitz-Waterton, he is nothing but a good-natured innocent rattle."

"A rattle he certainly is, my dear," was her

mother's answer; "I am only afraid he may prove to be a *rattle-snake.*"

Grainger and Mullingham drove home in the carriage of Lord Carmansdale, and were much amused at the retrospect of the day's entertainment. A dreadfully malicious plan was hit upon by these two young men, (of course originally the invention of Grainger,) for the purpose of forwarding the love-affairs of Miss Clementina and Miss Barbara Scraggs. Notes were written in the name of Miss Clementina to the graven image, and of Miss Barbara to the Kilkenny cat, making a thousand apologies on the part of their mamma, for the badness of the dinner, and the want of conveniences at the party at Cumæ, and begging them to come and dine, by way of compensation, on the following Monday at Mrs. Scraggs's house, at seven o'clock. Great astonishment, as well as trepidation, was caused to the economical and honourable Mrs. Scraggs, at the receipt of the two answers, which accepted the invitation for Monday with a great deal of empressement, but deprecated the idea of having found the last dinner so bad; and assured Mrs. Scraggs, that there was really no such great cause for complaining of the want of knives and forks. Poor Mrs. Scraggs was aghast; her last party had then been a failure, and she had thought it had gone off so well; and

now she was put to the expence of giving another, and, worst of all, obliged to ask that beggarly, penniless, Fitz-Waterton.

Poor Mrs. Scraggs! she had just discrimination enough to omit the two suspected young gentlemen, Grainger and Mullingham, in sending out her new invitations, and they smiled at the omission, and kept the secret to themselves. Only Lord Carmansdale was privately put up to the hoax, who laughed more than he had laughed for years; and who, when Mrs. Scraggs spoke to him afterwards on the subject, and hinted where her suspicions had fallen, expressed the liveliest indignation, and, as he rapped the lid of his oriental snuffbox, said, with the characteristic falsity of a real diplomate, that Mullingham and Grainger were two wicked and unprincipled young men. Meanwhile, Mullingham broke the seal of the letter which had been given him at the embassy from Fletcher, and read as follows:

LETTER FROM LORD FLETCHER TO LORD ARTHUR MULLINGHAM.

"DEAR MULLINGHAM,

You write to me for the news of Paris, and yet I believe, if I were in the great desert of Sahara, or in the plains of Tartary, I should have more occur-

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rences to describe than in this metropolis. Every body is either returned to England for the London winter, or gone into the country. There are dépôts, I understand, at Montmorency, and St. Germain, and Fontainbleau; but there are positively no English left in the town, and the grass is growing in the Rue de la Paix, and in a few weeks they will be making hay in the Place Vendôme. I have literally not dined out for a month, and if it were not for the Club in the Rue de Grammont, I should perish, for no one asks me but the old dowager, Mrs. Macrubber, who continues to drive about her two old horses, which my sister Fanny christened Souffrance and Misère; and you know she is not famous for giving a good dinner, or as our American friend, the Duke of New York, calls it, "a tall feed." My servant James, who used to live with her, said the very mice used to sit in her cupboards with tears in their eyes, and that the spiders made cobwebs between the teeth of all the people in her servants' hall. Then as to girls in society, there is only the Comtesse de Fauteuil's daughter, in the Fauxbourg St. Germain, who was celebrated last winter for having the ugliest nose in Paris, and who is now waiting here to be married in a few days. A malicious wit, being asked why she accepted her intended, answered, "parcequ'elle a tellement envie de

se faire faire un nouveau nez—(un nouveau né)—vous comprenez, mon cher, n' est ce pas?" Then there is that great gens-d'armes grenadier-looking Dutch doll, Mademoiselle Vandersteg, who would be still more like wax-work than she is, if there were any possibility of melting her; but she is as cold as she is long, as Grainger once told her, which, considering she is above six feet high, is saying a good deal. "C'est une caraffe d'orgeat," as little Ladversaire once said of her; but that was out of jealousy, because she is a quarter of a yard taller than he is. Carbonell said to her for a wager the other night, "mais, Mademoiselle, comme vous ressemblez à une montagne de glace." I lost my bet to him of five francs, and being *hard up*, as usual, gave him a bill at six months on my father. Being surrounded in society, as you see, by icebergs, you will not wonder if I avoid as much as possible, such dangerous navigation. Instead of searching for North West passages, I am content to anchor in a warm and quiet bay in a more genial climate. Do you remember, my dear fellow, a mysterious mask that followed me at the last Musard's ball that we went to together last Carnival? Eh! bien, it is a great lottery, but for once I have drawn a prize. The story is too long to tell you now. Remember me to Grainger, and God bless you.

"P. S.—If a courier be coming through Paris, pray send me any new opera, or other music, which may please. You recollect my old fiddling propensities, and she plays and sings à ravir."

The above letter was soon answered, by a commission to Lord Fletcher, to have a dozen pair of boots made for each of the two compagnons de voyage, by Fitz-Patrick; and in the meantime, it being too late for Italy, and Grainger, whose chief study it was to be well chaussé, having heard a high character of Schmidt's boots at Vienna, they both started for Austria with this important object in view.

CHAPTER XI.

The affair with the mysterious mask, alluded to by Lord Fletcher at the end of his letter to Mulliugham, is a subject far too important in its consequences, and bears much too directly on the subsequent details of our history, to be passed over without further notice. We must consequently beg the patience and attention of our readers, while we recapitulate some of the incidents of the last carnival at Paris.

It was at one of the bals de l'opéra that Lord Fletcher was strolling about in the grand salon, and wondering what inducement could be strong enough to induce the young and the beautiful to hide with masks and dominos what they had so much reason to be proud to display, when he was accosted in very tolerable English, very prettily spoken, by a tall and well made figure, who appeared so much more studious of concealment even than the rest of the company present, that the eye-holes of the mask

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were filled at the corners with glass, and nothing was visible but the jet-black pupil, which glared seductively through at the centre. The address of the masked lady was fascinating in the extreme, and her manners were such as to show that she was no stranger to the most brilliant circles of society. Indeed, the degree to which she intriguéd Lord Fletcher, by mentioning different parties where she had met him, and even repeating parts of conversations in which he distinctly remembered having borne a share in some of the very first houses in Paris, rendered him so furiously intent on discovering who was his tormentress, that he resolved in every case and at all risks to follow her home to her residence. Accordingly, notwithstanding her injunctions, and even a promise which she extorted from him to the contrary, probably with a secret wish that it might be broken, he followed her as she descended the staircase, and was scarcely surprised to find a servant in livery, together with a bonne, awaiting her at the bottom. The servant conducted her quietly round a corner of the street, where a carriage was standing, hidden by a projection of the wall, and Lord Fletcher had only time to glance at the beauty of the horses and harness, and to see half distinctly something like a coronet on the pannel, when the vehicle was put in motion, and disappeared

with a celerity which had almost defeated his unmatured plans of pursuit. His first instinctive motion was to jump into a cabriolet, and drive in the same direction till he fortunately overtook the object of his chase; but it was not till after a long journey, and many turnings and windings, which made him distrust the security of his dependance on a hired cab-horse, that he ultimately succeeded in ascertaining the street and the number where his "flying nymph" (nympharum fugientûm amator) was to be found.

The next morning found him still faithful and persevering in his search; but it was an enormous hôtel in the Rue de l'Université, Fauxbourg St. Germain, and the number of different inhabitants was a new source of embarrassment. The concierge refused sulkily to give any information, and was even inaccessible (thing unknown at Paris) to a bribe. He had no clue to the name of the lady; he wandered up and down a labyrinth of staircases, and even ventured to ring at more than one bell; but still no success responded to his endeavours, and he was obliged to return home in despair, for the directory at Paris is not so convenient as that of London, in giving the names of all the inhabitants in connexion with the numbers of the streets. Our Orlando Inamorato, however, was not long destined to suffer the tortures of suspense.

The following morning brought him, while he was yet in bed, a bonne and a billet-doux, which he tore eagerly open, and read as follows. The paper was pink, and perfumed with the most delicate odour: it was what they call the sultan paper; a singular misnomer, if what the vender vaunts in his advertisement is true, that the secret of imparting to it its imperishable smell, was imported by him from Algiers after the taking of that place by the French. The seal was a Persian kneeling to the sun, and "J'adore ce que me brûle" upon it. The hand-writing was exquisitely neat and pretty, and besides the spirituel turn of the phrases, the absence of all bad spelling, a fault from which French women are not always exempt, indicated beyond further doubt the bon genre and comme il faut position of his correspondent. The bonne, however, had no sooner delivered the letter into his hand, than she left him to its perusal in solitude. He was not long in reading the following lines:

"Vous me cherchez, me dit-on: vous avez tort. Que pourriez-vous faire de moi? Rien absolument, je vous assure. Une sorte d'instinct, d'attrait, m'a portée vers vous. J'ai eu tort de ne pas y résister. Je m'en repens aujourd'hui. Mais il n'est plus temps, et toute la douleur est pour moi! Vous ne

me connaissez pas. C'est après un être fantastique que vous courez. Je veux vous ôter toute illusion, et tout regret. Je suis *laide—fort laide;* il faut du courage pour lever son masque, et se montrer telle que l'on est. Vous voyez j'ai ce courage.—Sachez m'en gré, et plaignez moi!

"Olympe."

"'Et plaignez moi'"—repeated Lord Fletcher many times to himself, as he read and re-read the invitingly dissuasive document—"'pity her!' Well did the poet sing then, that 'Pity is akin to love.'"

If it may appear to some of our readers a strange fact that any lady should run so great a risk as to reply thus readily to the visit of almost a stranger, it will probably seem but a slight palliation of such frailty to remind them that Lord Fletcher was generally known at Paris, as the eldest son and heir of Lord Furstenroy; that his visits of search at the hôtel had been made in his own cabriolet, with his livery groom, and a magnificent cab-horse; and that even, as far as personal appearance went, he was decidedly a joli garçon, and a well-dressed young man. These considerations will hereafter, perhaps, serve rather to throw light upon the character of Olympe, than in any way to excuse her conduct.

There is something in mystery which is particularly favourable to the growth and promotion of the tender passion. The man in the iron mask, or the veiled prophet of Khorassan might have borne the bell as to success in society from the best featured men about town; for omne ignotum pro magnifico est, and par consequence, our juvenile adventurer was determined not to believe in the soi-disant ugliness of his correspondent. Still he was as far as ever from arriving at the end of his search; between him and the lady there was still a great gulf fixed, which seemed as wide as ever. He began to despair; when one morning, in turning the angle of a street, he stumbled upon, and instantly recognized the servant in livery, whom he had seen on the eventful evening mount behind the carriage of his enchantress. Under the covert of a porte-cochère a bargain was immediately struck. The name and address of the lady were sold for the sum of twenty francs, and Fletcher thought, as he put the napoleon into the hand of the cockaded Judas, that he was on the high road to bliss. Nevertheless he still wanted courage sufficient to carry the castle by a coup de main, and knock abruptly at the door. He accordingly returned directly home, and wrote a most respectful yet earnest supplication that he might be permitted to pay a visit on the following day.

The paper which brought him a speedy reply was now no longer in disguise: it was emblazoned selon les règles with the arms of the family, and bore the countess's coronet on the seal. The contents were no longer so very pressing in their nature as on the first occasion, still sufficiently so to keep him more than ever on the rack.

"Vous ne voulez pas, j'en suis sûre, me faire de la peine, et vous m'en feriez en venant demain chez moi! Quoique je sois assez libre de mes volontés, je ne le suis pas assez pour vous recevoir comme une connaissance du bal masqué. Voulez vous attendre le bal de Jeudi à l'opéra? Je vous promets d'y aller, de vous y parler, et là vous regretterez tous les pas, et toutes les démarches que vous avez faites pour me voir. Peut-être serai-je fachée de vos regrets; mais je dois m'y attendre, et je m'y soumets d'avance."

It is a very odd thing, and one for which I never could find an adequate reason, why women are so fond of scribbling notes, three-cornered, four-cornered, or with no corners at all. A man thinks it the greatest bore in the world to be obliged to write a letter, and never gets beyond the turning over of the second side; but it appears one of the principal

enjoyments of women to do what to the stronger sex is a trouble; and the fluency with which they pour out epistolary effusions of all kinds, but especially amatory ones, is not less astonishing than it is dangerous.

The inimitable Balzac showed that he understood the sex, when he made Mademoiselle Taillefer, in Père Goriot, miserably unhappy and prematurely old, "parcequ'il lui manquait ce que crèe une seconde fois la femme, les chiffons, et les billets-doux!" I believe, after all, that the best way of accounting for this female propensity of writing is to ascribe it to the necessity women feel of escaping from ennui, and the desire to employ in some way or other, not too fatiguing, the time which would otherwise hang too heavy on their hands.

Ségur says, perhaps rather charitably than otherwise, of his countrywomen,—"Les femmes sont inconstantes plutôt pour remplir leur temps, que leurs cœurs; elles cherchent des triomphes nouveaux, pour trouver des emotions nouvelles; et l'ennui fait plus des femmes galantes que le vice."

The poor Olympe, for so we shall at present call our adventuress, must certainly have been very ill indeed of the malady of ennui, to draw so largely on the sources of its cure; perhaps she acted on

the principle of Dicere quæ puduit, scribere jussit amor.

An intrigue with a French woman is like running a race in a circle. All the while, perhaps, that she is pursuing you, she has the cleverness to make it appear that you are pursuing her. The present letters are an admirable instance of this tact; first beginning with an impetuosity well calculated to throw any man off his guard, and then gradually cooling down to Zero, as the quicksilver of the correspondent rises in the thermometer.

The answer of Lord Fletcher had the much more masculine quality of coming to the point. He briefly assured the lady, but still with all possible politeness, that he must see her at a much more early period than the one proposed, if he was to see her at all, for that he was on the point of leaving Paris. A speedy response was once more received in the same pretty and diminutive hand-writing, and Fletcher did not regret the positive tone of his own letter when he read as follows:—

"Vous êtes bon et aimable;—je me crois pourtant le droit de vous en vouloir, et je le vous prouverai quand je vous verrai. En attendant vous me saurez grè de la démarche, que vous m'avez fait faire aujourd'hui; elle vous prouvera ma bonne et

franche amitié, et combien je suis dénuée de toute prétention. Vous partez!—Je veux vous voir avant votre départ. Si votre soirée de Mardi est libre, écrivez le moi *tout de suite*, et je vous dirai où vous me trouverez. Dimanche, *minuit*."

There was an immense force of coquetterie in that last word at the foot of the letter—in the word *minuit*. What a world of associations it called up! The thought of the fair unknown having watched till that witching hour in writing to him—the image of her bonnet-de-nuit trimmed with rose-coloured ribands, and the floating ringlets escaping from its sides—the deshabille of the dressing-gown—the luxuriant and pliant shape of a fine woman released from the restraint of her daily toilet—all this rose to Lord Fletcher's imagination as he gazed on the magic *minuit* at the bottom of the writing; and he looked down the vista of the future, and pictured to himself how the next letter should be signed "tout à vous,"—and then, more delightful still, "tout à toi,"—that "*tutoyer*"-ing is so fascinating, so truly the language of love!

The interview took place. Lord Fletcher was drawn into the Maelstrom. Who would not have been so drawn in? He was énivré even by the beauty of his heroine, which is not, perhaps, one of

the first qualities that would be to be expected in a lady under a mask. It has been seen that one of Lord Fletcher's "*fortes*," or "*faiblesses*" as it may perhaps be thought by some, was music. He played passably well on two instruments, and indifferently well on four or five others. He was accordingly more delighted than ever at finding in his new acquaintance not only a performer, but a proficient. Sir Derby Doncaster had once said of her at a party by mistake, "that she sung like a *mar*tingale;" and the very confectioner, who entered the room to arrange the supper as she was finishing one of Schopin's songs, confessed "that she shook like a jelly." Ovid knew the effect of good singing upon the heart, when he laid down as one of his eternal and infallible precepts—

"discant cantare puellæ!
Multis pro formâ vox sua læna fuit."

In la belle Olympe, however, it was by no means vox et præterea nihil; but the voice and the beauty aided one another in contributing to the general effect, which was irresistible; and as the listener hung entranced on her execution of "Arder mai per altra face" by Pavesi, or the pathos with which she gave some light romance of Louise Puget, he was not less feelingly awake to what Byron has been

perhaps wrongly blamed by some critics for calling "The mind—the *music* breathing from her face."

And thus the thing went on:—who has not felt, who that has felt does not envy, the first hours of a tie of this kind, and their dangerous charm? Fletcher, though young, had happily enough experience of the world not to be led too far astray, and could even write with forced levity upon the subject to Mullingham, and talk about "being anchored in a quiet bay."

With a man however of Fletcher's temperament, even the innate dread of ridicule is sufficient to make him speak less seriously than he feels upon certain subjects and to certain people. But when he found himself alone with the young student Boivin, whose enthusiastic disposition and romantic attachment were more in accordance with his own, then it was that he would give way to all the warmth of his natural feeling on the subject, and rhapsodize for hours together as he sauntered up and down, bras dessus, bras dessous, with the young man by the light of the moon on the Boulevards. It is true that Lord Fletcher had been in this affair from its beginning rather the pursued than the pursuer, and even that the lady had conducted herself in a manner which to some might appear indicative of an indelicacy more disenchanting than attractive; yet no-

thing will more show the tact and cleverness with which she imposed her chains, than the pride and pleasure with which her prisoner bore its links. And then common complaisance would dictate to Fletcher that he could not always tax the patience of his friend to listen; and young Boivin would in his turn recount his own happiness, his hopes, his fears, and his sufferings. He would dwell upon the virtues and the chaste discretion of his own aristocratic mistress, and magnify the slight favours she might have really shown him into substantial proofs of an exclusive and engrossing affection; and not seldom the ivory miniature was grasped fervently by the right hand, which would wander into his bosom as he spoke, and almost threaten the fracture of the very treasure in the vice-like pressure with which it seized the valued toy. Only this is to be observed, —and nothing, perhaps, is more characteristic of the romantic characters of the two young men,—that however much they imparted to each other of their feelings, a sensc of honour prevented them ever from either asking or communicating any further particulars; and it was singular that these two most intimate friends were both ignorant of the very name of the lady admired by the other.

Nor were politics by any means forgotten between the two young men;—politics, which had been

the original bond of their union, were still, after their respective loves, the strongest connecting link. Sometimes even the enthusiastic Louis Boivin would assume a desponding tone. "I feel more and more," he would say, "as I advance in years, the absolute necessity of physical energy and strength of constitution to become great. This will never be my lot. I am far too delicate and frail a subject. Half the heroes of the world, in my opinion, have been so by the simple accident of their bodily robustness and animal vigour,—I mean all the vulgar rabble of the Alexanders, and Mariuses, and Zingis-Khans,—all the sword-and-battle-axe people."

"Political greatness," continued Fletcher, "requires, perhaps, even greater exertion still; the mere fag of oratory is destructively fatiguing; and then, all the anxieties, the disappointments, the rivalries! Hence in our country, which up to the present time has presented the best arena from which to select our instances, a Pitt worn out soon after forty—a Fox before he was sixty—a Burke, a Sheridan, a Castlereagh, a Canning, all succumbing—and yet what a brilliant galaxy!—to the necessary fatigues of the posts they had been called upon to occupy."

"Perhaps," said Boivin, "literary fame is the only reasonable path for a man of delicate health to aim at. Your Pope was a crooked little dwarf, yet

see the vigour of his verse; our own Voltaire was weakly in habit from his youth, yet he became a giant; and then my favourite Rousseau, and my Shelley, they had scarcely two days of perfectly robust health; and what a fine and curiously nervous conformation must have been that of the poor sensitive Keats; 'His name was writ upon waters' may be the epitaph inscribed upon his tomb, but I would rather be Keats, dead or living, than I would be Alexander the Great:" and with this sentiment young Boivin would knock at the door of one of those houses which Balzac has described as a "pension pour les deux sexes et d'autres," and go to his supper.

CHAPTER XII.

Whenever two men are much together, there must be an understanding between them, avowed or tacit, which of the two is to have the upper hand :—there must be the master mind and the inferior one; and the latter will invariably succumb to the first; in the beginning from mere weakness of purpose, and afterwards from habit, till the command exercised on one side, and the slavery endured on the other, gradually becomes quite imperceptible to the parties themselves. We suppose the same sort of arrangement must be made in marriage, between husband and wife, which is so necessary between friend and friend. Certain it is, that whenever an intimacy exists without such an amicable mode of managing discrepancies—that is to say, whenever the two characters are of an equal strength, and each assert their independence, there will be nothing but perpetual bickering and quarrels.

Lord Fletcher had too much indolence, and too much of the bon enfant in his composition, to trouble

himself about taking the lead in any society into which he might be thrown. Young Boivin, on the contrary, although of a weak and sickly frame, was possessed of great energy of purpose, and a fire which carried every thing before it, when once an object occurred worthy to kindle it into a flame. The consequence was, as might naturally be expected, that Lord Fletcher allowed himself by degrees to become the follower of a man who was on most points infinitely his inferior, and his superior but in very few. Instead of raising Boivin to associate with the com panions to whose intercourse he had himself been accustomed, he stooped to mix, on the contrary, with the friends and companions of the young republican; and so deeply did he entangle himself in their net, first from taking an interest in its novelty, and afterwards from the sheer laziness which prevented his exerting himself sufficiently to break off the connexion, that, when he paused at length to look round him, he found himself in a very curious and not very agreeable position.

Love and republicanism, whether they be really two ignes fatui or not, are very likely to lead young men after them. So attractive do they appear to the eyes of youth, that perhaps the greater half of men of genius have believed in them both at some early period of their career. Alas! if both indeed are discovered

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to be so illusive by the examination of experience, that long ere the grey hairs have silvered men's brows, one after another they become apostates and despair: alas! if disinterested affection be discovered to be a glorious dream, and the remodelling of society to be but a splendid vision: alas! if perseverance in the enthusiastic hope which would believe such noble fruits of human nature be so rare, that Philemon and Baucis, and La Fayette and his republic, are the two only instances on record of such romantic fidelity in old age!

Left alone to his own guidance in Paris, with very little experience, and very few friends to guide him, it is no wonder if Lord Fletcher gave way to his natural bias, and was for a time led into all the bogs and quagmires whither these two jack-o'-lantherns might conduct him. His great love of honesty and candour, and dislike of every species of humbug, was one of the characteristic features of Lord Fletcher's mind, which was likely not at all to advance him in the opinion of a world, the edifice of whose artificial construction is entirely based on conventional lies. Whatever he did, he took no pains to conceal it: whoever were his associates, he was never anxious to appear more or less intimate with one man than another, excepting so far as his own personal preferences or dislikes might dictate. This might have partly risen

from real independence of mind, and partly also from a sort of laissez aller feeling, which his extreme laziness and facility of character led him to indulge; but its result was at all events such as did him little good in society, and Lord Fletcher found himself in a short time in danger of acquiring the reputation of a man who kept low company. This anathema once passed upon a man is like the brand set upon his brow, and he has plenty of leisure in general to repent of whatever errors he may have committed, and to meditate on the justice of the old saying, "give a dog a bad name and hang him." His musical propensities of course were not forgotten amongst other accusations, as one of the deadly sins of Lord Fletcher; and many an English papa dissuaded his infant son from buying a three franc fiddle or a penny trumpet in the Champs Elysées, as he thought on the exposure to low company and bad habits induced by musical acquaintances, and quoted Lord Fletcher as a warning. Now it has often occurred to us when we have heard this objection brought against musical amateurship, that it is one very easy to make and very difficult to prove. It is true that after a quartett party there is generally a supper, and that the supper is partaken of in common by professional men:—is this what is meant by low company? If so, it is an objection which music shares together with almost every other

amusement. The players in a cricket club and the hired rowers in a boat are generally men of a much lower stamp. If you are a horse-racer, you must be friends with your trainer: if you shoot, you walk about the whole day with your keeper: if you fence or box, your master must at any rate be allowed a degree of latitude and freedom during the lesson. Thus it cannot be the circumstance of being thrown into the temporary society of professional people which constitutes the objection; and besides, there are gentlemen in the musical profession whose intercourse might be cultivated to advantage by any one; and the great artists of the canvas are not superior either in delicacy of taste, fastidiousness of expression, or elevation of sentiment, to their brethren of the melodious muse. Again, if it be argued that after the supper comes the too convivial song; and that, to sweeten the song, the punch, and wine, and cigar must circulate; we reply, that debauches of this sort are no more necessary, and no more probable at a supper of musical performers than of any other men, and that fiddling and fuddling have no closer connexion than the casual similarity of sound. It is true that there is an old proverb which says "as drunk as a fiddler," but it has at least its parallel in another, which says "as drunk as a lord;" so that if drunkenness were indeed a characteristic of violinists, it would

seem to be rather an aristocratic distinction than otherwise. The fact is rather that drunken society must be always low society, whether of lords or fiddlers; and it is drunkenness that is the principal feature of English low company, as contrasted with other nations. The "gamins de Paris" have their debaucheries also, but they are of another kind. Disguising themselves as a matelot or a postillion, and going about with their chère amie to masked balls or dances, in the Champs Elysées, in the summer time, are the much more comparatively harmless excesses of young Frenchmen. Happy for them if they have the sense to restrain the slang fashion for imitating the English, which is growing up among their young men of the present day!

With regard to women, to treat the thing as a question of taste, without reference to morals,—there are certain conventionalities, by the strict observance of which a young man may persuade the kind world to shut its eyes, or at least to view with lenience his errors. "C'est plus fort que moi," as Lady E. said in reply to her brother's expostulations; and there may be perhaps something pardonable in such passion, even from its uncontrollable excess. But there is no palliative excuse for a "tendresse" for a pewter-pot. A man's frailty can scarcely be called an amiable weakness, when the "bottle's the mistress

he means." Directly a young man is once known to have been beastly drunk, his acquaintances may deservedly begin to say of him, "So-and-so is getting into low company."

Another important distinction to be observed with regard to associates is, that all men in a lower station of life are by no means to be regarded necessarily as low society. On the contrary, a chemist may be chosen as a friend for his chemistry, —a florist for his botany,—an optician for his mathematics; and this will be some of the best society a man can keep: but directly the aristocratical friend enlarges the circle of his kindness to the acquaintances of his chymical, or botanical, or mathematical companion, and is seen about with men who are his inferiors in birth, without having any compensating talent, or educational advantage to make up the account, so surely will he himself, and with justice, be looked down upon by those who are born his own equals in rank and position. Here was the origin of Lord Fletcher's mistake.

Attached himself to the liberal principles he had embraced from a firm conviction of their truth, and loving young Boivin from his heart, because he recognized in him a similar enthusiasm, and an equal integrity with his own, he had been willing to think, from the favourableness of the first specimen

he had encountered, that all republicans were made of similar stuff. Consequently, he had thrown himself without further thought into their arms, which were ready to receive him; and now scarcely a day passed, without some soi disant victim of oppression, who was hunted out of Paris by the police, and yet could get no passport to go away with, coming to him, to request him to get an English pass made out, as if for one of his own servants; or else some idle profligate, who made the loudest declamations at the societié des droits de l'homme, writing to him for the loan of a hundred francs for some nameless purpose, which was infinitely to advance the general objects of their cause. At first he gave in to all these trifling requests; and sincere himself, could not believe, and did not even suspect, that he was being imposed upon. Nevertheless, taste, which is generally more sensitive, and more finely susceptible, than reason, began to take the alarm; and though he still had an equally firm faith in the doctrines which he continued to espouse, he felt himself often offended by the abrupt manners, and unceremonious intrusions, of his new citoyen-protegés. This dawning dislike was more than ever confirmed one morning, by a visit which he received from a rough and ready, hectoring, bullying, swaggering sort of fellow, whom

from good nature, or inadvertence, or over-politeness, he had invited to dine with him the previous day, having met him in company with Boivin, and not wishing to omit him from the party, as Boivin had presented him as a "staunch republican, and as virtuous as a Brutus."

The dinner luckily passed by quietly enough, but the following morning early, before Fletcher had risen from his bed, he was surprised by his servant announcing a visit from the same gentleman, whom we shall denominate as Monsieur Brutus Sans-argent; and, before he could decide whether to have him admitted or no, that individual himself, who had followed close upon the valet's heels, marched up to the side of the bed, and drawing back the curtains, held out his hand to salute him.

Lord Fletcher, who had sufficient of high-bred blood in him to repress intrusion, when he perceived that it had gone too far, did not give his hand as expected, which coldness, however, on his part, did not appear in the least to discourage his visitor. On the contrary, he seemed overflowing with animal spirits, and gaiété du cœur, and went to the foot of the bed, laying hold of the clothes, and threatening Fletcher that he would pull him out on the floor, feather-bed and all, if he did not get up and dress himself. This being also very drily received by

Fletcher, at last his visitor gave a cough or two, as if to clear his throat, and having taken a few strides up and down the room, with his hands in the empty pockets of his very full blue trousers, exclaimed; "ah! mon cher—j' avais presqu' oublié quelque chose—ou est ce que nous allons diner aujourd'-hui?" The *nous* in this sentence was beautiful; it made even Lord Fletcher, angry as he was, smile. He began to wonder within himself, why he allowed such liberties, and how he ever came to expose himself to them. Perhaps, if he had known his own character well enough, he might have found, that vanity was after all, in a great measure, the key to the false step he had taken; and in nine cases out of ten, it will be so with all men who frequent society below them. It is sweet to play Triton among the minnows. Vanity is flattered by being made the great man, and being courted and fêted, and looked up to by the crowd, without waiting to consider what the value of its opinions may be. Fletcher's letters from Northamptonshire also, from his sisters, the ladies Bazancourt, who had heard of his Parisian proceedings, and from his father, who, by the most potent of all arguments, threatened to stop the supplies, if he heard any more of his frequenting republican clubs, helped to awaken him about this time, to a sense of the dangerous position he was occupying.

"Do you know," said he to Boivin, as they took one evening their customary stroll, arm in arm, upon the Boulevards, "do you know, I am often staggered as to the honesty and sincerity of men's opinions; not of yours, for I know you well enough to appreciate you thoroughly, but of other men's; of those, for instance, that we see about us in our club."

"I don't know how I am to understand you," said Boivin; "to compliment me at the expense of my personal friends, is a mode of civility which I should be more inclined to decline than to accept."

"I don't allude to your friends in particular," replied Fletcher; "I believe human nature is to blame; and I fear that the poet's line, in which he satirizes the man,

> Who foam'd a patriot to subside a peer,

is but too applicable to the great majority of those, who are always clamouring the loudest for equality of rights and agrarian laws. Oh! how sick it makes me to see the paltry, pitiable motives, the vile meannesses, the abject springs which actuate the movements of mankind. To hear the American leveller calling his black servant a low born knave; to read of a Cromwell, anxiously impressing on his courtiers the illustriousness of his family descent; to find

the triumvir Danton, writing his own name thus, D'Anton, with an apostrophe, as if to assert the aristocratic position of his birth; to witness Napoleon himself, whose grandeur existed but in himself and his own deeds, stooping to surround himself with all the paltry pageants of a court, and wooing, as a favour, the alliance of the daughter of a royal stem; to see Kean, the actor, preferring to be considered the bastard of a duke, to being respected as the son of a virtuous mother; to see that mother perhaps herself, and with what crowds of others to countenance her, choosing rather to be a rich man's mistress than a poor man's wife! My dear Boivin, give me your hand, I am not well; when I think upon all these things, I begin to despair: I begin to feel like Mephistophiles, and mock at mankind; all my best feelings seem to be crushed and withered up within me; good night;" and so saying, he walked away towards home. On entering his apartment, he was surprised to find a lady's reticule and parasol upon the table, and on opening the door of his inner room, "dépêche toi donc—je t' attends il y a une demi-heure," sounded like a knell in his ear. He was not in the humour for such a visit. The voice seemed something like that of the masked lady; but we will not intrude.

CHAPTER XIII.

Poor Louis Boivin, whose state of health, when we first introduced him to our readers, was, as will be remembered, extremely delicate, allowed himself not even reasonable rest from the varied pursuits which at present occupied him. He had never ceased to dedicate a considerable portion of his time and labour to his original destination for the medical profession, and now that his hours were much engrossed by other employments, he supplied the deficient moments from his sleep. As he advanced in his science of healing, he visibly approached nearer to the grave; and he might have reminded his friends of the enthusiast Paracelsus, dying at the age of five and twenty, just as he had discovered the secret of interminably prolonging human life. All the plans to which Boivin was privy, and of which, indeed, he was one of the chief projectors, for casting the whole frame of civil society in a different mould, and regenerating the world, had not been

communicated even to his faithful Pylades, Lord Fletcher. He considered the young nobleman as too much of a noviciate, and also, notwithstanding all his apparent condescensions and sacrifices, could not help looking on him still with some little admixture of jealousy and suspicion, from the simple circumstance of his having been born an aristocrat. Consequently there were many republican clubs which Boivin frequented, to which Lord Fletcher had not been admitted as a member, and of whose existence even he was ignorant. There were many "secrets of the prison-house," and free-masonries, and hidden machineries, into which he was not initiated; but Boivin dedicated himself to these mysteries heart and soul, and the quicker he found the beating of his pulse, and the deeper the cough which preyed upon his chest, the more he repeated to himself—" My time is short—my doom is fixed—my sun is speeding to the west—I must make the most of my little day."

And there was a third subject still, as we have already seen, which influenced still more perhaps the blood, and excited the brain, of the delicately nerved young man—this was the ill-defined and anomalous connection which he continued to keep up with a woman, who, whatever her personal attractions or merits of character might be, was at least in

birth and station hopelessly his superior. Thus it was, that in all his pursuits, in each of the paths which he had himself chosen to follow, he was perpetually grasping at an impossible end. In his profession he was equally a theorist and a speculator, a seeker of universal medicines, and an experimentalist for unattainable results, as he was in politics a believer in the perfectibility of our species, and the ultimate establishment of a republic which should embrace the world; and in love—even there, too, in that most practical of all the sciences, in that most positive and palpable of all the arts—even there he had built up for himself a castle in the air, which seemed destined to fall upon his own head, and crush him. Impatient, however, and ardent in his nature, as he was wild and fanciful in his conceptions, he determined to make one resolute effort for the possession of his idol—and with his views very ill-defined as to the means, but intently directed on the end he had proposed to himself, having first written to inform her of his intention, he paid a visit to the Comtesse de Hauteville, as the object of his love was named, in the precincts of her own hôtel.

Poor Boivin's attire, at the time of his coming to this important resolution, was not, certainly, such as inspires respect into serving-men and serving-women, who are ever swayed more by the sight of a watch

like a warming-pan, a gold chain like a cable, and seals as big as anchors, which they consider the criterion of respectability, than by the most polished address and courteous manner, proceeding from one who seems to be a poor man. It was, on the contrary, the ease and affability of Boivin's address, which had entirely won him the favour of his two noble acquaintances, Lord Fletcher and the lady at whose door he stood. Insensible to this, however, the concierge regarded, on the present occasion, only the costume in which he presented himself, and at first rudely refused him admission. His face, which was distinguished only by the very remarkable suavity and gentleness of its expression, displayed what has been considered one of the marks of republicanism at Paris—I know not whether correctly—a shorn upper lip, together with a large and long black tuft, or imperial, and a profusion of hair allowed to grow beneath the chin. His hat, which was high in the crown, was unbrushed—stamp of the Rue St. Denis—for remember, readers, who may be uninformed upon the subject, that an old hat well-brushed always presents a more comme il faut appearance than a new hat where the labours of the brush are absent; and moreover, there was a large slit gaping in the rim. His old shoe-strings had been broken, and tied in repeated knots, and the

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shoes, which were made with four holes, had lost their tongues, so that the dirty stocking shewed through in dingy whiteness at the centre. The rest of his dress had nothing, perhaps, strikingly remarkable, but there was a general want of harmony, and a sort of Monmouth-street-fit appearance about it; and, as the concierge asked for his card to carry to the Comtesse, he was evidently much embarrassed at the fact of his having no card-case in his pocket. At length, however, when every difficulty had been surmounted, and the porter had succeeded with difficulty in making him wipe his shoes carefully upon the door-mat, our juvenile protegé mounted with a beating heart, and a trembling step, to the apartment of the lady herself.

It would be tedious here—although the reader has, perhaps, in some measure, a right to expect it—to recapitulate the manner in which Boivin's acquaintance with the Comtesse de Hauteville at first sprang up. Herself the daughter of one of the old maréchals of the empire, she had been married, when very young, to a young Count, to whom his father's title, also one of the imperial nobility, had been continued. After living with him but a short time, circumstances arose to induce a separation, and the lady, although more than suspected of making herself agreeable to her male friends in the most liberal

sense of the expression, continued to visit, and to be well received, together with numberless others similarly situated, in that circle of French society which used at one time to comprise the great beauties and great heroes of the empire. As the society in these houses is extremely mixed, and young artists and men of talent, and even occasionally adventurers, who have little or nothing to recommend them, find there an easy access, Boivin had not found it difficult to procure an introduction at one of these hôtels, where the Comtesse de Hauteville was in the habit of frequently repairing: and once having met her, it is not, perhaps, wonderful that every Monday night, the evening of reception in that house, found him the most regular of visitors, and he was not unfrequently rewarded by a smile, a sentence, a regard, or even the honour of setting down the lemonade glass of his adored beauty. The imagination will supply easily the rest—the progress made from meeting her elsewhere, to obtaining permission to visit her "chez elle"—the facility with which the young and ardent student construed her tolerating good-nature into especial marks of distinguishing favour—and, in short, all the rapid strides which only the seven-league boots of love could make, from the first interview to the present decisive rendezvous. Ushered by the footman into the salon, and desired to wait,

Boivin presently perceived that he had been prematurely punctual in observing the hour of his appointment, and he felt aware that the coiffeur was employed in the adjoining room, and he fancied he smelt the smell of the irons—one moment sooner, and he might have surprised his beauty perhaps " en papillotes." He had in the meantime ample leisure to survey the furniture and general appearance of the apartments. His eye, of course, saw nothing to disapprove of, and much to admire; but a more experienced and more fastidious taste might perhaps have discovered a much too glaring and meretricious style about most of the meubles. Dowbiggen would not have supplied from Mount-street those rose-coloured curtains, through which the rays of the sun flung such a radiant glow around the room. The bust of Napoleon, which, independently of the Comtesse's imperial connections, might have well asserted its priority of claim from the classic grandeur of the head, so beautifully adapted to sculpture, had been superseded on the mantel-piece by those of Louis dix-huit and Charles dix:—it was not a singular instance of the bad taste of the imperialist party in affecting Carlism. The sofa, which was intended to harmonize with the curtains, not only was of couleur-de-rose, but literally blossomed with roses, which were traced upon it in every variety of pattern. The

piano was open, and on the desk was an English song with the following words pencilled on the fly-leaf, "de la part de son ami Anglais F——," and Boivin read the well-known stanza of a song of Moore:—

Beauty may boast of her eyes and her cheeks,
But love from the lip his true archery wings:
And she who but feathers the dart when she speaks,
At once sends it home to the heart when she sings.

He was still a little jealous, and a little piqued, at finding the cadeau of apparently another admirer open on the piano, when the inner door opened, and the lady herself entered, arrayed in a white robe and a gold ceinture, which seemed to eclipse at once the lilies of the valley, and the glories of Solomon.

With the instant tact of a Frenchwoman, she took the song in question from his hand, and throwing it carelessly aside on the instrument, exclaimed; "comme ils sont bêtes—ces Anglais!—on vient de m' apporter cette chanson là—c'est un vrai cauchemar—une horreur;—eh! bien—et comment ça vous va, mon ami? vous avez très bonne mien aujourd'-hui." This bewitching address effectually put out of Louis Boivin's head any enquiries he might have intended to institute, or any remonstrances he might have wished to make.

The coquetry of a French woman is something

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utterly incomprehensible: the universality of their desire to please; the pains they take to subjugate even those who are unworthy of being made their slaves; the temper, in which they might well sit down with Alexander, after a season of conquests, and wish for fresh worlds to subdue. Why the fair Comtesse de Hauteville (for she was certainly pretty, and, to those who love the big blonde and blue-eye beauty, beautiful,) took the trouble to even permit the advances of Boivin, we cannot conjecture. Whether she was simply captivated by his talents, and fascinated by his conversation; whether she had destined him, in the expected event of her husband's decease, to be made his convenient successor; whether, as more wicked readers will imagine, she had wished to admit him to all the rights and privileges of a husband, without conceding him the name; or whether she had no definite views herself on the subject, and nothing further than a vague sort of preference, we will not now stop to enquire.

Boivin, who, like the Ephesians, made Diana his standard of divinity, believed so implicitly in the vestal virtue of his goddess, that he did not even stop to canvass any of the questions we have hazarded above; but, placing himself timidly on one of the rose-coloured chairs on the opposite side of the room to that occupied by the comtesse, he began

the following conversation :—be it remembered, that the republican student was so sensitively alive to the humble position of his own birth, and the contrast it afforded to that of the comtesse, that the idea pervaded all his reasonings, and jaundiced all the views he took of her conduct.

"Much as I have longed for this interview, and earnestly as I requested you to concede it to me, now that I find myself placed vis-à-vis to you, and you are kind enough to listen to all I have to say, I find nothing to tell you but what I have told you so many hundred times before—that I love you;—that I love you hopelessly, it is true;—do not think me presumptuous or foolish,—but still that I love you to distraction."

"Well," replied the comtesse, "you must recollect all the civil revolutions that you promised me to accomplish first: that the republic was to be restored, or the convention re-established, or perhaps Napoleon raked up out of his lead coffin at St. Helena, and re-placed upon the throne; which was it? I thought I was not to come in for my share of your history of the Immortal Republic, till all this had been accomplished, and that then I was to play Josephine to your Bonaparte: was not it so?"

"Do not laugh at me," replied Boivin: "I cannot bear that; reject me, refuse me, do anything but

ridicule me; for, indeed, I cannot help loving you, although I know and feel that it is perfect folly. It is far too aspiring in me, you are far too high above me. I remember reading somewhere, I think my favourite Rousseau quotes it from Plutarch, or some other author, that Cleopatra was so irresistibly beautiful, that many men, for the sake of being her lovers for one single night, accepted gladly the conditions she imposed upon them, of having their heads cut off the following morning. You are like that queen of Egypt to me!"

"I thank you for your compliment," replied Madame de Hauteville: "since, being no queen, I cannot assure myself of so effectual a way of making men hold their tongues, as by chopping their heads off, I think it much better not to incur the danger of their indiscretion."

"Alas!" sighed the unhappy Boivin; "I knew that it must be so; I ought to be better prepared for this. Can I expect that you should look otherwise than with scorn and aversion upon a poor friendless, nameless student, who has nothing to depend on but the future and himself? Could I hope that you would for me give up the pomp and pride of life; tear off that golden girdle, and renounce the jewelled blazonry of rank? Could I dream, idiot that I was, that the prestige of power, the unsub-

stantial honours of a sounding title, and the gewgaw of a coronet, had so little hold upon a woman's heart, that love could be weighed against them for one moment in the balance? And yet I have loved you well: do you remember one night allowing me to pick up for you a violet which you dropped? that violet has been preserved as religiously as though it were the ark of the covenant. Do you remember writing me a note, in answer to one of mine, in which, however, you refused me the interview I desired? that writing remains like a holy thing in my desk, and no sun sets, and no morning dawns, without my pressing it devoutly to my lips; and here"—— The young man inserted his hand in his bosom, and drew out the miniature, which certainly resembled the comtesse, and might be even called a flattering likeness: "and here," continued he, "is another pledge of my attachment, and proof of my passion, executed indeed in a manner unworthy its object, and almost profanation; but still I have loved to feast my eyes upon it before they closed in slumber, and to pore on it in the daytime in my hours of solitude: but you scorn me! be it so: you disdain my poor, low, base, plebeian blood!—it is well: is this not enough to arm men's hands against the falsely great; to encourage them to sweep away, as in a whirlwind, all the privileges and

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distinctions that used to constitute a claim to our respect, till the beauty of the edifice was defaced by pride? Was it not pride that brought down Lucifer? And are there no other devils like him,—like him in his folly,—and doomed to be like him in his fall? No fault is yours; I blame not you; I honour and respect you; I adore you to madness. It is the fault of a whole system; it is the fault of centuries of mistake: the world has been asleep too long, and we will wake it; and then, when the crash of altars and thrones shall thunder over our heads, and all that is pomp, and all that is pride, shall be shivered in the storm, I will come and bear you to the ark of the chosen, which shall float secure amid the waters of destruction; and it shall be our fairy work to re-construct a new world of beauty, and love, and peace, and justice, out of the chaos of the things that are gone!"

So saying, the enthusiast rose to depart. He left the presence of his adored enchantress without even bidding her farewell. He was not less convinced of her virtues, of her purity, chastity, innocent-mindedness, and simplicity, than before: he worshipped them all in the frenzy of his idolatry; but he was maddened by the thought, entirely originating in his own fault, that she had rejected him. She was left under the impression that he was a

madman; that his intellect must be disordered; that she should have been doing a kindness to him, and her duty to society, in having placed him under confinement: and as to him, it was not till he had returned home to his little room in the Rue St. Denis, placed his foot on the fender, and his elbows on his knees, and begun to meditate on the cause of his failure, that he recollected that he had not even made any proposition to the comtesse. So full was he of the anticipation of his own rejection, that he had not even put a single definite question to her, to which she could have given the categorical answer, yes, or no.

CHAPTER XIV.

Young Boivin now plunged deeper than ever into the gulf of revolution: he fancied himself wronged and made a victim by the existence of aristocratical distinctions, and if he had before a scruple, the shipwreck of his love would now have been sufficient to remove it. He now went more resolutely to work than ever. A small printing-press was purchased, in a great measure by the assistance of Lord Fletcher's funds, and he applied himself to taking off numerous impressions of sundry little seditious placards, which he took care to distribute industriously among the people. At other times the documents assumed a denunciatory form, and startled the Thuilleries at the boldness with which they were found to have been affichés during the night upon the very walls of the palace. An illicit manufactory of gunpowder was at the same time established secretly in the lodgings of Brutus Sansargent, who worked readily in preparing the implements of destruction:—but it was Boivin

whose chemical skill was required for weighing out the saltpetre and other ingredients in their legitimate proportions, and directing the mode of preparing and combining them for use. The pains he took at the same time to be informed, as he said, of all the movements of the enemy, were remarkable, and he had his spies out in every direction, to be ready against any attempts of the police. Every evening, on returning home, he penned a long article, with all his characteristic talent, to be inserted in the Populaire or the National, and calling on his countrymen loudly to rise against the injustice of the upper ranks. To an acquaintance with the major part of these proceedings Lord Fletcher was not admitted: Boivin was well aware that it would compromise and endanger too far their ulterior projects to do so; but as his assistance was extremely valuable, and indeed indispensable, as far as finance was concerned, Boivin every now and then shewed him one of the most moderate of his articles in the paper, or some of the writings which he secretly printed and disseminated among the people. Lord Fletcher, on his part, was much too easily guided by the adroitness of Boivin to suspect more than he chose him to see, and most unconsciously he suffered himself to be made a tool of for the subversion of his own order, and the substitution of an absolute democracy. One thing alone had lately much struck his

attention, and at last called forth a remark to Boivin, —and this was the exceeding intimacy which had in a short time grown up between the latter and our free-and-easy friend Sansargent, the virtuous Brutus who threatened once to become so fond of Lord Fletcher's good dinners.

"I don't know why," said Lord Fletcher to Boivin, "but I cannot tolerate your friend: there is something so inexpressibly coarse and vulgar—something so abjectly mean and low in his expression,—with such an air withal of concealed ferocity behind the scenes, that he appears to me the most disagreeable person I ever yet encountered. Those great blacksmith-looking arms of his, and his broad shoulders and tall figure, might be very useful, I dare say, in a fight, or in a day of the barricades, but how you can associate with him from taste and preference, my dear Louis, is really more than I can imagine."

"Très bien," replied Boivin, "how do you know that I am not training an army to send out for the service of the Queen of Spain, or perhaps Ali Pacha, or Mirza Shah? There is plenty of fighting going on in this civilized world of ours, without contemplating any doings nearer home: but, joking apart, my friend Sansargent is a very good and useful citizen, and has his merits in his own peculiar way. I do not regard his friendship as I do yours, my dear Fletcher:

we have not, in the first place, the same dispositions or the same tastes. I don't believe, for instance, that he knows even of the existence of the Cid of Corneille, or that he could tell the difference between Boileau's Art of Poetry and Boyer's Dictionary: nevertheless he may be a useful man. With regard to yourself, let me take this opportunity once for all of assuring you, and I do it in all sincerity, that whatever may in future times occur to myself; whatever difficulties I may encounter, and whatever dangers I may incur, I shall ever regard you in the high position of the friend whom I have loved the best. This I believe to be the loftiest pedestal on which I can place you, and little value as you may perhaps attach to my preference, and little as may be the value it deserves, I consider it myself, in what I am convinced is its true light, as a sacred and hallowed distinction."

"I thank you most warmly for your flattering choice," replied Lord Fletcher; "and believe me that I most fully concur with you in the manner in which you regard the boon you proffer me. Friendship is a gift too lightly given, and too lightly lost in general: it is not regarded in its true light: it is not highly enough appreciated. There is a something noble and sublime, an elevated cast of sentiment, and a lofty tone of feeling about real friendship, properly understood, which finds no echo in the breasts of the vul-

gar; those whom the world calls friends, the multos numerabis amicos, who leave you at the first symptom of a cloudy day, do not deserve the name. There are, in fact, very few natures elevated enough to be capable of friendship in its loftiest form."

"And yet," replied Boivin, "it appears to me that the classics, the Greeks and Romans, understood it better:—self sacrifices were more frequent; people were less interested. Selfishness is the characteristic vice of the days we live in."

"Cicero however makes the remark somewhere, that since the beginning of history up to his own time, there could be reckoned only two or three pairs of friends, who properly deserved the name. He might have reckoned Pylades and Orestes, Damon and Pythias, Scipio and Lælius, perhaps Æneas and Achatés; and had he lived in modern times, in London, he might probably have added Tom and Jerry to his list."

"Still," rejoined Boivin, "the very circumstance of his writing a treatise on friendship, for I believe your quotation is from the de Amicitiâ, is sufficient to prove the fact of greater attention being paid to the subject, even as a branch of education and statistics, than is the case now-a-days. I remember that Aristotle too, in his Ethics, throws out some beautiful speculations on this head, in his long chapters about

friendship; and then how noble were those associations of the 'Theban band of youths,' and others, in which, under the name of Ἑταῖροι, young men bound themselves to die in battle by the side of their friends, or to save them!"

"Your remarks are true," rejoined Fletcher; "I regret that they should be true, so far as the rare existence of friendship in modern times is concerned; but the fact is, that friendship is a republican virtue, and I don't remember that, among the instances we just now adduced, one is taken from the latter ages of Greece, or from the imperial history of Rome. Depend upon it, it is a plant which will not flourish in a monarchical soil: the air of despotism withers and kills it. If friendship existed now-a-days, we should have a series of coercion laws prohibiting it immediately, and regarding it in the same light as secret societies, treason plots, seditious meetings, and free-masonry conspiracies."

"Yes! it *is* a republican virtue," replied Boivin warmly: "it *is* a plant which will not flourish in the air of courts;—it disdains the unction of flattery; it sickens at dissimulation and lies;—its smile is gracious as it gives and receives the common courtesies of life; but it stands firm against corruption, and it bows not to restraint. Love is a jealous fretful passion, at one time bounding with the impetuous spring

of the tiger, at another whining like a fractious child; capricious and uncertain; at one moment insolent and domineering, at another vengeful and full of spite; at a third, too, extravagant in its idolatry; at a fourth, hating what it just before had loved: but friendship, cool, calm, and collected, ever constant and philosophical, and to be depended on, is as opposite as possible to love. One springs from the passions, the other is the result of reason and reflection —born indeed of the heart, but shaped and matured by so many considerations, and by so much experience, that it is as if the stamp of cool judgment were affixed upon the warm emanations of love, and the molten metal, as it hardens with time, retains the ineffaceable impression."

"You are becoming quite poetical," said Fletcher; "you must have looked out the word 'Amicitia' in your gradus ad Parnassum, to find so many flowery epithets. One would think, that in France at least, love and friendship were not so distinct as you would represent them; for the words, 'cher ami,' have always sounded particularly pleasing to my ear in the mouth of a pretty girl."

"Don't speak of women," replied the student, "it reminds me of my pain; I have an ulcer here which is festering, and which only time will cure: so pure; so good; so lovely! and yet so proud!

well! well! it will not be always thus; let us return to our republics."

"Do you remember then," said Fletcher, "a code of laws, of which I have always been especially fond, as well for their equity in some things, as for their originality in all; I mean the celebrated code of St. Just? and can you cite by memory the passages in it which bear upon friendship?"

"Never could I forget them," replied Boivin; "I have always considered them the most noble part of his production; they run nearly as follows:—1. Tout homme de vingt et un ans est tenu de déclarer dans le temple quels sont ses amis. 2. Les amis porteront le deuil l'un des autres. 3. Les amis creuseront la tombe l'un des autres. 4. Les amis seront places les uns près des autres dans les combats. 5. Celui qui dit qu'il ne croit pas à l' amitié, on qui n'a pas d'amis, est banni. 6. Si un homme commet un crime, ses amis sont bannis."

"Beautiful!" exclaimed Lord Fletcher, "all of them, but especially the first and fifth! and yet how impracticable! I mean in the present state of society. Great changes must soon come; I recognize the symptoms of it on every side. The germs of virtue are taking root in men's bosoms, and they will spring up and bear the fruit which God meant them to bear; and now, to revert once more to the point

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from which we set out. Let me beg and entreat of you not to be seen the constant associate of that extraordinary looking ruffian, as I consider him, Brutus Sansargent. Myself, I welcome your proffered friendship, and I know the full value of it; and I freely give you mine in return, in its fullest and warmest sense; but I don't think, if I were compelled by law to write up a list of my friends in the Temple, that I should inscribe among them that of Sansargent. Adieu, my dear Louis."

And Louis Boivin turned away, filled for a moment with a distrust of his own intentions, and a half inclination to disentangle himself from the conspiracy which he had himself projected, and from his connection with men whom he despised. But as he put the question to himself, "why have I done all this? what reason was potent enough to lead me into such a skein of troubles?" then it was that the recollection of his treatment by the comtesse rushed over him; and he grasped the hair of his head with both his hands, and tore it in meshes from his skull; and he ground his teeth with rage and vexation, and dashed on resolutely again, determined to succeed or perish with the cause he had taken up. "Still," he would say to himself, as he paced to and fro the Boulevards, or the Palais Royal, in the dusky twilight,—"still I think she loves me after all; I

cannot yet believe that all the encouragement she has given me, all the smiles she has lavished on me, all the interest she has testified for me, can be for nothing! Divine creation of God's handiwork! Fairest and best specimen of all that on earth is best and fairest! would, indeed, that the poet's or the painter's immortalizing art were mine, that she might be handed down, as Petrarch has bequeathed his Laura, or Titian his love, to all posterity. Myself, I feel that the sands of my days are numbered; I shall soon be with the worms; but I would at least leave one work behind that should survive me; and how far the noblest would be that effort, which should be consecrated to the perpetuation of such virtues, and such charms as hers!"

Thus did the poor youth rave over the result of his own folly, and fancy himself an unhappy and rejected lover, without ever having made even a single fair attempt upon his mistress; and every night, as he returned home, did the old widow Boivin, his mother, take him to task, and rate him severely, for keeping company with Lord Fletcher, and tell him she would never speak to him again, if he did not renounce the society of that sacré Anglais.

Meanwhile, Lord Fletcher received a packet from the embassy, which contained for him, amongst other things, the following letter. It must be observed,

that months had now rolled by, and the autumn was set in; consequently, that Grainger and Mullingham had returned from their continental tour, and finding London empty, had nothing to do but to write letters.

LETTER FROM LORD ARTHUR MULLINGHAM
TO LORD FLETCHER.

September, 16.

DEAR FLETCHER,

Nous voici at length, returned from our expedition to God knows where, to stay in smoky England again till God knows when. Pigeons are now out of season at Crockford's, so to-morrow I take Grainger down to my father's, where we hear there are plenty of partridges, as well as an unusual supply of pheasants, ready for next month. Shall I send over a hamper of birds to you for your lady of the mask? Apropòs both to the lady and the hamper, how oddly words become distorted from their general to a particular signification! a bird means only a partridge, a beast denotes no animal save an ox, and une fille is no longer a daughter of Eve, but a daughter of joy. I write this letter partly at the desire, and by the dictation of your governor, Lord Furstenroy, who wishes me to persuade you, if possible, to come over

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and stand for ———shire at the ensuing vacancy. Should you make up your mind to do so, Grainger and myself will come and canvass for you with pleasure. Your only opponent that I have yet heard of, is to be a parvenu person, named Smithson; an uncombed, unshaved, unwashed, looking devil, without a single acre in the county. Grainger says, his only landed property is in his finger-nails, but this is dirty. You are therefore sure to succeed if you stand; you only have to hit it off with Lord Furstenroy about politics, as he would not like to see you voting in all the radical minorities, in company with the rus in urbe members for the pudding-corner hamlets, or the representatives of Kensington gravel-pits. The only new joke going, is the answer made by old Sir Tunbelly Tosspot the other day to his banker, in a fit of absence. You perhaps don't know, that he never takes any sugar in his brandy and water, and never drinks it warm. Accordingly, in Farquhar's the other day, he presented a draught for fifty pounds, and on the cashier asking him "how would you like it, sir?" he answered, believing himself in a grog-shop, "cold; without."

The single other event with which I am acquainted is, that the economical and honourable Mrs. Scraggs, whom we met at Naples, and who never could drive anything in her life but a bargain,

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has upset herself in the Regent's Park, in attempting to coach herself in a pony phaeton. Nothing is going on in London now but joint stock companies: there is the grand British beet-root association, and the Central Metropolitan rag company; the Great Junction washing and ironing society; and the Middlesex patent cow-milking board of steam. Myself and Grainger, who are speculating a little in them, are thinking of starting a new company, to be called "the General Equestrian cork-leg and horse-crutch society;" for Grainger says he can't afford to buy any hunters this winter, and all his old ones are screwed, so we mean to put them on crutches and cork-legs; but all these money speculations won't interest you, I fear, who I am told live upon your income like a sad thoughtless fellow, and actually throw away your money in paying your debts.

Yours truly,

A. MULLINGHAM.

P. S.—Pray desire Fitz-Patrick to send over six pair of boots for me, and six for Grainger; tell him to send the bill, and I will send him one in return.

CHAPTER XV.

Return we now again for a short time to our heroine, the Countess of Clanelly, in order to recapitulate the principal events that have occurred to her since her arrival in England, and to prepare the reader for the unhappy results of the ill-advised connexion which she had formed.

Wearied and worn out to the last degree by the fatigue of her long journey, by the continued fretfulness and ill-temper of Lord Clanelly, and by the prospect of her own desolate and heart-breaking situation, our Italian adventuress had set foot in England on landing, with a vague and undefined presentiment of evil. On whichever side she looked, she saw no way of escaping from the difficulties which surrounded her; a cloud had settled on her horizon, and the damp chill of despair made her shudder as she contemplated the future.

She had found her temper and that of her liege lord each succeeding day more and more incom-

patible, and more at variance: herself of a gay, lively, and sanguine disposition, colouring every object with the bright tints of enthusiasm, and investing even present misery with the hues of hope, she regarded the impassive and heavy lassitude and indifference of Lord Clanelly with a feeling of deep contempt. The mode of treatment he had adopted towards her had also become of late almost brutally severe. He no longer showed her the fond endearments and little attentions, which, in the beginning of their marriage, had seemed to palliate his defects, and soothe the irritation of her mind; he no longer thought it necessary to ménager even the indulgence of his own whims and caprices; and he had so far thrown off disguise in the very matter of his glaring and notorious infidelities, that his wife ran the risk almost of being insulted by a rival close to the precincts of her own house.

Although Jeannette Isabelle had never mentioned to breathing soul the substance of the conversation which, it will be remembered, she had accidentally overheard in the hôtel of Fondi, its appalling facts had never quitted her imagination for a minute. She had, it appeared, been dishonoured by the immediate proximity of another woman, even during the earliest period of her connexion with Lord Clanelly; and his blandishments and caresses, even

during the heyday of his passion, had been shared with a paid and abandoned mistress. On the only occasion on which she had of late endeavoured to make some appeal to Clanelly's good feeling, and to bring him back to his duty, without hazarding the remotest allusion even to her knowledge of his wrongs, he had struck her. Yes; he had assailed her with cowardly blows, and desired her to remain in her own apartment till she knew better the degree of deference and submission to which he considered himself entitled.

Shut up in her own room, therefore, in the back part of a large but dull house in St. James's Square, and neglected even by the servants of the establishment, who saw their interest only in countenancing every whim of their tyrannical master, poor Jeannette was literally more than once in danger of being almost starved to death. Although she did not believe that Clanelly would be capable of encouraging such neglect, she could not deceive herself so far as to think that he would be much afflicted at hearing even of its fatal termination.

She longed in vain for permission to visit his country residence, and to go and wander through the woods, which would so well have harmonized with the gloomy hue of her present melancholy reflections. It did not suit Lord Clanelly's selfish

convenience, for the moment, to be any where but in London, and he did not choose that his wife should be any where but where he was himself. He even restricted her from the very easily accorded liberty of going out of the house either in carriage or on foot.

As if determined to carry his barbarous behaviour to the remotest possible pitch, on the last occasion of his visiting her in her apartments, where she would have been confined by sickness, even had she been otherwise free, for she was even now under medical advice, he had desired that her favourite spaniels should be excluded, and had literally chased the pretty little Italian greyhound from the room. As the latter never made his appearance again, Jeannette too naturally concluded that her dog had been taken from her to be made a present to some woman who was more in favour for the passing moment; and this, she heard from her maid through the channel of one of the grooms, was actually the case, as well as that Lord Clanelly was in the daily habit of riding out with some other women, and that her favourite mare Fatima had been used for this degrading purpose.

It would be mere trifling, and worse than trifling amid proceedings like these, to remark that Lady Clanelly was fond of literature, and that books at

least were liberally supplied her in her solitude, or, to say, that with their assistance, she might have been enabled in a great measure to beguile her mind from the weight of sufferings she was compelled to undergo. The fact is, that Lady Clanelly did read and did think industriously and profoundly. Her thoughts were upon grave subjects, and the books which she desired to be brought to her from the library assumed every day a more gloomy and melancholy cast. The splendid imagery and noble diction of Sir Thomas Browne's old work, called Hydrio-taphia, or Urn Burials, delighted her: in Jeremy Taylor's poetical conceptions and style she found something that harmonized with her own musings. The often-read tale of Rasselas was reperused with a real desire to be strengthened by the philosophical considerations it imparts; Zimmermann on Solitude, and Burton on the Anatomy of Melancholy, were added to the list; and day after day, as she glided over the pages of these noble works, her thoughts became clearer and more defined, her manner more equable and fixed, her eye less ensanguined and troubled, and she seemed to have taken some resolution, the result of mature reflection, which whatever might be its nature, had at least been capable of producing so many favourable results.

When the determination to die is once taken up, it would seem almost a vain thing to endeavour to prevent its accomplishment. There are so many ways of going out of the world, that it looks like a mere mockery to remove the knife, the razor, the poison, and the rope. One of the Carbonari people in Italy, I believe at Genoa, a young man of twenty years old, having been allowed to drink out of an earthen cup by his jailer, bit a piece out of the vessel, and on the keeper taking it from him, contrived to secrete a small fragment in his mouth, and with this blunt tool, in the dead of the night, he succeeded in cutting his throat till he died. The gash was fearful in extent, but the blood had flowed slowly from the bluntness of the tool, and so much so, that it was the opinion of a medical man, who saw the body, that the suicide must have been the work of many hours. Such is the perseverance in the determination to die, engendered by a weariness of existence;—and we think we may safely venture to assert, that when this weariness of life does once creep over the soul, there are but two feelings strong enough to resist it, and to re-attach the sickened affections to this earth. Need we say that they are religion and love?

It constituted, perhaps, the most deplorable feature of all in Lady Clanelly's unhappiness, that her

heart and her understanding had long been unimpressionable to the force of the truths of revealed religion. Educated as a Catholic, and entering at an early period into all the divine mysteries of her church, with an enthusiasm and devotion of which only an imagination like hers was capable, she had as it were let the holy flame burn itself out in her bosom, and from having venerated too much, she had subsided into the opposite fault of venerating too little.

It was truly a remarkable thing, and a phenomenon, to see a nature like Lady Clanelly's expressly made, as it were, for the beauty of religion, its charities, its sublimity, and its virtues, estranged at so early a period from all its exalting influence, and ennobling associations: but, strange as it may appear, and it will appear less strange to those who have lived much on the continent of Europe, and mixed in the best educated circles of its people, infidelity had invaded the shrine of her soul, which faith had claimed in the beginning for its own. She had read deeply the philosophical works of the sceptics of the last century; she had thought and reasoned with herself till she felt convinced that there was no certainty to be arrived at in respect of religious knowledge, at least, as far as revelation is concerned.

It is needless to repeat here all the stages of the process, by which her ardent spirit, instigated by a bold love of enquiry, advanced from belief to doubt, from doubt to positive rejection:—the same arguments have been often enough repeated—too often, if the answers be not found to be stronger than the objections, if the proofs brought forward by the assertors and propagators of spiritual wisdom, be not sufficient to crush the doubts of suspicion in the bud. But one thing must be ever borne in mind with regard to Jeannette Isabelle, that even while she believed in the cold and unimaginative doctrines of materialism, and rejected every comfort and solace held out by religion to those who gaze in faith upon the cross, such was the congeniality of her disposition to all that is christian—so pure and pious was her every thought—so self-sacrificing and disinterested was her every act, "that," as she expressed it, "her religious friends all declared that she would be saved in spite of herself, and that even if the horrors in Dante's Comedy Divine should all come true, there would always be a little corner left for her to creep out at." "Yet, oh!—to live over again," she would exclaim, "to be dragged out of one's grave, which I look upon as an asylum and a refuge, to feel once more all the horrors of existence! To recognize, perhaps, all the old familiar faces, which we have

known already but too well upon this lower earth!—this may be a comfortable hope, and a cheering prospect to those whose life here has been one of happiness—but for me! for me, to whom existence seems synonymous with suffering—who only breathe to endure pain, and who shrink from contact with mankind with all the apprehensiveness of one who is but too well acquainted with men's brutality and wickedness—for me a second existence can display no charms of attraction. Almost every created being that I have known, is connected in my recollection with some association of sorrow. My feelings have been so intensely racked, so harrowed up, and worked upon by a series of unprecedented trials, that all I ask is to forget—all I wish for is repose, an eternal slumber—an utter oblivion of all—a decomposition of body and soul, never to be reconstructed again—in short, perpetual rest; and what I long for so intently, what I hunger and thirst after with so much earnestness, is it strange that I should believe? If nearly all the individuals with whom I have been thrown into personal relations during my life-time have been such, that I should not see them again without an impression of distress, is it strange that I should become persuaded of what I should so much desire, and embrace the creed of an utter and eternal dissolution? My ways have ever been those of

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gentleness, and I have been rewarded with violence and blows. I have loved every thing in God's creation, down to the very lowliest flower, and in return I have not one friend that I can call upon to deliver me:—I am literally bowed down and wearied with afflictions. I sigh for repose—and if death be terrible to others, it is only beautiful to me. I do not understand—I have never understood—why it is that people are afraid to die, or why all the paraphernalia of medicines and drugs are resorted to, in order to keep them in this very disagreeable world. I would not that my own surgeon, sent by the affected kindness and real cruelty of my husband, should even now continue to pay me twice a day his idle and uninteresting visits. To me the tomb seems to smile invitingly, and I hail it as a harbour and a haven, and a retreat from the world's woes, as the philosophers of the porch regarded it of old."

It was late one evening in the decline of autumn. The heaven was clear and cloudless, and thinly streaked at intervals with fleecy clouds, for the wind was abroad, and swept the heavens and the earth with his mighty wings. Many a star looked out from on high, and even through the fog and mist and smoke of London's atmosphere, the night looked lovely. Lady Clanelly, who had been sitting musing in her easy chair over the fire, rose and gazed forth

upon the scene. Her maid had retired, and was descended with the other domestics to supper in the servant's hall. Jeannette Isabelle felt relief at finding herself alone. Her intense brilliancy of beauty never shone forth more dazzlingly bright than now, when there were no beholders, and at a moment when she herself was least conscious of its charms. The lustrous clusters of her dark brown hair fell like a cascade over her shoulders—her lips wêre half apart—her attitude was one of suspense—her bright eye sparkled joyously, as she drew the curtain on one side, and looked up into the blue dome above her. Her book was lying half open, as she had been reading it, upon the table. Her watch, which she had just wound up, repeated its monotonous note in the red morocco case upon the chimney-piece: every thing showed that she had been calm and collected to the last—"and yet,"—as the tickings of the time-piece startled her ear in the silence of reflection at the window, she said to herself—"the moments are numbered which detain me here—the watch will go on—but I shall not hear it!" She let drop the curtain, as if having bid farewell to the external world, and looking once more eagerly round the room, as if to be certain she was alone, she said, "now then is the time—the moment of deliverance is arrived—my duties here are ended:—I

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am shut up and secluded from all relations with my fellow-creatures—let me release myself." She drew deliberately a couch in her dressing-room in front of a large pier-glass, and placing herself upon it, drew forth a penknife from her toilet-box, and felt for the veins in her neck. At length having fixed her finger upon what she knew to be the jugular vein, she said, "Now let me see what sort of thing it is to die!" and as she uttered the words, she made an incision on the spot The red stream spirted out in a strong and salient jet, and she regarded it in the glass with a smile. She even set her fingers to her pulse, in order to watch the ebbing of its healthy vigour; and, incredible as it may seem to those who have never pondered upon death, or regarded it as other than a source of terror, it was curiosity which predominated in her mind, as she traced each change of feeling, and the gradual decline of power—it was the anxious desire to see what beyond awaited her, and whether, indeed, she were right in foreseeing a refuge in the tomb. At last sensation gradually died away—a sick faint feeling of exhaustion crept over her brain—she became dizzy—she grasped in vain the table—a black veil seemed hung before her eyes—and she fell back senseless upon the sofa. * * *

A rushing to and fro of domestics, and the confused whispering of many voices was heard in the

house of Lord Clanelly. Consternation was on every face—pity was more strongly depicted upon some; but the aged housekeeper was there to preserve silence and order. Not a footstep was allowed to be heard—not a word to be uttered aloud—for there might yet be hope.

It had so happened, that the surgeon, who had been particularly desired by Lord Clanelly to continue his visits twice a day during the indisposition of his lady, was the very person who was destined to arrive at the actual moment of the deed we have just described. On entering the room with the femme de chambre, he imagined all was lost, but on stopping the effusion of blood by pressure, and examining the wound, he discovered that the exterior jugular vein had alone been severed, and that the interior or greater one had escaped untouched. With all his skill, he bandaged up the gash, and caused the patient to be gently undressed and put to bed. Languid, and faint, and senseless, she did not move, and as yet gave no sign of life; and yet returning sensation just enabled her to be aware of the surgeon's expression at parting—"that the greatest fears were to be entertained." "*Fears!*" repeated she mentally, to herself, "*fears!* Merciful God!"

CHAPTER XVI.

To-DAY is the scale-beam between to-morrow and yesterday: it inclines to joy or sorrow, as our minds are swayed by the influences of the past or the future; and it varies, on different sides, from elevation to depression, as our hopes or fears, our painful recollections or our soft regrets predominate. It is so to meditative minds—to those who feed upon reflection, and whose mental feelings are stronger than their bodily sensations. It is true that "sufficient for the day is the evil thereof:" would only that it were possible to confine our thoughts always to the evil of to-day!

As slowly and most reluctantly our heroine awoke to a consciousness of her situation—as she became aware that she had been dragged back in spite of herself, by an unlucky accident, to live once more a little longer in this world of woes, her heart turned faint within her, and she refused even the liquid nourishment administered to her by the means of a teaspoon, by her anxious and careful nurse. The sight of the

red blood which stained the bandages with which she was bound, made her involuntarily sick, and then it was that she wondered at herself and her own courage, in having inflicted the gash which had proved so nearly fatal. It was a singular and additional proof of the unusual strength of her mind, that she should have chosen such means for putting herself out of the world; for it is a fact well known to all those who have examined the tables of suicides officially returned in any country, that the number of women who destroy themselves by sharp instruments is by comparison most exceedingly small. Suspension, drowning, the charcoal-pan, and the phial, are the most frequently chosen methods; and it scarcely ever happens that females fall self-sacrifices either to the knife or the pistol. Others have ascribed this to a sexual want of courage, which leads them to dread the sight of blood. Ourselves, we know little of the sex, but we confess we see nothing in it but an indication of vanity,—for we have never yet discovered that women are deficient in daring, though most of them shrink in alarm from the thought of a scratch on the face.*

* Pope's well-known distich,

"One would not sure look ugly when one's dead;
So, Betty, give this cheek a little red,"

is not overdrawn. Cyrus in Xenophon wisely tells his cavalry to direct their spears rather against the faces than the breasts of the effeminate Medes; for that the gay young nobles did not dread death, but would fly from disfigurement.

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We remember ourselves a very good-looking young man at Paris assuring us, that, if ever he committed suicide, it should be done without disfiguring his countenance, of which he was remarkably vain. Six months afterwards he shot himself through the heart. Be this as it may, our heroine, as the art of her medical attendant gradually restored her to comparative health, shuddered by a sort of revulsion of feeling, as she contemplated her own act; and perhaps after all, the seclusion of her position, which would preclude her from the purchase of deleterious drugs, or other means of self-destruction, had not a little to do with the dictation of the weapon she had chosen. She had, at any rate, now that she was confined for so long a period to her bed, an opportunity for reviewing coolly the whole of her position; but reflection did not seem to brighten her avenir.

Her husband, whose conduct, even if from no higher motive than mere human sympathy and natural politeness, had certainly been more attentive since the event which had caused her illness, nevertheless did not seem to have relinquished, or to be likely to relinquish his malpractices. She knew too well his character, by fatal experience, to have the least confidence even in the promises he so liberally made her of amendment: yet, strange to say, either from a feeling of compunction for his late neglect, or from caprice, or from the mere force of his wife's attrac-

tions, now that he was thrown for a time more into her society by his daily visits to her bed-side, much of his old fondness seemed to have returned, and, as he sat by her pillow, he would talk sometimes as he used to do in the old days, before their ill-assorted union,—and he would take the meshes of her long dark hair in his fingers, and play with their braids, till poor Jeannette, who had no caprice in her disposition and hated once and for ever, literally shuddered with disgust.

Dr. Johnson's celebrated saying of "liking a hearty hater," although sufficiently unchristian for so pious and prayer-writing an old gentleman as the good doctor, is not so devoid of sense as it has been represented to be by some. Certain it is that the same mind which abandons easily its dislikes, will give up with equal facility its preferences, and will, in fact, have no character at all, while that nature only has stamina and strength on which its loves and its hatreds are graven as on a tablet of brass. Some characters are as unretentive of principles as some memories are of facts—and God help them! A wave of the sea courses over the shore, and effaces in its sweep, promises, oaths, engagements, honourable vows, threats of revenge, denunciations of hatred:—all had been written on the sand.

Jeannette Isabelle disliked now more than ever her husband:—disliked is too moderate a word—she

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literally loathed and abhorred him: his presence was irksome to her in the extreme, and she daily felt it to be the greatest relief to her when he left the room. By a strange perversity, as the conviction of her dislike flashed upon him, he suddenly seemed to awaken to a sense of her value. In the loss of her esteem, her confidence, her respect, and her love, which is the last to go when the other three are gone, he appeared to have now first attained to a knowledge of their worth: he seemed like a miser when afraid lest his treasure should escape him. He never allowed her to be left one minute alone, for fear she should renew her attempts to destroy herself. He had her door carefully locked and bolted on the outside, and another barrier secured similarly at the end of the passage, for fear she should attempt her escape; and the porter was enjoined to allow her no egress, should she by any miracle arrive so far as to the bottom of the staircase. He racked his imagination to think of something which would please her; and every evening, as he ascended to see her, he brought in his hand some pretty new annual or some gilded bonbonière;—but she received his presents with cold thanks, and himself with indifference and ill-disguised contempt, and turned her head away. It seemed to her that it was treating her like a child to lock her up in her room, and try to stop her mouth with sugar-plums.

A real tyrant in his disposition, and accustomed

by long habit to be indulged in having his own way on every point, Lord Clanelly vainly sought to gain his wife's affections back again, by such treatment as the Grand Seignor might exhibit to one of the Circassians of his seraglio. All women are not babies, though a great many of them are so; and it is *here* that men who have studied women, and think they know the sex, generally make their mistake. There are some female characters above the standard of their own, and where the man is once despised by the woman, love cannot come afterwards; and yet to a character less firm than that of our heroine, the warm expressions and passionate pleadings of Lord Clanelly might have seemed sincere, or at any rate irresistible.

"Listen to me, Isabelle," he would say, and as he spoke he would take her hand, which she coldly and tranquilly withdrew. "Why will you not even hear reason, and accept the expressions of contrition, which I am so anxious to convey to you? Why cannot you try to love me again as you used to do? I know that you have just causes of complaint against me, and that I have wronged and exasperated you, till you seem almost to have a right to hate me,—but cannot you, will not you forgive me? Whatever you require or dictate shall be done for you. I swear solemnly that if infidelity of mine have ever given you offence, that you only henceforth shall be my own heart's treasure."

Jeannette shuddered involuntarily under the bedclothes at this last sentence, and Clanelly saw it.

"Jeannette," he continued, "I will never molest you: if it be, indeed, a thing impossible that you should love me any more, I implore you, I conjure you, I entreat you most solemnly to stay with me—only to stay with me, and I will never so much as ask to touch the little finger of your hand: only endure me near you, and I will obey you like a slave; I will be your dog; I will wait upon you, and make it my happiness and pride to obey you. I will leave the room when you are tired of my presence, and I will only speak to you when you desire me to answer you. I will gaze on you at a distance, and worship you as the Persian adores his sun. You shall have your own carriage, and your own horses, and your own apartments, and whatever you like. Only stay with me! I beg and entreat you to listen! Why do you turn your head away?"

"Clanelly! I have told you many times before that these interviews annoy and weary me; they are perfectly useless as far as regards their results, and they only serve to place you in a more abject and humiliating position than ever, without in the least forwarding the impossible object which you profess to have in view."

"Jeannette dearest, my own sweet wife, I feel

the justice of what you say; but have you no mercy to temper the dictates of justice? It makes me mad to see you calm, and cool, and inexorable, while I am driven to torments unutterable by the passion that rages within me. You provoke and incense me beyond bearing, by that d—d impassible manner that you put on. I feel like the devils at the gate of heaven, constantly knocking, and begging for admission and pardon; and when you open your lips, I seem to hear you doom me to eternal flames. Eternal! why should they be eternal? must my sentence be irrevocable, final, inexpiable? Is there no redemption? Is repentance unavailable?"

"Clanelly! these scenes are beyond my strength to bear; you have already my answer, and you know me, alas! too well to imagine that I ever should reverse what I have said. I will thank you to leave me, if you please, as you fatigue me by your violence, without at all benefitting your own cause."

"By God!" exclaimed Clanelly, getting into a passion, "you infuriate me beyond the control of my reason; you dare not reject me; you cannot refuse me; you are my lawful wife, and I command you. I defy you to escape me; I care not for consequences—talk not to me of consequences; I heed not man or devil; but this I know, that you shall not escape me; by heaven! you shall not."

And as his brow gathered, and his hand clenched, and his teeth ground against each other, in his fury Lord Clanelly threatened almost to stifle her in his embraces, and kill her with the frenzy of his passion. Such modes of proceeding were, of course, not at all calculated to advance his suit; and if sometimes, as her health began now to be re-established, she submitted, from the mere sense of physical inferiority of strength, and the fear of personal outrage, to his kisses, it was with that feeling of utter detestation, and unmingled contempt, which she did not think it worth while to conceal even from himself!

Her every thought was now directed to the means of escape. She had already tried the fidelity of her waiting-maid, and of the only other servant who was permitted access to her apartment, and in vain. Lord Clanelly had taken care to make them too much his creatures and dependants, to allow them, even from a motive of pity, to convey so much as a note for her beyond the house; and, even had they been willing, to whom could she apply? Nearly a stranger in London, for she had as yet mingled little in its society, she had no friend on whom she could count at all for assistance in the hour of need. Even were she able to effect her escape, she knew not to whom she could fly: as to acquaintances, of those whom she had met in Town, no one was

admitted to see her; for her husband, jealous of his own reputation, as well as fearful of her escape, had carefully prohibited any visitors from being admitted; and to all enquiries the same answer was returned from day to day, "that Lady Clanelly was better, but obliged to remain quiet, and to see no one."

Meanwhile, his lordship himself, although he did not go a great deal into the world, mixed sufficiently with society to keep his own character well with the multitude. He had the tact and sense, which, indeed, is as much a part of good breeding as of good feeling, always to speak in the tenderest and most affectionate way of his little wife. He was particularly careful at all evening assemblies, to keep in with the old ladies; and we recommend the same precaution to all young men; it is not so much that the old tabbies can do any great good, as, that if neglected, they are such mauvaises langues, and can do incalculable harm. Every one pitied Lord Clanelly for his wife's continued illness. Every one was glad to see him in their house as a bachelor, till her health should be restored: but this he had the good management to decline, unless anything very tempting presented itself; he gave as a pretext, that he could not absent himself so much from his poor Isabelle's bed-side, and making his bow, hastened away to his harem.

One morning, poor Jeannette had felt more than ordinarily the oppression and insupportable irksomeness of her situation, and was sitting in despair, with her head reclining on both her hands, which were buried in her billowy tresses, when the door of her room opened; at first she paid no attention, thinking it was only her maid, who had left her for some minutes, and whose return she was momentarily expecting. It was, in truth, the menial whom she had imagined; but, on hearing a sound and looking up, the delighted Jeannette could scarcely believe her eyes at seeing her old Newfoundland Carlo standing before her. The blood rushed to her face; but her presence of mind luckily restrained her from even mentioning so much as his name. The dog recollected her at once, and Jeannette trembled lest his whinings, and the merry bounds he made in playful circlets round her, and the eagerness with which he looked up in her face, putting his paw affectionately, as of old, upon her hand, as if to greet her, should betray their old acquaintanceship to the Argus-like, and ever-watchful eyes, of her maid.

"Poor fellow! poor dog!" said she, "he seems hungry, Mary! he shall stay and dine with me to-day; I will give him some bones:" and she with difficulty restrained Carlo from jumping up and licking her face, while she remarked to the servant,

that the hour of dinner must be very near, and besought her to go down stairs and accelerate it. The instant that she found herself alone, Jeannette flew to her writing-desk. It was evident to her, as the light of day, by seeing the dog Carlo, that her friend, almost her only real friend in the world, the Principessa de Collini, must be in London. He had, in fact, been brought to the house by one of the principessa's Italian servants, who had met one of Lord Clanelly's grooms in the Strand, and accompanied him home, in order to cement, with a pot of porter, the acquaintance which they had begun over a flask of wine at Naples. The dog, by a mere accident, missing his master in one of the passages, and seeing the maid ascending the stairs, had followed her. He rushed into the room, wagging his tail, and snuffing the floor, and instantly recognized his former mistress, who could scarcely restrain her tears now that she was left alone with him, and former reminiscences came over her. Business, however, was to be done, and done quickly, for the maid would re-ascend. She hastily drew off a ring from her finger, and enclosed it in a paper, on which she wrote as follows; "Endeavour to save me; my window is high; but there are ladders: when you have arranged all, send back the ring, and I shall know you and be

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ready." This was inexplicit enough, but it was all that she had time to think of, or to write. The maid was never two minutes absent. She returned the very instant that Jeannette had finished tying her small packet round the neck of Carlo, under his broad brass collar. She trembled with fear of discovery, whilst she hastily gave a morsel of meat to the poor dog for old acquaintance' sake, and then desired the maid to take him down stairs immedi ately, for fear his master should be gone. The groom of the Marquis de Pisatelli presently left the house, followed by Carlo, who passed the unsuspecting porter with an air of the most careless effrontery, so that no one could have suspected him of being such a "wickèd dog."

"Poor old fellow!" said the porter; "he's a nice quiet animal!"

Not with greater skill of old did the hero of Ithaca bind his captured comrades beneath the bellies of the fleecy ewes; not with darker blindness did old Polypheme pass them one by one through his hands, nor with greater pathos appeal to his κριε πεπον, his favourite ram, who was playing him the most unkindly trick of all.

"Poor old fellow!" said the porter; "he's a nice quiet animal!"

CHAPTER XVII.

MEANWHILE the outer world went on, with its rapidly-succeeding series of trivial circumstances magnified into importance, and mighty events disregarded as of little weight—with its jarring politics and speculative projects—with its loans of many millions, and its petty-larceny prosecutions—with its debts and its duels—its cant and its quackery—its peers making laws for the poor, and its poor threatening to make laws for the peers. Fashion held out her hand to Literature, whose delicate nerves trembled at the violence of the grasp, and Power spread the protection of his branches over Talent, which withered in the ungenial atmosphere of its deadly shade. Covent-garden supplied its green peas at a guinea a pint—and the newspaper writers their lucubrations at a penny a line. Young men lost hundreds without a thought at play—while their careful governors were economizing in the shillings

and pence. Subscribers were viewing plans for the national monument to " the great unknown," and Irish members making appeals to the passions of " the great unwashed." All this, and much more, was going on in London and the world around; and lost in the vortex of gaiety and business, study and dissipation, people had little time or thought to occupy themselves with the microcosm of Lord Clanelly's ménage. It will hereafter remain to be seen whether or no our weeping star, our Pleiad of pity's tale, shone out again joyously in heaven, or whether the rainy night continued still to dim her radiant car in its progress to its home in the west. At present we must do as others do, and dash into the whirlpool of events.

The winter was far advanced: the starving Spitalfields weavers had long since sent round their annual advertisement to the dentists, offering their teeth at a discount, as having no longer any use for them. The Christmas bills had long since awakened many an improvident housekeeper to his periodical consciousness of having a large family, and a small income. It was that time of year, most disagreeable of all in London, when it is sure to rain slightly about three or four times a day, and if you walk out in a gleam of sunshine, you are certain to get the drippings of some spout between your neck and your

neckcloth—when the pavement is so greasy, that attempting to mount Ludgate-hill is a labour emblematic of that of Sysiphus, and each step seems to slide back again as far as it has advanced. It was just such a day as we are describing, late in winter and near the opening of the session and the opera, that our two friends, Lord Arthur Mullingham and George Grainger, were seen about three o'clock in the afternoon emerging from the Travellers', and turning the corner with the intention of perpetrating a lounge in Regent-street before dinner. "What an ugly object that great monument to the Duke of York presents at the end of so fine a perspective!" remarked Mullingham; "it is as if it were intended as a parody on the pillar in the Place Vendome. Napoleon himself used to say it was 'but a short step from the sublime to the ridiculous;' and truly I find this erection as absurd as the other in Paris is grand and beautiful."

"Every body knows Lady Broadwell's joke about its being intended as a husband to the Thames tunnel," replied Grainger; "but truly I think if the money, which has been wasted on the one, had been applied to the completion of the other, we should have had a much finer national work to be proud of. Do you remember how all foreigners on the continent used to enquire about

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the Tunnel, which really creates a much greater interest abroad, than it does among ourselves?"

"The same mesquin sort of taste," resumed Mullingham, "seems destined to pervade all our public works in London. Where are our parallels to the Bourse of Paris, or to the Madeleine, or to the Arc de l'Etoile—or still more, to the Tuilleries and the Louvre? If we build any thing nationally fine, it is sure to be out of the way, like the new Post-office, or the result of necessity, like the new Houses of Parliament, which are to be built only because the old ones happened to be burnt down."

"The Chamber of Deputies in Paris is certainly an imposing object," replied Grainger; "but one thing, perhaps, to be observed in the effect of buildings, is the fact that the natural white or grey hue of stone or marble has a much better appearance than the dingy, smutty tint, which all public works in London acquire in a short time from the operation of the coal-fires. The beauty of the Grecian temples themselves is perhaps partly to be traced to the colour of their materials: St. Paul's, on the contrary, is like a dirty beauty, and would look a hundred and fifty times better for taking a bath, or if we could set two or three thousand men to work, with buckets of water and scrubbing brushes, to wash its face."

"Apropòs to coal-smoke," interrupted Grainger, "let me go into Howell and James's to get a pair of gloves; one pair of Madame Roux's best kid, in Paris, used to last me as long as three pair in London, so great is the effect of this gasy, sooty atmosphere, which the good Londoners breathe almost without being aware of it."

The two friends entered the shop, and, whilst Grainger was fitting his gloves, a cab drove up to the door, and the following conference took place between the gentleman who descended from the vehicle, and the gentleman behind the counter:—

"Your pleasure, Sir, if you please? any article I can serve you with to-day?"

"I want a great many articles, I assure you—you will send them to my lodgings—but I hear you are the most infernal duns in London. Upon my honour and credit I am told so—is it true?"

"No, Sir—I hope not, Sir—I don't think that we have the honour of your name in our book?" (rather interrogatively.)

"No, upon my honour and credit you never had me down for five shillings; but Lord Peregrine Pomfret, and Sir Temple Crucifix, and Sir Connaught Close, all complain terribly of being badgered by your bills."

"If you are acquainted with all these gentlemen,

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Sir, they ought to have told you we prefer having their names in our ledger, to seeing their money on the counter."

"On my honour and credit, you are very good," replied the Irishman, immediately seizing for himself with great adroitness the extent of credit which he thus heard allowed to his honourable acquaintances; and he was proceeding to "*patronize* the shop," as he called it, by giving a large order for articles of various kinds, when, turning round, he recognized the two friends, Mullingham and Grainger, who at the same instant called to memory the Kilkenny Cat of the Arco Felice party, and Lord Carmansdale's appropriate definition of him, as the man who had "a thousand a year for one year."—"By my honour and credit," said the gay Hibernian, immediately holding out his hand to the two young men, and delighted at this unexpected facility of increasing his respectability with the shopmen, "I should have let you pass almost without seeing you; but I am glad to meet you, to thank you for a very agreeable dinner at Mrs. Scraggs's last summer, which I believe I should never have got without your invitation."

"I hope Mrs. Scraggs and her family are well, Mr. Fitz-Waterton; have you seen them lately?" interrogated Mullingham, knowing them to be in

London, and rather curious to learn what progress our adventurer had made in his designs upon Miss Barbara.

"Oh, the wicked little devils!" replied the Kilkenny cat,—"seen them! yes, to be sure I have, and seen a good deal of them too, though I have only been once in their company, as I told Bab the other night, when I went into their opera box, and found her in such a low dress, that the neck as they call it almost came down to the waist.—"It is very kind of you, Miss Barbara," said I, "*to let me see so much of you;*"—but the wicked, little creatures—I don't know which is the worst of the three—do you know I found out that they had given us all nick-names;—on my honour and credit, they had: so I was determined to pay them off, as I always pay all my debts" (to the shopman), "and I have christened them 'plague, pestilence, and famine;' and as to the old mother, I don't know whether to call her 'battle, murder, or sudden death.'"

The two friends could not help smiling at this sally; and, after making a casual remark or two, were retiring from the shop, when Mr. O'Higgins Fitz-Waterton followed them to the door, and kindly offered them the use of his tiger and cab, as he had no further use for it, and was going to walk home.

"No, thank you," said Mullingham; "it is a pretty cab, though—who was your builder?"

"D—n it—I got this from Spokewell, in Long Acre: a most infernal rascal—I've only owed him three hundred pounds for six years, and he duns me like ten devils.—Where are you going to dine to-day?—If you like to join me, I'll take you to the best place in London, upon my honour and credit—a place where the port-wine is just like Warren's blacking—I don't mean in colour, flavour, and quality, but in being cheapest and best."

"Thank you, you are extremely kind," said both the young men at once.

"I dine at Lord Peregrine Pomfret's to-day," said Mullingham, naming one of the Kilkenny cat's professed acquaintances—

"And I dine with your friend, Sir Temple Crucifix, at my club," added Grainger—and they parted.

"How different the tradespeople of London are from those of the continent," remarked Mullingham, when they were fairly out of hearing—"in respect of giving credit to customers whom they don't know, merely on the strength of their personal appearance! I remember, for instance, when I was at Vienna, an English marquis, who has at least between one and two hundred thousand a-year, went into a shop,

and ordered a pretty little china figure, the price of which was twelve florins, to be sent home to his hôtel. The cautious tradesman, who happened to know me because I was living at the embassy, before he ventured to send the article to the hôtel, came to me to ask, 'Si monsieur, milord marquis, etait solvable?.'—to which I replied,—'Monsieur, il pourrait bien manger vous, et votre boutique, et tout ce que vous y avez pour son déjeuner.' This satisfied him; but he had been undazzled even by the equipage and liveries of his lordship, whereas in London any man with a tolerable address, and a decent coat on his back, especially if he be a comte and a foreigner, may walk into any shop, and order just what he pleases."

"The credit system is nevertheless visibly declining, and the ready-money system advancing in London," observed Grainger; "and any sensible person must see at once that it is a very good thing that it should be so: for no fortune in the world can stand against the immense interest for money demanded upon long credit prices; and as every body knows the bills must be paid at last, it is nothing but downright folly to put off the evil day."

"What a philosopher you are becoming, Grainger!" said Mullingham; "one would think that you did not owe two pounds in all London."

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"I wish, indeed," replied Grainger, "that I did not owe more than two hundred to Hoby! but then I don't mind being extravagant in boots—— but here comes Endymion Loto—I must get him to dine with me at the club, as you are going to Pomfret's."

"Who is Endymion Loto?" rejoined Mullingham. "What! is this the half-witted son of the talented Russian princess?—the man whom I met once at Rome, I remember, looking at the famous picture of the Horatii and Curiatii, and who asked me the subject; upon which I told him, that they were six rebellious Poles, who had been made to fight like gladiators by Catherine the Second in an amphitheatre at Petersburg; and he walked away perfectly satisfied, remarking merely that it served them right."

"The same undoubtedly," said Grainger; "the anecdote is so perfectly in character. His poor mother, who is obliged to make the best of him, said one day, in speaking of him to Lady Broadwell, 'J'aime beaucoup Endymion; il a tant de tact: quand il y a du monde chez moi, il s'en va'—and this very novel sort of compliment, and very negative praise, was the best thing she could say of him; but here he is—voyons—Monsieur, j'ai l'honneur de vous saluer."

"Walk as far as Truefit's with me, there's a good fellow," said Endymion, putting his hand into Grainger's arm—"Guerlain has sent me over such a shocking box of perfumes from Paris, that I am obliged to supply myself for the time in London. Do come with me, there's a dear creature."

"On the condition that you will dine with me afterwards," said Grainger; "and that very nice, gentlemanly fellow, Sir Temple Crucifix, whom I see standing yonder, is to join us."

"Dear me!" said Endymion; "do you call that a nice fellow?—why I have at least ten waistcoats to his one!—Do you really call that a gentlemanly man?—why my rose-water alone costs me more than he lays out upon scents of all sorts in the course of the year!"

Sir Temple Crucifix nevertheless came up and joined them, and was invited to be one of the party. He seemed full of a fracas, which he had just witnessed by the door of Howell and James's shop:—a young officer, believed to be the son of the Hon. Mrs. Scraggs, had used some expression to an Irishman, which his Milesian blood could not stand, and the Irishman, whom our friends immediately identified as the Kilkenny cat, had pulled the lieutenant's nose.

"I hope, however, he did not pull it severely,"

interrupted Endymion Loto—"not so as to be uncivil—not so as to appear impolite. I know young Scraggs slightly, and I should be sorry that he should be hurt."

Sir Temple and Grainger smiled at each other; and Mullingham being obliged to leave them to dress for dinner, the three others continued lounging about in the neighbourhood of the clubs for a short time, and then went in to warm themselves at the fire, and pick up whatever new scandals, or straws of information there might be floating on the surface of society.

CHAPTER XVIII.

When Rousseau wrote his book about the Social Compact, he might have extended the idea of there being a tacit agreement between the government and the people to the fact of there being equally a tacit agreement in all society whatever. In the upper circles of the fashionable world, it is more easy to detect the conditions of this implied bargain, than perhaps in any other. Every body who wishes to have a stall in the market, must bring some disposable article to the common stock. A man who is a secretary of legation, or paid attaché, and of recognized good family, may command the very highest society; and the circumstance of his not having a shilling in the world, and being frightfully in debt, will not have the remotest effect in impeding his success. The man who has exceedingly agreeable manners, is remarkably good-looking, and so talented as not only to amuse in company, but to be politically useful, may command the best society, and the circumstance

of his being of roturier extraction, will not hinder his admission to any house in London. Again, the man who is known to be a millionaire, and who will lend money, may drive four-in-hand into any drawing-room that he pleases: the facts of his being grossier in the extreme, intolerably ill-dressed, and disagreeable in his manners, and bête and uneducated to the last degree, will not necessarily prevent his being endured, this single condition only being always borne in mind—that the quantity of money he must lend shall be in an inverse ratio to his powers of conversation; and the less agreeable his address, the more accommodating must be his pocket.

There are other indirect claims to admission among the exclusives, allowed rather in right of others than of the individuals themselves. Thus, a man who has a very young, pretty, and agreeable wife, holds his privilege of being tolerated in right of his wife, and this is a very insecure tenure,—because, in the event of his wife catching the small-pox, or growing old, one of which misfortunes is contingent, and the other inevitable, both of them lose their claim. Again, the illegitimate son or daughter, or parvenu nephew, of a rich banker or merchant in the city, may acquire a sort of conventional right of admission, on the ground of having been adopted as the heir of such father or uncle, and he holds through the title of the father's or

uncle's property. Again, the imbecile, half-idiot children of Russian princesses, or English peeresses, or of ministers, or ex-ministers, have all a prescriptive right to drawl away a few hours of their weak and insipid existences in the first salons of the metropolis. This is, of course, not on their own merits, but on account of their descent; and to this latter class it was that our new friend, Endymion Loto, belonged.

Thus we see, that if we anatomize society, we find it very mechanically constructed. If any one, with neither birth nor fortune, wishes to frequent the foremost circles of fashion, it is to be expected that he will at least be either useful or ornamental—and this with justice. As to the question, what society is really the best? it is another question, and one with which we have nothing at all to do.

Society is principally a matter of taste, and a man is best fitted to move in that circle which is most in harmony with his own habits, and his own manners; consequently, it is a question of *good taste* whether a man prefers high society to low society. We have often been displeased at hearing a man invidiously pointed out as proud, as sneaking up to great people, and a mean, interested courtier, whose only fault was what might be rather perhaps called his misfortune, if not his merit, of having good taste, and a fastidious love of refine-

ment. Again, we have been often amused at hearing a great deal of indignation expressed by good honest sort of people at invitations, which they have seemed to consider as being insults instead of honours. One man looks furious, and shakes his mane, because he suspects he is only asked to some house as a literary lion. Another looks mæstoso, and complains in a minor key, because he fancies he is invited to display his musical talents. A third thinks himself very sharp-witted, and immensely sagacious, as he keeps away from some other distinguished party, because he imagines that they only press him so much to come among them in order that they may win his money. Now, I would ask, is not all this very natural, and, as society is constituted, very right and proper? What other claim of admission to the highest society has the literary man, but his literature—the musical man, but his music—or the Dives, but his money? Let them ask themselves this—these are their tickets of admission. If they like better to keep their talents and their money to themselves than to bestow them in this way, they are welcome to do so. It is entirely a matter of taste, and common sense.

It is related of the late Captain Fairfield, who for many years before his death was known in London by his convivial habits, and not unfrequently by his

melodious voice, which woke the echoes of the cider cellars, or of Offley's, to some tune of revelry, that during the peninsular war, being at the time in the active service, he was much noticed by the Duke of Wellington, who invited him frequently to dinner. One evening, after the wine had circulated, the Commander in Chief called upon Fairfield for a song, which, being in a sulky mood, he refused to accord. Wellington again repeated his solicitation, when the Captain, starting on his legs, asked if he was invited into that society only for the sake of his singing—declared that he would be no man's tame canary-bird—and leaving hastily the company, went to his tent, wrote a resignation of his commission, and retired en canaille for the rest of his life, to sup upon toasted cheese and kidneys, and gin and water, amid the scenes of the lowest debauchery, and most vulgar slang in London.

I admire independence—but I adore common sense. A well-bred man might at any rate have been firm in declining to sing, without shocking the feelings of every man in the company, as well as his own, by putting the question, point-blanc, whether he was invited for the sake of his singing.

It was a mixed party at Lady Broadwell's, to which all three of the young men whom we left going to dinner at the Travellers' were invited.

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"Oh! don't talk of children," said Miss Clementina Scraggs, who was the first person they encountered on entering; but the conversation passed aside, and in an under voice to her friend, "don't talk of Mrs. Blandford and her children, I beseech you; nasty, disagreeable, little things! I am sure I hope I shall never have any when I am married;" (observe, that all young ladies say, *when* I am married, as if it were a certainty; we never recollect to have heard one use the expression, "*if* I am married;") then continuing very sotto voce, indeed, as much as to say, *private and confidential*, "you know Mrs. Blandford was very intimate indeed with that handsome, dark-looking Pole, at Florence, Strummertowski I think he was called, and the last child is as like him as possible. Mr. Blandford has light hair, and yet she is always asking people if the infant 'is not sweetly like its papa, the very image of his father?'—and then she takes off its cap, and tells you it was born with all that black head of hair full grown—on the same plan, I suppose, that the children of Greenwich pensioners are so like their papas, that they very often come into the world with wooden legs."

"Really we are shocking, my dear Clementina," replied her neighbour; "how scandalous we are getting! it's really too bad—I am so afraid any one should overhear what we say."

"I don't care a bit if they do," rejoined the hardened Miss Clementina. "I must call Mr. George Grainger here, and send him to call at Mrs. Blandford's, to make the little boy go through his catechism: it is the best fun in the world. The little animal, at my last visit, answered all the questions wrong one after another, till poor Mrs. Blandford got quite in a red rage.—'How old are you, my dear?'—Answer. 'John James Amelius Blandford.'—Question. 'What is your name, my little love?'—Answer. 'Two years old;'—and so we went on at cross-purposes, till I thought it better to take the next eldest, and try him. Accordingly he brought me his grammar with great pomp, and I began:—'How many parts of speech are there, Georgie?'—'Ten.'—'Good boy! and what are their names?'—'A, E, I, O, U, and sometimes Y.'—In short the learned pig Toby would have passed a much more creditable examination. Mrs. Blandford, almost in despair, at last brought out with an air of exultation her eldest child of all, a pretty little girl enough, who was to be examined in nothing less than the church catechism. She answered rightly the two first questions—'What is your name?' and 'Who gave you that name?' but when I got to the third—'What did your godfathers and godmothers then for you?' she answered most originally, and with

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with great naïveté—'They gave me a great big silver goblet, with a cover and stand and all; but ma' always keeps it locked up in the plate chest upstairs, 'cause she says it's too good to be used.'"

While Miss Clementina was thus amiably amusing herself and her friend with her description of her morning's visit, her sister, Miss Barbara, was entertainingly enough placed between old Sir Tunbelly Tosspot and an octogenarian French Comte Somebody, who kept up the conversation, while both the old gentlemen occasionally appealed to her for her opinion. Grainger approached the back of her chair, and leaning over, whispered in her ear—

"Mais vous êtes comme Susanne ici, entre vos deux veillards."

"Ne parlez pas de la chasteté," was the laconic but emphatic reply of Miss Barbara.

"Aussi belle que modeste, je voulais dire, mademoiselle," retorted Grainger; and he thought of the Kilkenny cat and the Sybil's cave, as he walked away to join the lady of the house, and a congregation of listeners round some one who was recounting her dreams in another part of the room.

As soon as the fair tale-teller had finished recounting her vision of the yesternight, Lady Broadwell herself, who still retained among the most remarkable and best preserved features of her some-

what passé beauty, the most regular and pearl-like teeth, to which perhaps her pardonable vanity wished to call the attention of her hearers, recited the following dream:

"Oh, my dear Lady Belmore, do you know last night I was sound asleep, and tout-à-coup I fancied I was changed into the most horribly ugly wretch of a woman in the world. All my features were completely altered. I dreamt I had a thick pair of black bushy whiskers curling round my upper lip, and when I put my finger to my mouth to see if my fancy did not deceive me, all my beautiful teeth were gone!"

"Good gracious!" exclaimed the whole circle of listeners.

"Are you sure it was your mouth?" said George Grainger quietly, as he came up just apropòs to the termination of the vision.

"Oh, Mr. Grainger!" said Lady Broadwell—"Oh, Mr. Grainger!" said half a dozen voices at once—"you must tell us your dream—of last night, par exemple—what did you dream about last night?"

"I fear my dreams are very dry in general," replied Grainger; "and as such they cannot, I am sure, be interesting to so many ladies."

"Come, Mr. Grainger," said the rosy-faced, sparkling-eyed Bishop of Hornçhester, "tell us your dream."

"Since you wish it, my lord," replied Grainger, "I will certainly comply; but I don't know whether my dream will make all the company laugh. I certainly did dream the other night that I found myself locked up with a vast number of other people in a large, low, vaulted, and dark room, which was not exactly a prison, but had rather the air of the lock-up room under an assize court, where the criminals are kept during the progress of the trials, awaiting their turn to be sent up next into court. There was a dismal clanking of chains as the prisoners paced up and down; and there were sentries posted at intervals among them, or rather a sort of constables to keep order. One bore a trumpet, and I supposed played upon it before the judges on their going to and returning from court; the other had a drawn sword, and was, I suppose, one of the fuglemen; he also carried one of those long peeled rods, on the end of which they hand notes about in Westminster Hall, and I saw him hand one up to the judge through the grating. Most of the crowd, however, were pressing and hustling round a stone staircase, which seemed to lead up into the court above, as if they were expecting some one to make his appearance who had gone up to be tried. Presently the door opened, the chains clanked, the crowd pressed closer—a venerable figure, in a bishop's

full dress, with lawn sleeves, scarf, and cassock—I thought he resembled you, my lord—stood at the top of the stairs. As he descended slowly, with a solemn step, he raised his right hand to his wig, and lifting it high in the hair, waved it three times exultingly round his head, and called out to the people,—'Hurrah, my boys! making love to the women goes for nothing!'"

The Bishop of Hornchester pretended to be angry, Lady Broadwell to blush, Mrs. Scraggs not to understand it; and amid all their horror Grainger drove home, and received an invitation to dine at the Bishop's, to go to Lady Broadwell's opera-box, and to Mrs. Scraggs's concert—all the following day.

CHAPTER XIX.

George Grainger was one of those happy men who are allowed by universal consent to be privileged persons, and are accordingly authorized to do pretty nearly whatever they like. One reason why such people enjoy so much licence unmolested is, that they are observant never to abuse it, and always take care not to take liberties, and to know exactly how far they may go. His amiable disposition, his elegant manners, the neatness of his attire, the readiness of his wit, afforded him a general letter of recommendation among whatever circle he was thrown, whether of men or women. He had been educated originally, as we have seen, with a view to following the bar as a profession: he had learnt, however, as he himself confessed, almost nothing of the law, although certain bailiffs in the vicinity of Chancery Lane asserted that he knew too much of it. This, however, did not in the least make any difference in the welcome universally accorded him.

To have been occasionally arrested would with any other man have been almost a ruinous offence in society; but with George Grainger it counted for nothing, because he was a privileged man.

He was remarkably apt with his pencil, and occasionally severely so; for he particularly excelled in caricature, and most of the likenesses that he hit off for his different friends were in burlesque—but nobody minded being caricatured by Grainger, because he was a privileged man. He gambled frequently, and sometimes to a very large amount in private play: this would not have been permitted to another man, who was known to be equally limited in his means with George Grainger—for he sometimes had more than his year's income on the hazard of a single throw; if he won, well and good—he pocketed the money; and if he lost, his friends only hoped that he would pay one day when he was richer—but then Grainger was a privileged man.

With his tradesmen even he obtained longer and deeper credit than any other man with similarly small resources, and he was never dunned; for it was a recommendation to a waistcoat or trowsers' pattern that he had worn it, because it was sure to look well upon him—and besides, he was a privileged man. He was invited, and welcome every-

where, and yet nobody ever expected him to take the trouble of calling, or of answering a note, or of accepting an invitation that was disagreeable to him —because he was known on all hands to be a privileged man.

Grainger in short had a sort of universal talent: —he sung well, and wrote pretty verses in the women's albums; he rode well, and had won two steeple-chases; he danced well, and knew the mazurka—when a cotillon was danced he always led it—and he was allowed all the world over to dance in boots—because nobody had such beautifully made boots as George Grainger, and besides he was a privileged man.

Nothing is a stronger proof of the general esteem and confidence enjoyed by Grainger, than the fact of his being written to, even by an old Tory peer like Lord Furstenroy, to desire him to see that every thing was properly prepared for his reception at his house in Piccadilly, on the ensuing Tuesday. Notwithstanding the fact of Lord Arthur Mullingham being an older friend of the family, and even a sort of blood connexion, and moreover a Tory,—a great recommendation to Lord Furstenroy, even for a trifling commission of this kind,—and, notwithstanding his being known to be on the spot in London, it was George Grainger who was requested

to be at the house to await their arrival on the evening of Tuesday, and who was entrusted with the supervision of all the necessary arrangements for their reception after their long stay en province. It is not by the way at all impossible that Lady Emily was at the bottom of her father's choice, and that it would by no means be an unpleasant thing to her, to find George Grainger's hand ready to assist her out of her carriage on first arriving in London.

The principal reason for Lord Furstenroy accelerating his return to town, for it was still very early in the season, and the house had scarcely opened its sittings, was the approaching election in the county bordering on his own, and in which also he had very considerable estates. He could ill brook the idea of this election being carried by the parvenu son of a button-maker, without an effort on the part of the Tories to stand a contest, and on the same ground too, which only a few years back they used to consider peculiarly their own. He had partially embroiled himself with the Carlton Club also on this question, (and in the Carlton Club were concentrated all his ideas of what was most dignified and most patriotic in the country,) by half engaging that his eldest son, Lord Fletcher, should come forward on the Conservative interest; depending too much, as

it appeared in the sequel, on the compliance of that young man's independent spirit.

Lord Fletcher's refusal arrived too late to start another candidate in the field, and the consequence was, a feeling of exasperation on the part of Lord Furstenroy towards his son which promised not lightly to be extinguished. He was more particularly enraged at one passage in Lord Fletcher's letter, in which, fearing to dwell too much upon his radical politics, he alleged his present devotion to the study of music as a reason for not wishing to engage in the active war of politics. His expressions ran as follows:

"You will perhaps, my dear father, think with Lord Chesterfield, that the pursuit I am engaged in is unmanly, even as a recreation, and unworthy of a gentleman's serious attention. I am sorry I cannot agree with you; and though I am not quite so bad as Nero, who played the fiddle while Rome was on fire, I must say I infinitely prefer that amusement to mixing myself up in the political conflagration which at present seems raging in England. I am not inclined myself to look so lightly on the musical science as is the fashion to do. I am convinced that to rise to eminence as a performer requires not only great physical qualifications, but

also a commanding force of intellect; and I look upon the leader of an orchestra as holding the second place only to the general of an army. It is easy for talents of an ordinary stamp to attain to a moderate degree of proficiency; but to become a concerto player or a leader of a band requires a really master mind. I can compare the quickness and precision with which a first violin marks the time, and manages to keep together the trebles, the trombones, the double basses, and the flageolets, to nothing but the acuteness of a commander-in-chief, in keeping his eye at once on the operations of the cavalry, the squares of infantry, and the discharges of artillery; and a Mori, allowing for the difference of their original position and professional pursuits, appears to me as great a man in his way as a Wellington."

"Abominable trifling!—disgraceful nonsense—disagreeable to the family—leave the country immediately"—muttered Lord Furstenroy indignantly to himself, as he read and re-read the above extraordinary sentiment.—"Head gone—brain turned—quite lost—always weak as a child—poor Fletcher! —not like his younger brother—Dick would not have done so—have him home—put him under the care of the doctors"—was the next view of the subject taken by the irritated governor; and his

third impulse was, to order the carriage to be prepared, and his trunks to be packed up, that he might be spared the mortification of remaining in the country almost within ear-shot of the triumphant shouts of his radical opponent's voters.

No name in the county of Northamptonshire was more widely or more justly respected than the old title of Furstenroy. The rooks in the avenue had built their nests in undisturbed possession under the same proprietors for more than three hundred years; but now, as the old earl remarked that sundry of the most ancient elms in that very avenue began to totter to their fall, and observed in the park many an old oak had ceased to sprout out as the spring returned, and many a thorn—those most distinguishing features of a park's antiquity—had been marked by the woodman, as only fit to be cut down for firewood, he sighed as he said to himself,

"Those trees are emblematic of the fate, not of my house alone, but of my order. As the grandeur of my family rose, they sprung—as my ancestors were in their glory, they also flourished—and to-day, when I am about to depart, and these estates must pass into the possession of an unworthy successor, and the whole land is convulsed with threatened overthrow—they fade, and rot, and die."

It was one of the early days of February, and

the setting sun about five o'clock threw his slanting beams athwart the long and solemn avenue, and the long shadows of the old elms checquered the path on which Lord Furstenroy paced up and down moodily, accompanied by his two daughters. On the left was a fallow field by the side of a copse, and beneath the holly-hedge they could plainly distinguish whole troops of stately pheasants feeding, and strutting proudly about with their dames, for, though the end of the season, they had been but little molested; and many a solitary hare, as the party advanced in their walk, was seen escaping from the furze which bordered the avenue, and scudding up the long furrows homeward to some distant field. To the right extended the portion of the park apportioned to the deer, who were permitted to range up to the very windows of the house, and many of them had learnt to feed out of the hand. They snuffed the air, at the sight of the promenaders, tossed up their heads, and bounded away on the wings of the wind. Behind them stood the old house itself, built in the best manorial style of the Tudors, and dating from the reign of Queen Elizabeth; and as they met an occasional peasant returning home from his work with his pipe in his mouth, or a school-girl who had been educated under the special patronage and protection of the

Ladies Bazancourt, or a young 'prentice even from the neighbouring village, who was suspected of doing a bit of poaching occasionally on his lordship's estates, and a little love-making in his lordship's kitchen,—there were civil words, and kind inquiries for all and each of them; and even the manner in which the hat was taken from the head, indicated the kind of respect which was universally felt for the good old earl and his family.

"I regret much," said Lord Furstenroy, breaking at length the silence,—"having to leave this beautiful and quiet spot, just as the loveliness of spring approaches, in order to go up to London, and mingle in the political intrigues which nobody hates more cordially than myself.—Hard fate—unhappy responsibility!—called upon by my sense of duty—must do it—country in a deplorable state without it—conscientious motives—conservative measures"—and so his sentence died away, as most that he uttered habitually did, into broken and disjointed fragments.

The Ladies Emily and Fanny Bazancourt did not, however, experience the same reluctance which was evinced by their worthy papa, at the prospect of exchanging the solitude of Newnham for the gaiety of the London season, and the rough fur

cloaks, in which they were then enveloped, for one of Maradan Carson's dresses.

Lady Emily thought it probable that her future husband, the Comte de Carbonnelle, would soon be in England; and at all events, there would be George Grainger to flirt with, pour passer le temps; —and Lady Frances pictured gladly to herself the fun she should have at some of the Princess Loto's parties, and in hearing all Lady Broadwell's new stories, a mode of spending her time which she liked much better than hay-making, or scolding the village-boys for spinning cockchafers.

CHAPTER XX.

It has been pretended that there are only two classes of people in the world—knaves and fools—the sharpers and the dupes. Dr. Darwin says, that "the great law of nature is, to eat or to be eaten," and certainly to those who go to look at a drop of water through the solar microscope, or lounge through Tattersall's on settling day, or walk over the Royal Exchange after a contract for a new loan, there will seem very great plausibility in the assertion. In this case it is as well to make up one's mind whether to be devoured ourselves, or to become the cannibals of others—perhaps a good man might prefer suffering with the dupe, and a wise man would choose practising with the sharper.

Our friend, George Grainger, although certainly we must not call him a "sharp," would still less be ranked among the "flats;" and he at any rate showed himself to be no fool in resolving, on the strength of the encouragement he had received, to

play a bold game for the smiles of Lady Emily. He had not forgotten a hint once given him by Lord Arthur Mullingham, in their conversation in the hôtel at Fondi, of an imagined preference, of which he thought he had seen indications, on the part of Lady Emily towards him. He recollected their last interview, in which his vanity had been rather piqued by the marked readiness with which she had received the attentions of the Comte de Carbonelle. And then the letter, on the present occasion, from the old earl himself, selecting him as the person who was best fitted to be entrusted with all the necessary orders for the return of himself and daughters to London, appeared symptomatic of a leaning in his favour, even on the part of that very important ally in his projected schemes—the paternal authority. Grainger, accordingly, with due prudence, took all possible pains to omit nothing in making his preparations for the arrival of the party. He himself spoke with the housekeeper about the opening of windows, the sweeping of rooms, and the airing of beds. He undertook, as his own special department, the ordering of the dinners—a task for which he was peculiarly fitted—and had the oysters just opened, and the soup just ready, and the champaigne already plunged in ice, at the moment of the arrival of the carriage.

As soon as the first greetings were over, and the ladies had made their toilet, and returned into the drawing-room, Grainger had time and opportunity to reconnoitre, and observe what changes, if any, had taken place since the period of their last meeting at Paris. The circumstance of her having been disappointed in her marriage engagement, an event which, by the chagrin it causes, and by the ill effect it produces on the health, makes often the most fearful ravages in beauty within an incredibly short space of time, had by no means caused so disastrous an effect upon the attractive features of Lady Emily. If altered at all, she was decidedly embellie, and improved. Her air had become more womanly—her gait more decided—her proportions more round—her movements more graceful and flowing: yet still there was a difference—and it was this—for Grainger had afterwards far better opportunities of remarking it in large societies, and in mixed company, than in the small circle assembled round their own fire-side—she had become more of a coquette than formerly; she appeared even to be in some danger of degenerating into the mere heartless flirt. There was a reckless wild wandering in the expression of her eye, which ought not to have been there—and a universal challenging of something more than admiration, which in a young girl is seldom to be seen, and which

seems indicative of a sort of cela ni est égal feeling au fond. Yet who shall dare to blame Lady Emily, if she now appeared full of levity to all, yet personally indifferent to the addresses of each—if there was a general smile upon her lip, to which her heart did not respond, and a fire in her eye, while her feelings and affections beneath the surface remained cold as the winter's ice? Who shall dare to cast the first stone? If she believed no longer in men, it was because a man had deceived her. If she trifled with their feelings, and coquetted with their hearts, it was because she had been taught to believe by her own individual experience that men had neither hearts nor feelings. *Once* she had loved —and she had poured forth the whole hoarded treasures of her affection on the altar of her earliest idol. Lord Clanelly had been to her all that love's fondest dream pictures to the fancy of his most visionary worshippers. She had felt the barbarity of his desertion exactly in proportion as she had herself infused the reserve of delicacy, and the most considerate regard, into the violence of her own passion. Had she listened to Lord Clanelly's pressing solicitations for an immediate marriage at the first, the ceremony would long ago have been solemnized, and her hand given and accepted, before the period arrived at which he had so basely renounced her.

She now thanked God that she had not been his—that, by her delay of a few months, she had given herself time to see the légèreté, and unworthiness of his character—that she had saved herself from a worse desertion than the present, an abandonment after the celebration of the once-desired nuptials—or, more dreadful still, a persecution such as that to which his present unfortunate wife was hourly exposed. Yes! Lady Emily had once really loved Clanelly—really, and deeply, and passionately loved him. If at any future occasion we should find her married to a man she does not love—if we should see her, under the pressure of strongly conducive circumstances, submitting her destinies to the control of one who is not the master of her affections—ought we to be extreme to mark what is done amiss? Can a woman love twice? Is her heart any longer her own to bestow, when once it has been thrown away? Alas! that love should be one thing, and matrimony another! Alas! that these occurrences are so common in the world that they excite no remark, and can scarcely claim the tribute of a sigh for the sufferers!

Often Lady Frances would expostulate with her sister on the extent to which she suffered her daily flirtations with George Grainger to reach; but Lady Emily knew that her sister was herself

partial to Grainger, and attributed her interference to a secret feeling of jealousy. She was aware, also, of Lord Clanelly's being in London; and, if only for the sake of piquing him, if possible, she always took care to have her box at the opera crowded with young men, among whom, Grainger took ever the most prominent place. She had recently seen again her brother Richard during his Christmas holidays, and never forgetful of the great injury she had received, she had made him repeat to her again, the vow of revenge which he had formerly made at Paris: and she could depend upon her brother Richard, for his character was one of no ordinary mark or likelihood.

As soon as Lord Furstenroy had finished his reconciliation with the Carlton club, paid up his subscription, taken his seat in the House of Lords, and given his proxy, in case of absence, to the Duke of Wellington, he sent for his old counsellor, Mr. Snuffles, of Lincoln's Inn, into his library, and determined to consult with him upon some plan by which he might be prevented being exposed to, what he should consider, the irreparable insult of being met in the same room, or passed on the same side of the street, by Lord Clanelly. With much snorting and puffing, Mr. Snuffles resorted at the hour appointed to the rendezvous, and Lord Furstenroy

opened the case, with which he wished to charge him, as follows:

"Mr. Snuffles, my good sir, you will remember probably the circumstances attending the marriage, which was formerly contemplated between my eldest daughter and the Earl of Clanelly, and the conduct of Lord Clanelly in respect of that engagement, dishonourable behaviour—unprincipled young man—disrespect of my family:—confidence in your professional experience—knowledge of the world—valuable advice—influential opinion."

"I perfectly recollect, my lord," replied Mr. Snuffles, who had, as usual, put his legs much too far into his trowsers, and wore, attached to the latter, a pair of exceedingly long black leather straps, together with shoes and worsted stockings, without gaiters; "I perfectly recollect, my lord, the conduct of Lord Clanelly on the occasion of my trip to Paris last winter. It was most flagitiously atrocious, and most abandonedly profligate; that is a point which is most incontestably indisputable, and most incontrovertibly undeniable; so far, at least, as it appears to me. If your lordship pleases, however, I can take counsel's opinion upon that point."

"I am perfectly satisfied with your opinion, Mr. Snuffles,—excellent advice—large practice—better branch of the profession than the bar—want you to

have an interview for me with Lord Clanelly—no dependance on his character—light as a butterfly—shallow boy—abominable dereliction !"

"He has, indeed, done himself an injury in the eyes of the world," proceeded Mr. Snuffles, "which is irremediably irreparable, and irredeemably incurable. Your lordship has only to communicate to me your wishes, and they shall be considered most religiously confidential, and most uncommunicably private."

"You are an excellent counsellor, Mr. Snuffles—sound lawyer—long experience—courts of Westminster—criminal, equity, and nisi prius—but this is a private communication of a peculiar nature. My eldest boy at Paris,—rather weak too, I fear, in his upper story—between ourselves—go no further—sorry to say it—Jacobins and fiddling—then Richard, my second boy—too young to fight—still at school—fight by and bye—I am too old; or I'd have him out in this room as soon as look at him—nefarious insolence—inconceivable treachery. Well, Mr. Snuffles, I want you to give him a message from me, merely to request him, on all occasions, to take as much pains to avoid meeting me, as I shall to avoid meeting him, so long as we both stay in London; because, such meeting would be sure to be very unpleasant to both of us—cross the street—leave

the room—decline invitations—absent from parliament—avert my head—avoid him every where—do you understand me, Mr. Snuffles?"

"My lord, such meeting must be sooner or later indispensably unavoidable, and necessarily inevitable; my efforts, however, shall be unremittingly diligent, and unceasingly active to prevent it. I will see Lord Clanelly this very day, and cannot doubt but that his views will be similarly parallel, and correspondingly concurrent. I have the honour, my lord, to wish you good morning:" and so saying, Mr. Snuffles went to execute his commission,—and returned afterwards to inform Lord Furstenroy, much to the relief of himself and his daughter, Lady Emily, that he had seen Lord Clanelly himself in person, that he had informed him of the fact, with which he had not been previously acquainted, of Lord Furstenroy and his family's arrival in London; that Lord Clanelly had assured him he went out very little, and scarcely at all into society, on account of the ill health of his lady; that he was shortly about to return to the continent, and, in the meantime, would do every thing that delicacy might dictate to spare the feelings of Lord Furstenroy and his daughter, and to avoid being thrown unnecessarily in their path.

CHAPTER XXI.

The ways of Providence are inscrutable. It was not written in the book of destiny that Jeannette Isabelle was yet to die. Notwithstanding her aim at self-destruction, (and since the attempt which had proved so nearly fatal, she had many times repeated her endeavours in various modes; but the strictness of the watch kept upon her, had successfully endeavoured to prevent her succeeding in the rashness of her wish,) notwithstanding also the obstinacy with which she had refused the nourishment afforded her, taking only so little as was actually forced upon her, and seemed barely sufficient to keep soul and body together—notwithstanding all this, her general health had gradually continued to improve. At the intervals between the visits of her husband, her spirits even had appeared lighter and less gloomy than they had for a long time invariably been. All she wanted in life was something to love and live for. Hers was a heart which felt more strongly than others the neces-

sity of this. There was in her nature such a fund and capacity for loving—such an aching void—such a dreary waste—such a fond desire—such a sense of something to be one day found, such a longing for an appui to lean upon, of which now she began to feel an assurance and a consciousness that she should yet one day become possessed. No one had ever yet loved her in the sense in which she understood love. No one had ever inspired her with the fulness of trust, of admiration, of tenderness, of which she felt herself susceptible. The feeling she had entertained in the beginning for Clanelly had been something distantly related to this—but it was not in its intensity—and, above all, it was not responded to by him; and love, beyond all others, is a game which cannot long be played single-handed. Had his treatment of her been other than what it was, it is probable that her affection for him might have warmed and widened into all that her nature was capable of pouring out upon its idol; but the instant she became aware of his character, her fondness, like the sensitive plant, had felt its delicacy wounded, and the fineness of its texture invaded by too rough a touch, and it had withered up and contracted within itself, shrinking and receding with instinctive antipathy from the coarse approaches made to it, till now at last nothing remained but

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positive disgust, and general distrust, and an all-pervading feeling of despair.

For a long time, as has been seen, this gloom and despondence hung like a cloud over the soul of Lady Clanelly. Her hopes were broken—her heart was sick. The wand of the enchanter had been snapt in twain—love had vanished from the scene—and the world was barren, and existence itself unlovely. While in this mood the tomb had seemed to her like a shelter, like a haven from the fluctuating storms of life, on which she felt herself tossed about without rudder or compass, without the power of directing her own actions, or controlling her own fate. She had sighed for rest, for repose from agitation; for a retreat from the lacerations of the heart—and if death were to her an eternal sleep, she only longed the more for a pillow of the green grass turf, to lay her head thereon, and slumber tranquilly.

Recently, however, it had been observed by the domestic who chiefly attended her, as well as by her medical adviser, a change had come over Lady Clanelly's mind. The prospect, without any apparent reason, seemed to have brightened before her; she was resigned and almost occasionally cheerful. Sometimes a strange hysterical sort of attack would come over her, she would laugh wildly, and then weep, and then throwing herself on the bed would

cover her face with her hands, as if lost in meditation. Suddenly starting up she would say, half aloud, half to herself, "What a childish fool I am! what an exposure I have been making of myself! but this confinement is too much for me; I am overcome by it; I hardly know what I do or say." Nevertheless, she certainly appeared to be better reconciled to life; her spirits were incontestably better, her appetite stronger, her pulse less nervous, and her manner even comparatively buoyant, and full of animation and hope. What could be the reason of this? The fact was, that there had sprung up within Jeannette Isabelle, of late, a new source of confidence, a new object to which to attach her hopes and her visions for the future. She did not now live only and exclusively for herself; she had, as if by a miracle, become enceinte. Loathsome and odious to her as had been the visits of her lord, this consoling and compensating result had at all events emanated from them; and building on it, as she did, airy castles for the future, and making it the secret source to herself of far greater trust and confidence in the brightness of her own destinies, than she had yet enjoyed, she still most anxiously and carefully concealed the fact from the knowledge of her lord; and fearing a still greater severity of confinement, and unremittingly bent upon her projects of escape,

she trusted, that by some means or other, her friend would come to her deliverance before the secret of her situation should become divulged. Surrounded, however, as she constantly was by medical attendance and officious menials, she could not long hope to preserve from her husband the knowledge of the truth, and she gazed more anxiously than ever from the window to see, like sister Irene, whether there was any body coming.

If Jeannette Isabelle should be blamed by some persons for her resolution to fly; if they may think, that independently of the injustice to her lord, she was doing an injury to the child itself which should be born, by thus concealing from it its birth, affixing to it, perhaps, the unmerited stigma of illegitimacy, and depriving it of the privilege of inheriting those estates, to which it might be born the lawful and proper heir; if this may appear just reasoning to some, let us beg of them to suspend their judgment; it is in the first place, by no means evident, that such will be the course adopted by her; in the next place, in the sudden resolutions, in the trepidation, in the excitement, in the nervousness of a woman's mind, we must ever see more room for allowances to be made, for excuses to be granted, for indulgence, and for an extension of kindness, than for the harsh and dry survey which reason might dictate of her principles of action. Women do

not act from reason, or from principle, they are the creatures of caprice and of impulse. The greater the solidity and reasonableness of character, so much more, perhaps, there will be of the heroine: but so much the less of the woman. We question even if the heroic actions of women have often sprung from more than impulse; there may be a Clælia, or a Lucretia, but where are the Brutus and Cassius of the sex? where is the train of systematic action resulting from philosophical deliberation? at any rate, such women would not be those that we should seek for wives; we should never fall in love with Cato himself in petticoats.

One afternoon Lord Clanelly had invaded, as usual, the apartment of his wife, of which he never permitted her the means of securing the door on the interior, yet ever preserved to himself the power and instrument of admittance from without, and having motioned the domestic to withdraw, they were left alone. Clanelly offered to take his wife's hand in his own, and lead her to the lattice; but she declined his proffered assistance, and remained seated tranquilly, as usual, at the table.

"Jeannette," said he, "I am happy to hear from Dr. Macbolus, that your health, and even your spirits, are improving. I hope before long that we shall become once more so united, that we shall go

out again together. I long to present you to my friends. At the court of St. James's, where you are entitled to bear away the bell, you have not even yet been introduced; and yet the tribute of admiration to you there will not be less than formerly at the Tuilleries, or at your own little court at Naples."

"I care not for admiration, Clanelly; and I can easily conceive that your vanity in leading me into the society of your acquaintance, would be much more flattered than mine. To me, love is sweeter than admiration; and as I never should desire to dress, to display accomplishments, or to unveil my beauty for the ears or eyes of any other than the man I loved, not having found that man, society to me has lost its charm, company is without attractions, or a motive to exert myself to please; the world is to me a desert, and I will go no where."

"Jeannette! my dearest wife," said Clanelly, "do you doubt then that I still love and adore you? will you not believe me, when I assure you that I never felt more warmly, more fondly, more devotedly yours, than at this present moment; will you refuse me, when I assure you that my heart beats exclusively for you, that to me all the world besides are nothing, and my whole thoughts, wishes, hopes, are concentrated in this little room?"

"Clanelly," said our heroine, rising with dignity,

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and motioning him sternly to depart, "Clanelly, leave me!—I would be alone. Is it not enough that you should first have espoused me at the sacrifice of your own honour pledged to another, and so linked me with a name which you had already disgraced and stained? Is it not enough that you should have kept near me, even in Naples, and nearly before my eyes, the partner of your brutal pleasures, whom you had already rendered notorious as yours, by appearing with her in your own carriages in the public streets of London? Is it not enough to have done all this, that you now must come and add insult and mockery to your other offences, and make me ridiculous in my own eyes, by showing me what a fool, and gull, and dupe, you take me for; by assuring me with such effrontery that you love me, and that you love nobody else but me,—leave me, instantly, I desire it."

Clanelly left the room; he knew not why, he obeyed mechanically, there was something so commanding in her attitude and in her voice. He had been startled too, and taken by surprise; he had no idea that she was acquainted with the fact of his previous engagement with Lady Emily Bazancourt, or of his having had a mistress with him in Italy; he thought he had watched her too closely for this. He was not privy to the conversation overheard in the hôtel at Fondi.

That very afternoon, and luckily just after her husband had left her, and before the return of the maid, the ear of Lady Clanelly was suddenly arrested by the sound of a harp in the street below,—she was struck, for it was accompanied by a voice which she seemed to know. Presently the air changed, and the well-known notes of "Sans Espérance," the old tune in L'Éclair, floated upward to her window; she started up, and ran to the window; she saw nothing but an Italian musician, with a harp, and attended by a large dog; the instant, however, she appeared at her window, the tune was again changed, and she listened with astonishment and delight to the old ballad of Panseron,—

> "Vous demandez pourquoi je pleure,
> Et vous savez qu'il est parti."

the song which used to be sung to her by Pisatelli at Naples; she had no sooner time to divert her attention for a moment from the music, than she perceived that the dog was Carlo, the man then must be Pisatelli, and some how or other, by some connection between the two, to a knowledge of which she had not yet arrived, perhaps their marriage, the Princess de Collini must have sent him there for her deliverance. She looked down earnestly and entreatingly, as if to supplicate him to make the

first move, for she dared not speak, nor even call out the name of Carlo to satisfy herself of his identity; she was not, however, kept long in suspense: watching his opportunity when there were few passengers passing in the street, Pisatelli drew from his finger a small gold ring, which he threw up adroitly to the window. Lady Clanelly was fortunate enough to catch it on the first trial, and found engraved on the inside of its circle, where the words could ill be seen, "To-night—at ten—be ready;" she threw out a piece of money to the musician, as in token of having received and read his communication, and the harp ceased, the musician disappeared, and all was quiet before the domestic re-entered the apartment.

CHAPTER XXII.

"Well, Mrs. Blandford, how are all your pretty little children to-day?" asked George Grainger of an exceedingly interesting-looking woman who was sitting alone, and turning over a volume of prints at a party at Lord Landraven's.

"Oh! they are all delightfully well, thank you; why don't you come and see them?"

This was exactly the answer which Grainger wanted and expected;—nothing he would like better than to pay her a visit the very next day. This is the only point which reconciles one to the circumstance of a pretty woman having a quiver-full of children,—the children are always an excuse for visiting the mother; at the expense of an ivory humming-top, or a box of dominoes at each call, one may knock at the door every day for a fortnight; and Mrs. —— remarks to her husband, "it is so kind of So-and-so to take such an interest in little Willie."

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"Any news abroad to-day, sir?" said a regular old Mar-plot, coming up and interrupting the tête-à-tête; "any more reports of a dissolution? do you hear that ministers mean to resign if they lose their majority on the third reading of the bill?—any new railroads projected to-day?—if you want some shares cheap in the Midland Counties' speculation, I can put you up to a grand secret, and a good thing I promise you; I've only let my friends Wellington, and Rosslyn, and Newcastle, and a few more particulars into the secret at present."

Grainger did not at first even look at the stranger, or take the least notice of him, affecting to believe that he was not addressing his remarks to him; but at last, wearied out by the pertinacity of the man, he looked up, and recognized our friend Toe Barlow, of the party on the Bay of Naples. Determined to have his revenge, even at the expense of inflicting perhaps more gêne than amusement on the pretty little Mrs. Blandford, he immediately presented to her his persecutor, (who did not in the least recognize him, and flattered himself he was making a new acquaintance,) introducing him under the name of "Mr. *Toe* Barlow;" and leaving him to his consternation and chagrin, he walked away.

"Well, Grainger, have you heard of the duels?" said the next man that he met; "all four went over to Calais, and they fought on the beach."

"I am quite in the dark," said Grainger.

"Well, I must tell you all about it," replied the other, absolutely delighted at the importance he was acquiring in having a piece of information to convey to a man like Grainger, who was supposed to know everything intuitively before any body else; "well, you know, of course, the Honourable Mrs. Scraggs, and that she has a son in the army."

"I was not acquainted with the latter fact," replied Grainger, quietly.

"Well, there is a son, and a d—d nice fellow he is, I can assure you; we have often got drunk together in barracks at Cork, I can give you my oath of that."

"No occasion whatever, my dear sir, I don't doubt you," replied Grainger; "pray go on."

"Well, there was a young Irish fellow, a man of very good property indeed,—an illegitimate son of Lord Waterton, who christened him O'Higgins *Fitz*-Waterton, after his own name, and allows him a thousand a-year during his own life-time, and means to leave him all his property at his death; he will have at least six thousand a-year then to do what he likes with, I can give you my oath of that."

"How do you know all this?" inquired Grainger.

"Because I heard it from my tailor, who makes for Fitz-Waterton, and knows his property."

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"Very good; but to proceed."

"Well, you must know that Fitz-Waterton had been engaged to one of Scraggs's sisters—I don't know which—but they are all d—d pretty girls, I can give you my oath of that."

"Indeed," said Grainger.

"Yes:—and Fitz-Waterton thought that the mother had tried to hook him in, and so he declared off;—upon which young Scraggs called him out: they went over to Calais, and at the first shot Scraggs wounded Fitz-Waterton in the left hand, which terminated the affair."

"But you mentioned two duels," said Grainger.

"Oh! the other was after the first, and at the same place; it was only between that fool Prince Endymion Loto, who made his second hold a lavender-water bottle for him on the ground, and this same man Fitz-Waterton, who is always fighting, and has got into about a hundred quarrels since I have known him—he is such a d—d fine fellow. Well, he had heard that Loto had made some free remarks about his first fracas with Scraggs, so next time that he met him he said, on purpose to bully him, 'Why, what a curious name yours is, *End*-ymion;—I never heard such an odd name,—why, it begins with the end:'—on which Endymion, with a quickness I should not have expected in him, re-

plied, in allusion to the illegitimate *Fitz* prefixed to the other's surname, 'I think, sir, it would be as well if your name began with the end too.' Well, sir, they fought at Calais, and Fitz-Waterton shot Prince Loto through the body: whether he will die or not they don't know, but hopes are entertained that he will. The accounts are just arrived; the prince has sent over for his dressing-case and some pastiles, and his poor political mother is in despair between the prospect of his death and the sure majority for the Whigs to-morrow night."

"I hope they loaded the pistols with scented gunpowder," said Grainger, as he turned on his heel; for having extracted all the information required from his acquaintance, he did not care to be seen standing with him any longer in the centre of the room; and just at this moment, turning round, he saw the prospect of a more interesting engagement in the entrance of Lord Furstenroy and his two daughters. In a moment he was at the side of Lady Emily, who received him with her most gracious, but at the same time her most coquettish smile; they listened together to the voluptuous strains of the Italian music, as all the first performers of the Opera house combined their efforts to amuse and delight the audience. After the concert succeeded a ball; and as Grainger whirled in the waltz with his beautiful partner, and

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afterwards sat out with her apart during a quadrille, and later still accompanied her to the supper-table and supplied her with ices and champagne, he certainly felt an énivrement and a pleasure in her society which he had never felt in the presence of any woman before,—he began to fancy himself really in love,—commencing in calculation and from design, he had insensibly advanced in his feelings towards Lady Emily, till overcome by his own passion, and bewitched by her coquetteries, he had but barely presence of mind to prevent his ruining all by making to her that evening a premature avowal of his attachment.

The house of Lord Landraven—who was, in truth, a sort of Mecænas or Lucullus in his way, and who had ornamented and beautified his mansion with all that taste could suggest or art execute of elegant or rich—was situated out of London, and at the distance of about seven or eight miles from the outskirts of the great city. Lord Furstenroy and his daughters had been promised, together with several of the most distinguished visitors, the accommodation of beds in the house, and were to return to town the following morning. George Grainger, being a privileged man, was invited to the same favour, which he thankfully accepted. On retiring, however, to bed after the party was broken up, he unheedingly en-

tered the chamber on the side of his own, thinking it was the room which had been already indicated to him, and naturally enough deceived by the similarity of the doors, and the equal dimensions and corresponding furniture of the apartment. Without paying any particular regard to the room, therefore, and fully occupied with one subject—the thought of Lady Emily—he hastily flung off his dress, which he hung up in the armoire, and drawing the curtains closely round him, was presently ensconced in bed, and had extinguished the light.

He was not yet asleep, and probably, in his frame of mind, it would have been long ere slumber came to him, when to his utter confusion and inexpressible surprise, the door of the room opened, and Lady Emily entered. At first, the thought of having mistaken the room did not occur to him, and he was petrified and aghast at what he saw; but as he remained motionless in the bed, trembling as he breathed even, for fear he should be discovered, he recollected that he very possibly might have taken Lady Emily's room by mistake, and this did not at all relieve him of his difficulty. She had in fact, since the close of the party, been sitting with Lady Frances in her room, as is young ladies' wont and will to do before retiring to rest, talking over the events of the night, and especially dwelling on the exceed-

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ing agreeableness and earnest attentions of George Grainger.

Having chatted out her chat, Lady Emily had ascended to her own room, and by this delay had unfortunatély given Grainger time to complete his night-toilet, and get snugly into bed, for George always said very short prayers. He now lay perfectly still, determined at any rate to make his observations at first before he should resolve how to act.

The first thing Lady Emily did was to approach a pier-glass at the end of the room, and survey herself from top to toe; she then took the other glass to the pier-glass, and admired the back part of her dress and coiffure, as she had previously done the front. She then changed the mode of wearing the hair, arranged some pins differently in her dress, let down her ringlets and fastened them up again, and played so many evolutions before the mirror, that the patience of poor George Grainger began to be fairly exhausted. He was compensated, however, for this, by seeing her draw from her bosom a flower he had given her in the course of the evening at the supper-table; and he fancied, before she placed it in water, that she pressed it to her lips: at any rate, a deep and audible sigh escaped her, twice repeated, and Grainger could scarcely restrain an exclamation

of delight at this unequivocal testimony that he was not to her entirely an object of indifference.

The work of destruction, when once begun, progresses rapidly. Lady Emily having now finally arranged her hair for the night, placed her gown carefully upon the back of a chair, and commenced the somewhat arduous task of unlacing her stays. We have seen the charming Mrs. Yates, in Victorine, go as far as this upon the stage;—further, however, even on paper, we dare not go: suffice it to say, that Grainger if amorous before, could now with difficulty contain himself. Nothing was artificial about Lady Emily: how few women there are who would increase the passion of their lovers by being seen at their toilet!—but, as one by one the garments of Lady Emily were withdrawn, as his gaze fell upon the beautiful tournure of her neck, and throat, and arms, and saw the soft silken stocking gently stripped from the swelling, and white, and exquisitely moulded leg, Grainger became almost mad:—he dared not risk letting her proceed further—should she extinguish the light, and seek the very bed in which he was hidden, what might be the consequence!—and yet how could he resist the temptation?—and above all, how was he to reveal himself?

Nature and chance, which is often our best friend, came to extricate him from his dilemma. A

roughness in his throat caused him to cough involuntarily. Lady Emily shrieked with terror. She was now in her dressing-gown; she seized the bougie, and rapidly flew to the door—she descended the stairs—she called for assistance—she rang her sister's bell:—in short, she roused the house. Presently a whole posse comitatûs of maids entered the room, explained to Grainger the mistake of which he had unconsciously been guilty, carried off all the jewels, clothes, and ornaments of Lady Emily, and deposited them in the next room, originally intended for Grainger, where she was now destined to pass the rest of the night.

Not more terrific, nor more loud,
The clamour of the Bromian crowd,
When Pentheus, as old tales recount,
Lay hid on gray Cithæron's mount,
And sought—rash mortal—to discover
What ladies do when half seas over.

The next morning, when Grainger rose and rung for his servant, he was informed that the party of Lord Furstenroy had already started for London at an early hour. One thing he remarked, which was, that the rose-bud which he had given Lady Emily, and which he had seen her press to her lips, had been removed from the glass where she had placed it, and was gone: a sprig of myrtle was there

in its place.—Who had done this? He had not been aware of any one entering his room in the morning, and yet it could not have been done in the bustle and hurry of last night.—He was puzzled, and at a loss.

On driving to London the following day, he discovered that Lord Furstenroy and the Ladies Bazancourt were already on their road to Paris; and on meeting Mr. Snuffles, that professional gentleman gave him some very ominous innuendos about their destination, and a letter from the Comte de Carbonnelle, "circumstances," which he himself pronounced to be "most darkly mysterious, and most incomprehensibly unintelligible;" but recommended Grainger to be "tranquilly quiet, and calmly composed upon the subject."

One thing Grainger discovered from his interview with Snuffles, that Lord Furstenroy's departure had been accelerated by the untoward circumstance of his having met Clanelly the preceding evening at Lord Landraven's concert, an event, to a recurrence of which he did not wish to expose himself. He accordingly had ordered his trunks, which had not entirely been unpacked, to be replaced on the carriages, and posted away to Paris, with a view, among other things, to give Lord Fletcher a good lecturing.

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Only one circumstance remains for us to throw a little light upon, before we close this our first volume: we mean the fact of Lord Clanelly having been present at Lord Landraven's party, after the delicate warning, and, indeed, intreaty to the contrary, sent him by the Earl of Furstenroy. Convinced that he might safely go thither, without risking a rencontre; first, from the distance of the house from London; and secondly, from the opposite politics of the two parties—for Lord Landraven was as violent a Whig as Lord Furstenroy was a Tory; and forgetting the fact of their near relationship—stimulated also by the necessity of some distraction to relieve his mind after the unpleasant interview of the morning with his wife, Lord Clanelly had imprudently transgressed the rule he had laid down for himself, of not appearing in society, and had arrived late in the evening at Landraven House. One of the first objects he saw, on entering the outer salon, was the broad, bald forehead of Lord Furstenroy opposite to him, engaged deeply at a rubber of whist: he flattered himself he had not been observed, and immediately retreated down stairs to his carriage; but the quick eye of the old Tory peer had seen him appear and vanish again, and he hated him more than ever for the audacity of the attempt, after the message he had only the

day before conveyed to him through the channel of his lawyer.

Lord Clanelly, in a worse humour than ever, ordered his coachman to drive quickly home; he reached St. James's Square about one o'clock. He found all his servants up and about: the house was in confusion—*Jeannette Isabelle had escaped.*

END OF VOL. I.

C. Whittingham, Tooks Court, Chancery Lane.

[redacted]

JEANNETTE ISABELLE.

JEANNETTE ISABELLE:

A NOVEL

———— " And yet I find
Most vain all hope but love; and *thou* art far,
————! who, when my spirit overflow'd,
Wert like the golden chalice to bright wine,
Which else had sunk into the thirsty dust!"

PROMETHEUS UNBOUND.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

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JOHN RICHARDSON,
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M.DCCC.XXXVII.

C. WHITTINGHAM, TOOKS COURT,
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[redacted]

JEANNETTE ISABELLE.

CHAPTER I.

Not Richard Cœur de Lion, when immured by the treachery of the French monarch on his return from the Crusade, he first caught the sound of his faithful Blondel's harp, and recognized his voice beneath his prison wall—not even that royal captive, amid all the sufferings and privations to which he was exposed, welcomed more gladly the well-known melody, and hailed in it an earnest of his approaching release, than did our unfortunate heroine, when the familiar tones of Pisatelli's song had first struck upon her ear. Her impatience for the arrival of the promised hour of ten increased as the day wore; and though she trembled with apprehension lest her

attendant should perceive any alteration in her demeanour, and dreaded that each moment some unguarded word or action might excite suspicion, or betray her confident expectation of succour, she could not help rising repeatedly from her seat, gazing at intervals from the window, and pacing agitatedly up and down her apartment, in a manner which sufficiently evinced the feverish workings of her mind within.

She embarrassed herself by reflecting on the possible mode in which the assured assistance would be offered:—all means appeared to her so difficult and so precluded, that it seemed as if little short of the power of magic itself would be necessary to open the bolts and bars with which she was environed. She went mechanically through the ordinary operations of the toilet, and the dinner-table, and not without increasing nervousness, and an almost uncontrollable desire to confide to some human soul the secret which seemed too great for her to bear; she regarded from time to time the hands of her watch upon the mantel-piece, as they advanced nearer and nearer to the period appointed for her deliverance. Seven—eight—nine, had successively been counted, as the deep-toned booming note of St. Paul's bell sounded louder and more distinct than usual, borne on the wings of an easterly wind

to the silence and stillness of her chamber. The quarters in like manner passed away—one—two—three—each after the other—and only a few minutes remained before the anxiously expected period should arrive:—on this moment seemed to hang all her future destiny.

She was lost for a few instants in the abyss of thought. On waking from her reverie, she saw the hand of the time-piece standing on the hour of ten:—and at the same moment the door of her chamber was opened by a key from without, and the figure of an elderly gentlewoman entered, who motioned authoritatively to the domestic to withdraw, and was instantly obeyed, as if she were a person who exercised an acknowledged right, and had the recognized power to give what orders or directions she pleased, and to enforce their performance. The lady, however, was dressed in exceedingly plain apparel. The simplest cottage straw-hat was so shaped as to darken with its close shade the features, as well as the locks of gray hair, which peeped out plenteously between the bonnet and the face, which it thus more than half concealed. The colour of her dress approached nearly to that slaty or dove-coloured tint which distinguishes the modest and unassuming tribe of the Quakeresses. There were no flaunting ribbands, no gaudy hues in her attire; but the tout-

ensemble of her appearance presented an air of neatness, and of quiet harmony, which assimilated well with the unaffected simplicity of her deportment, and the unambitious kindness of her address. At her first entrance there was a mutual pause, each of the two ladies involuntarily resting, as it were, for one moment, to take a rapid survey of the other; our heroine, struck by the extraordinary power which seemed to be thus exercised by her who had come to her deliverance, and at a loss to account for it, or to connect her appearance with the name of Pisatelli, and the new arriver literally awed and overcome by the unexpected brilliance of beauty which she saw before her:—a beauty which, much as she had heard of its attractions, exceeded all that imagination had previously conceived, or partiality painted:—a beauty, which, even in its present depression, bowed down with its woes, and a prey to sorrow and despair, shone out still with a lustre undimmed and undiminished.

In general, we do not agree with the sentiment of the poet, who sings,

"That woman's tear is lovelier than her smile,"

nor in the still more forced and unnatural wish expressed by another,

"Give smiles to those that love thee less,
But keep thy tears for me."

In our notion, the appearance of happiness is essential to the perfect and highest developement of beauty—there must be a semblance of repose, with something of the sense of enjoyment impressed on the features, to give the human countenance the sweetest expression of which it is susceptible. Beauty in distress is still doubtless beautiful; but we cannot help thinking that by so much the more there is of distress, so much the less will there be of beauty. Iphigenia or Antigone may touch us by their sufferings, they create an interest by their lamentations—they move our sympathy and pity:—but these emotions of the mind are inconsistent with the absolute and abstract consideration of personal beauty. Milton was aware of this, when he talked of the "smile on Hebe's dimpled cheek," and Homer, also, when he gave to Venus the epithet of laughter-loving, "φιλομμειδὴς Αφροδίτη." For our own part we will let others be swayed or not as they like by the eloquent argument:

> "Ah! too convincing, dangerously dear,
> In woman's eye th' unanswerable tear,"

so long as we are allowed to adopt in preference for the motto of our own choice the

> Dulee ridentem Lalagen amabo
> Dulce loquentem.

On the present occasion, however, as the features of our heroine relaxed from their long-continued expression of suffering and endurance, and seemed to to speak with animation, with gratitude, with hope, and confident expectation, there was, perhaps, a double charm added to her beauty in the transition from grief to joy—something of the δακρυοεν γελασασα, something like the glance of the sunbeam on the dew of the flower, and it was no wonder that her mysterious visitant was for an instant speechless, as she contemplated for the first time, and under such peculiar and trying circumstances, the dazzling loveliness of the figure which stood before her. The position of the two characters might not inaptly be compared to that of Elizabeth and Mary, in that beautiful picture of the Salutation, painted by Raphael, and engraved by Desnoyers, in which the resemblance is made still stronger by the remarkable talent with which the artist has contrived so wonderfully to soften down the swelling roundness of Elizabeth's figure into a superior charm, giving it a twofold attraction, and a peculiar grace. Our benevolent old lady was, nevertheless, the first to recover her self-composure sufficiently to break the silence. She advanced, and took Jeannette Isabelle affectionately by the hand:—"Come, my daughter," she said, "for from henceforth you shall be as a

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daughter to me, who have no child—attire yourself quickly, and let us leave this wicked house. This is no place for one whose countenance is an indication both of the delicacy of your physical construction, and of the susceptibility to suffering of the mind within."

Jeannette kissed in silence, and with a full heart, the hand which was held out to her; and hastened, with all the speed possible, to make such necessary changes in her dress, as were required for her instant departure.

"You have had much to undress here," continued the amiable and gentle-voiced old lady, "your sufferings have been great, and you have been tried in the fire: but the Lord loveth whom he chasteneth, and I rejoice to see that the meekness and resignation of your disposition, and of your philosophy, have enabled you to bear these temporary trials so well. It is but for a little while that we are called upon to labour here in God's vineyard, and when after death we shall receive the wages of our hire, how incomparably small in the balance will appear the little pains and privations to which we may all of us have been exposed in this earthly and transitory state!"

Jeannette Isabelle had too much good sense, as well as too much good feeling, to make any obser-

vation which might appear in the least dissentient to the pious and charitable old lady. She knew that unnecessarily to shock or wound the sentiments of others, in respect of the articles of their religious belief, is one of the most wanton and useless, as well as dangerous experiments, which one person can make upon another. She quietly assented as she hastily tied the strings of her bonnet, and casting a large shawl over her shoulders, declared herself perfectly ready to accompany the good angel of her deliverance whithersoever her steps might conduct. They now advanced speedily together along the corridor, at the end of which they found the door unbolted,—they descended the staircase unmolested and unobserved,—they proceeded through the ample hall,—the street door even was unguarded by the porter, who for some unaccountable reason was absent from his usual post; it was, however, secured by the lock, but our conductress having drawn a key from her muff, applied it to the keyhole—the door turned on its hinge—our heroine precipitately descended the steps, and grasped convulsively the hand of her guide, who hurried her across the square till they arrived at St. James's Street, when she called a coach to convey them onward to the place of their ultimate destination. It was here, during the momentary pause while the coach was drawing

up from the stand, that Jeannette had first time enough to look up to the canopy of heaven above her. She felt the fresh air blow in her face; she beheld the stars in the firmament; she saw the glorious moon rejoicing in her path, and she burst into hysterical tears; the sensation that she was now free overcame her; the recollection of all that she had felt, all that she had suffered, since she had last trod the earth beneath, and looked up to the skies above her, rushed over her memory like a whirlwind, and she staggered as she stood, and would have sunk to the ground, had she not felt herself suddenly encircled and supported by a strong and manly arm; she looked round, shuddering convulsively with apprehension, under the idea that she had been pursued and overtaken, and she beheld the well-known face and heart-cheering smile of Pisatelli. The principessa too, now become the lawful wife of the marchése, was not far off; and many and long would have been the greetings of such old and faithful friends, had not the old lady, who appeared the monitress and the leading character of the party, compelled them all to enter the carriage which was now awaiting them, and given immediate orders to the coachman to drive in a direction, which did not meet the ears of the bewildered, and yet delighted, Jeannette Isabelle.

Here she was allowed to comprehend only so much of her situation and her destination, as enabled her to perceive that it was originally to her dear friend the principessa, formerly de Collini, that she was indebted for her escape; and that she had been waiting her arrival, by a preconcerted plan, at the corner of the street where they had just met. But how her deliverance had been effected through the authority and agency of the mysterious old woman, whence that authority was derived, or what could be the connection between her and Pisatelli and his wife, she could not yet divine, nor was any clue given in answer to her questions, which seemed to indicate any satisfactory termination to her wonder. In a few minutes the carriage stopped—the princess and her husband announced to her that they must again say farewell; an embrace and a few tears were exchanged between them; her two friends descended the steps of the coach, and our heroine once more found herself left alone with her mysterious companion, and continuing her journey with she knew not whom, she knew not whither. All was magic and enchantment to her; her brain became giddy, and reeled with the excitement she had undergone, and the uncertainty and perplexity she felt; she was scarcely aware that the carriage again stopped, and was exchanged for another, which had the ap-

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pearance of a private chariot, emblazoned with a coronet and a coat of arms. But as they had advanced now a considerable distance from London, and the rattle of the streets, and the glare of lamps, and the din of passengers, was exchanged for the quiet moonlight, and the freshness of the trees that overhung the road, the mind of Jeannette became more composed, and she earnestly interrogated her companion as to her destination and the appointed place of her future concealment. All that she could, however, obtain from her, was an assurance that in six hours they would have finished their journey; that she hoped and trusted God Almighty in his goodness would look down from heaven and bless their endeavours; that as soon as they arrived at their destination they would be obliged again to part, as it was necessary for the old lady to return instantly to the continent, but that the Marchésa de Pisatelli, her oldest and best friend, should shortly be sent to visit her, and would arrive in time to attend her through her approaching accouchement. In the meantime they had made rapid progress on their way—and the horses had repeatedly been changed—the road became wilder and more picturesque—they neared a small village built on the acclivity of a hill—and the carriage stopped before a low but beautiful cottage, covered with vines and

honey-suckles, and the thatch of which was just tinged by the rays of the rising sun. A pretty French maid, who was accosted by the old lady as Victoire, and who had been apparently expecting their arrival, ran out to assist our heroine to alight. Her companion, refusing all refreshment, and merely uttering a short prayer to heaven to bless her, returned immediately with the same horses on the road to town, assuring her that every thing necessary should be immediately forwarded to her. Jeannette Isabelle on entering found the cottage furnished with every thing her heart could desire—books, food, wine, baby-linen for the expected infant, and even her old and faithful Carlo, who capered round her, and almost prevented her from sleep.

CHAPTER II.

We must now leave our heroine once more for an interval, in order to give some account of our other acquaintances, and, especially in the first place, of the liberal Lord Fletcher, and his republican associates at Paris. The reader will perhaps remember, that when we last took leave of the young nobleman, he was giving way, rather unwisely, to the two amiable weaknesses of his mind—a love of society, and a passion for the fair sex—and that the indulgence of these two caprices had earned for him, before he was aware of it, from the very kind and considerate people of this most charitable world the reputation of a scamp and a roué, and the familiar appellation of the Count Jean de Paris.

By having come forward in the kindest and most generous manner to pay the money for two bills, given by a friend to a tradesman, which had been protested and seemed likely to cause his exposure, he had acquired the reputation of having

been mixed up in some commercial speculation, or some blackleg scheme, which reflected no credit on those who were concerned in it. By having been seen some half dozen times at the Cercle, and at other public gaming tables, at which on the whole he had been a considerable loser, he had set afloat the report that he was a regular gambler and sharper: he was represented by some as having involved himself largely in private play, which in truth he had always, upon principle, avoided; and by others, as having won to such an extent, that he had *done* several of his most intimate friends, and was supposed to have taken advantage of their inexperience in order to gain their money. By having incautiously spoken of the correspondence which had taken place between him and the fair Olympe, he had unconsciously given rise to a rumour that he was engaged in constant intrigues and debauches; that he had seduced the wives and daughters of respectable families to which he had been introduced, and that he was in short a man altogether of mauvais ton, and not to be endured in decent company. So great, so irreparable is sometimes the harm which a man may do himself by a mere want of reserve and a little discretion. So true is the conclusion of Aristotle, although somewhat perhaps in a different sense, that the man who has prudence has all

virtues; and the converse of it, that the man who has not prudence, has none!

Truly amiable, and open-hearted, and generous, Lord Fletcher had obtained his bad renommée only by his benevolent actions. It might truly be said of him, that he was no man's enemy but his own. The men that he had served were, in many instances, the very first to turn round and speak evil of him behind his back: to do a bad man a kindness, and place him under an obligation, is one sure way of making him an enemy. Lord Fletcher might have very justly exclaimed with Paul Pry, "Well, Colonel Hardy, I'll be blow'd if ever I do a good-natured thing again!"

After all, his real fault, and perhaps his only one, was the simple fact of his having chosen to associate with persons who were placed beneath him in their rank of life. When once a man descends from his proper sphere, and either to court popularity, or to gratify with greater freedom his own equivocal tastes, mixes himself up with the society which is, properly speaking, beneath him, he renders himself liable to suspicion; he places himself at once in a false position; he opens a way to the imputation of all sorts of dishonourable motives; and above all, he shuts the door against his own readmission into the circles of his real equals; because,

by descending below his own rank, he gives as it were a handle to the doubt, whether he may not have been originally degraded rather by some unknown necessity than by choice.

To revert, however, from generalities to our particular history:—the summer months were not far advanced; and Paris, in summer perhaps pleasanter than any other capital in Europe, had not yet assumed the deserted and desolate appearance which most large continental towns present, in the season peculiarly dedicated to the gods and goddesses of the country, when Lord Fletcher one afternoon, sauntering slowly through the sultry Palais Royal, was tempted, more from the sense of ennui and the besoin de distraction, than by any other desire or habit, to ascend the staircase of the well known gambling house, at No. 154, and to embark some five-franc pieces on the rouge et noir table. He had already lost all the silver which he happened to have in his pockets at the time, and had changed one or two napoleons, when seized with a sudden feeling of disgust, he rose hastily from the table, looked at the pendule on the mantelpiece, which indicated the hour of five o'clock, p.m., and rushed to the open window, to breathe the fresh air, and to refresh his imagination by gazing on the scene below.

No greater contrast, perhaps, can be experienced in the world, at the expense of walking two or three paces, than that which is felt on passing from the play-table to the window, at the place which we are now describing. Within are seen, in their highest degree of excitation, the agitations of human passions; the eagerness of hope, the frenzy of despair, the feverish prodigality of the lavish spendthrift, the reluctant speculations of the miserly man, enlarging gradually as his losses increase. The black cloth of the table, chequered with the red squares, and covered with the piles of five-franc pieces, the shut-up boxes for the notes, and the open boxes for the gold; the incessant motion of the rakes; the petulance of some players, and the shrewd calculating coolness of others; the monotonous tone of the croupier's constantly repeated admonition—"Faites votre jeu, messieurs."—"Le jeu est fait;"—the sedulous attention of the liveried waiters, bearing glasses of water to one, or presenting a card to mark the game, together with a pin, to another: all these things need no describing for those who have witnessed them, and those who have not will scarcely thank a writer for dwelling upon objects, the very mention of which is probably associated with the idea of every thing that is bad in their minds.

On stepping, however, to the window, particu-

larly at night, how totally changed is the scene! —The vast extent of that magnificent square, and that pile of architecture, which nothing less than the ambitious genius of a Richlieu could have built, and which is still not unworthy even of its royal proprietor, meets at once the eye. The groups of people who are promenading between the rows of trees, or conversing on the chairs in front of the great café at the corner, appear as nothing in the vastness of the space. Above, the wide arch of the firmament displays a broader range of blue than is often witnessed amid the narrow streets and crowded avenues of a teeming metropolis; and—more striking still than all—immediately in front of the guilty window, there plays, in all the beauty of its varied motion, and with all the melody of its musical and refreshing sound, a brilliant and never-ceasing fountain. Seen by moonlight especially, when the soft and silvery rays are reflected in the dash of the spray, as it leaps up to the light, and coquets with the beams that it mirrors, it is a most beautiful and fascinating object; and many a man who has risen from that table with agonized and harrowed feelings and a throbbing brow, must have been restored to calmness and comparative peace of mind, by merely gazing on the giddy, airy, spiral convolutions of those soaring waters.

It was now, however, before the hour of dinner; and Lord Fletcher had been standing more minutes, probably, than he was himself aware, in contemplation of the scene, and in that listless mood which is misnamed meditation, when he was recalled from his absent fit, by a rather smart slap of a heavy hand upon his shoulder, and looking round, he descried by his side the figure of a man whom he with difficulty recognized, as having been once or twice in his company together with young Boivin and Brutus Sansargent. This person, whom for the convenience of the narrative, we shall call Boucher, accosted him with the greatest familiarity, and the broadest assurance; but he had not mistaken the facile character of Fletcher, for his object in this warm recognition was to obtain the loan of five hundred francs.

"Really, my good friend," said Fletcher, "I would give it you instantly, and with pleasure—but in good truth I have not at this moment the sum of five hundred francs about me, and it is impossible to get good grain out of an empty sack."

"Nevertheless," said the persevering applicant, you must try and do what you can for me. I am in a dreadful difficulty—my honour is at stake—my character, my reputation, which I value more than life, depends on your reply. I will confide to you the circumstances, trusting to your good faith, that

you will never reveal them. Perhaps you may not be aware that I am the treasurer of the Société des amis de la jeune France—when I entered this room, I had with me exactly the sum of five hundred francs, which I need scarcely tell you was not my own money, but belonged to the society of which I spoke. I have lost it all. I know that one word spoken by you to the waiters will obtain for me any amount which you may choose to require. Will you refuse me one opportunity—I ask but for one—of regaining my luck, and winning back the sum which I have thus lost?"

The kind-heartedness and open-handedness of Lord Fletcher was not proof against this appeal. He drew one of the waiters aside, and spoke to him, and Boucher followed him out of the room. He presently returned, bearing in his hand a note of a thousand francs, which he threw down upon the red, exclaiming as he threw it, "Moieté au billet."

Lord Fletcher was rather consternated at witnessing this rash embarkation of his twenty pounds; but it is frequently observable, that men play with more pluck with other people's money than they do with their own. "Trente-et-un," exclaimed the croupier.

Boucher's face elongated perceptibly.

"Après," said the croupier again, as he dealt

out the second line of cards, and raked all the money on the table into prison till the next coup should decide its destination.

Boucher was immensely relieved—he had *not* lost—and he thought himself the luckiest man in the world.

" Faites votre jeu, messieurs—il n'y en a plus," repeated the dealer.

" Cinq cents francs à la rouge," exclaimed Boucher, with precipitation, just as the first card was turned.

" Il est trop tard," said the croupier, and red won, which nearly made Boucher mad with vexation—his five hundred francs were, however, now out of prison, and he exclaimed once more, increasing his speculations as his confidence in his returning luck increased, " Tout au billet," leaving it down upon the same colour.

" Huit," said the dealer, as he spread out the topmost row, and then " rouge gagne, et la couleur," as he finished the second.

Lord Fletcher, of course, now expected that as Boucher had won a thousand francs he would at least have repaid him the sum which he had advanced;—not at all: Monsieur Boucher still left down the whole upon the table, and was lucky enough to win again. Fletcher then took the liberty

of advising him to take up some of his money—"Tout au contraire," replied the other, "don't you see there is a run upon the rouge?—vous ne connaissez pas les régles du jeu," and luckily enough for our adventurer, as well as for Lord Fletcher, red once more succeeded. Eight thousand francs were now upon the board, and with this Monsieur Boucher was satisfied—seven of the notes he immediately pocketed, and as he could not well avoid paying the waiter the money he had lent, particularly after having turned it to such good account, he placed the remaining billet in his hand, as he passed the door—then, turning to Lord Fletcher, he asked him with the greatest effrontery, "Vous m'avez dit, n'est ce pas! que vous aviez de la petite monnaie dans votre poche? Prétez moi donc un napoleon," and with Lord Fletcher's napoleon he recompensed the waiter for his loan, saying with a most munificent air, as he gave it, "Un autre jour je vous en donnerai davantage. Pour aujourd'hui c'est tout ce que je trouve dans mes culottes."

Allowing for the deduction of the original five hundred francs, which belonged to the funds of the Societé des amis de la jeune France, he was now the possessor of about two hundred and sixty pounds English. Had Lord Fletcher not been on the spot to assist him, it is most probable he would have shot himself,

on leaving the room. "Allons donc, mon ami," said he to Lord Fletcher, inserting his hand into his passively accorded arm, "let us go to the club. Are you not yet a member? Should you like to be initiated? If so, I will be your parrain, and present you to my friends, and the friends of young France. There is a meeting to-night. You should see every thing. You are in a foreign country—you will never know Paris well, if you do not mix more in these sort of meetings—allons donc! voyons!"—and the courage of Fletcher to resist the invitation already began to give way.

"What am I to do there?" enquired he doubtingly, "I have no business amongst you—I don't know your principles—I have not been informed of your rules, or your conditions."

"Taisez vous donc, moqueur," replied Boucher, "does not Boivin belong to it? Is not your particular friend, Sansargent, our president? Are you afraid of such society as that? Let me tell you, Louis Philippe sees none better, and often not half so good, at the Tuilleries. Besides, after having done me the favour you so kindly accorded me this morning, you would not refuse me the pleasure of returning it in almost the only way in my power."

"It must be, then, on one condition," replied the

facile Lord Fletcher; "it is that you come and take your dinner with me first, and discuss a bottle of burgundy; and then I will accompany you afterwards to hear some of your oratorical performances."

"Soit," answered Boucher, and they advanced together along the Palais Royal towards Grignon's, the restorateur; Boucher keeping his left hand in his pocket all the while, regaling it with the unwonted feeling of a bundle of bank notes; and the nobleman damning himself most heartily for having asked such an infernal bore to dinner, yet promising himself some amusement in the evening, by way of dessert.

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CHAPTER III.

WHEN one of the witnesses at Thurtell's trial was asked what occupation or profession Mr. Thurtell followed at the period of his acquaintance with him, he replied, that he was a gentleman; and on being further pressed by the counsel to explain what he meant by the term gentleman, he considered for a moment, and then deliberately answered—that he meant by a gentleman a person who kept his gig.

Whether all the members of the society to which Lord Fletcher was presented by his new friend, Monsieur Boucher, were literally qualified to be included in this definition of gentility,—whether they had or had not attained to the distinguished proprietorship of a one-horse-shay, we will not presume to determine; doubtless they were all gentlemen,—they called each other "Monsieur"*—they could

* If there be any material distinction observable between the modern French republicans and those of forty-five years ago, it is to be found in what our neighbours call "la petite morale," or the

all fight duels,—and most of them had more debts than money, which is certainly very gentlemanly, as it is pretty generally the case with the first fashionables all the world over.

There were, indeed, amongst them, to speak seriously, some few individuals of a rare and unquestioned probity, and even of some consideration from their position. Some few, perhaps, who living all their lives in an amiable dream, seem rather made to dwell in republicâ Platonis quem in fæce Romuli. There were some few others, too, who, either from the innate love of domination, or the hope to advance, by these means, some favourite political project, played the part of Cleon to the Athenians, and while they made others their dupes, were at the same time scarcely less the dupes of their own

forms of conventional etiquette. Then, their avowed object was rather to pull down to their own level the aristocracy and gentry of the country; the term Monsieur even was proscribed; they addressed each other by their plain names, or by that of "citoyen." *Now*, on the contrary, the effort of the lower orders is rather to raise themselves to the level of those above them, and the social terms of common politeness are rather encouraged than proscribed. Then, their conduct was rather of a piece with that of a character in some old farce which we have read, who exclaims, "God forbid that we should ever live to be called gentlemen!" *Now*, they resemble more the bourgeois gentilhomme, and would almost be gratified at keeping a servant to repeat "*Monseigneur*" in their ear from morning to night.

theories and their own unexpected success;—fools who stumble upon renown by finding others greater fools than themselves;—agitators and demagogues by profession, who live on the fish which they catch in the troubling of the pool. But the generality of the persons present, although the laborious operatives of a hundred trades, and deserving from the necessity even of their daily employment the unsavoury external epithet with which it has been vainly endeavoured to cast ridicule upon the moral and internal condition of the "*great unwashed*," displayed one characteristic feature to the attentive eye of Lord Fletcher as he entered, which could not but attract his remark, and obtain his admiration and respect. There was an appearance of order and decency among their ranks which surprised as much as it struck him. There was neither clamour nor bustle as there would have been in an English mob assembled upon a similar occasion; but there was a quiet show of attentiveness to the proceedings, and an evident desire to learn and be instructed by the speakers who successively addressed them.

The situation of the large room to which Boucher had now conducted his noble companion, was under an old and obscure archway, a little way down the nearest street on the left hand side to the Barrière du Trône. The entrance was a low and antique

doorway, at which our republican gave two taps, and received immediate admission. The door opened upon a flight of about a dozen or more stone steps, which were worn away at their edges, and gave evidence of having been some centuries in the service. The descent was ill-lighted by the single wick of an oil lamp suspended over the staircase from the ceiling, and Lord Fletcher's eye followed with anxious curiosity the course of a long rope connected with the lamp by a pulley, as he observed at the same time that a heavy weight was attached to the bottom of the feeble luminary. The end of the rope was kept constantly in hand by a man in a slouched hat at the lower extremity of the staircase, and the evident intention of the contrivance seemed not so much to afford a convenience to the lamplighter, as to provide for instantaneous darkness by letting it suddenly fall in case of a surprise by the police. For although the general demeanour of the members of the society was peaceable, and their ostensible object was nothing more violent than quiet and reasonable debate, yet the active repression laws, lately promulgated by the government, had rendered all large assemblies, where open sedition was talked, as was frequently the case here, illegal; and, moreover, a great proportion of those who attended the society were known to be connected with other clubs

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and revolutionary associations, whose proceedings and whose objects were neither so peaceful nor so plausible as those which we are now to describe.

As Lord Fletcher, with some danger of falling and breaking his neck, and attended by his conductor, arrived at length at the bottom of the tumble-down staircase, he was challenged roughly by the above-mentioned sentinel for the pass-word of the evening.

"Robespierre," interposed the well-instructed M. Boucher.

"Et le sang des aristocrats," retorted the man, finishing the signal, and looking fiercely and inquiringly at Lord Fletcher, as if he could have eaten him up.

Lord Fletcher, who did not want animal courage, was, for an instant, inclined to knock him down; but, on second thoughts, he recollected that he was in a dangerous place for such an experiment, as numbers were against him; and, moreover, he called to mind that he had come here to satisfy curiosity, and determined to go through with the adventure. Accordingly, taking his companion's arm, he entered at once the vaulted cellar which was the scene of the conclave: rows of benches, filling up the entire space of the area, were occupied by a crowd of auditors, who were just applauding loudly the

termination of an opening speech from our old friend, the President Sansargent, who, after having stated some particular object for which the present meeting had been summoned, proceeded to call over the names of the society. Lord Fletcher was no less amused than astonished to find himself on a sudden among the old worthies of Greece and Rome. The list was as follows :—

"Aristides Dumont."

"Voici."

"Themistocles Crozier."

"Me voilà."

"Cato St. Simon."

"Ci."

"Cassius Pierrot."

"Ici."

"Harmodius Roux."

"Me voilà.

"Miltiades Thierry."

"Me voici."

"Aristogiton de Ruelle."

"Ci."—And so forth.

Every member had a tri-colour cocade at his button-hole; which, however, had of course been put on only since entering the apartment. The company were also universally distinguished by the absence of moustaches, although bearing an imperial

or tuft upon the chin, together with a vast profusion of hair within the neckcloth. Some of them presented the most ferocious-looking aspect, wearing their hats on one side, and their hands in the pockets of a shaggy great-coat, from which protruded visibly the stocks of a brace of pistols or of some other instrument of violence and death. As Fletcher entered with his companion there was a scarcely-sensible murmur of disapprobation and dissent, and he fancied he caught from the lips of more than one the cry of "à bas les Anglais;" which was, however, immediately drowned by a pretty general shout of "Vive la jeune Angleterre!" more especially as Sansargent, decidedly the most popular man in this assembly, paid Lord Fletcher the unwonted compliment of descending from his official chair at the end of the room to greet him; and Boivin, who was respected and esteemed for his talents and his virtues, was seen proffering him his hand, and congratulating him warmly on the occasion of his visit, viz. the prospect of his being admitted a member of the society.

We have elsewhere shewn, that the English Alliance is not unpopular with the cleverer portion of the young French republicans, however violently it may be inveighed against by the older school; and then a peer is generally a welcome visitor, even

with the most democratic assembly. It is true, that in selfish and commercial England, at a similar meeting, Lord Fletcher might have been asked, out of sheer vulgar envy, whether he had paid for the coat he had on his back; but in a French society, every body was glad to see a well-dressed person enter the room, and seemed to attach greater respectability to himself, from the mere circumstance of being in such distinguished company. Our adventurer, however, had little time allowed him to reflect upon the comparative merits of the two countries in their treatment of strangers, for Brutus Sansargent, the president, approaching him, let him know that he was ready to perform the ceremony of his initiation in a small adjoining apartment, which seemed to open out of the principal room, like a choice and well-guarded port-wine vault out of some large English beer-cellar. This was the committee room of the club, and as Fletcher heard the momentous word "initiation" fall from the lips of Sansargent, who looked to-night like a very Caliban, and as his thoughts wandered vaguely back to the horrors of the Eleusinian mysteries of old; and then reverted to the dark plots of freemasonry, as connected with the early French revolution, and the manner in which they are said to affix the mark upon their proselytes, he actually expected, with considerable

apprehension, to find the thick walls of the dismal cavern which he entered hung with branding-irons, and all varieties of instruments, intended, perhaps, to be heated red-hot in the furnace, and then indented on his living flesh. The House of Commons' phrase likewise, of "taking the oaths and his seat," frightened his conscience, as much as the idea of being branded, alarmed his nerves; and he knew not what he might be called upon to swear against his king, or his country, or even his own order, and distinctions of blood altogether. And yet environed as he was on all sides by ruffians and savages, as he deemed half of them to be, and having seen dirks and fire-arms in their possessions, he did not see any possibility for himself to recede, or to retrace his steps. If he now cried "*peccavi,*" and attempted "superas evadere ad auras," he would at once be seized as a spy and a traitor; he knew not even whether to escape detection they might not sooner murder him on the spot, and bury him without further ceremony in that lone and darksome vault! He, however, summoned up all the pluck which he could command, and taking Brutus Sansargent's proffered arm, advanced into the inner cellar.

His two friends, Boivin and Boucher, were now called in to assist at the ceremony as his godfathers, to guarantee his fitness and willingness to be made

a faithful, active, and useful member of the society, and to baptize him with a new, and republican, and classical cognomen. He was amused to find that Boivin had here dropped the too monarchical sounding name of Louis, and had adopted in its place that of Cimon. The virtuous treasurer of the club had usurped the appellation of him who was pronounced to be the best citizen of Rome, and called himself Nasica Boucher; and our new candidate was presented to the society under the euphonious nom de baptême of Virginius, which he thought at the time, as its original possessor was a butcher by trade, might have been with more propriety adopted by the savage-looking Boucher himself.

Sansargent now commenced the usual manner of initiation, which was, however, slightly deviated from in some particulars, in order that Fletcher might not be deterred, by being driven too hard at first, from persevering in his republican career. He explained in few words to the candidate, that the constitution of the society was founded upon three grand universal principles, namely, Liberty, Equality, Humanity. That all members were required to give a solemn assurance that they would on all occasions, by word and by deed, at home and abroad, by night and by day, in peace and in war, strive to advance and promote the extension of these three funda-

mental doctrines. That no subscriptions were called for, as a necessary condition of the club, as it was deemed advisable not to adopt any regulation which might have the effect of excluding even the poorest from the association; but that any donations were most thankfully accepted by the society: and that, in fact, they had in this respect adopted one of the principles of the early Christians, and deemed it in the highest degree laudable for any one to sell all his worldly goods and offer them up upon the altar of republican virtue. He should merely finish his few words by repeating the observation with which he had begun, that the three fundamental principles of the society were, Libertas, Equalitas, Humanitas.

"Well," interrupted Lord Fletcher, not having as yet expressed either dissent or assent to the three great principles of the society, and encouraged in his hope of discovering still more of the arcana, by seeing the president led on by his own eloquence, and the sense of his own importance, to say more than discretion would, perhaps, have allowed, "Well, and when all this is acceded to, what follows? What is the form of admission which you propose that I should go through? What means have I of recognizing the fellow members of the same fraternity, if I should chance to meet them elsewhere?"

"Rien de plus facile!" rejoined Sansargent, "je

vais vous expliquer tout cela. If you meet any person in society whom you imagine to be one of us, take an opportunity of drawing him into a corner, and in the course of conversation contrive, by way of giving emphasis to some particular sentence, to lay your right hand on his left shoulder; if he understand the signal he will immediately place his own right hand upon his heart. To carry the thing on more securely, and to avoid mistakes, you will now pronounce the two syllables 'vive la ——;' 'democratie!' will be immediately supplied by the challenged party, and your mutual confidence fully established."

"This, then, is the whole secret of the association," asked again Lord Fletcher enquiringly, "and I have nothing more to learn?"

"Nothing more," answered Brutus, "except that you have to make a few declarations on the word of a citizen, which is the form adopted by us in lieu of an oath: as, for instance, that you abhor, abjure, and utterly detest, the very name, office, and existence, of kings; that you will do your uttermost to extirpate all forms of monarchy from the face of the earth; that you hold utterly unworthy of any civilized community all hereditary distinctions; that you will ever be ready to set your foot upon the neck of an aristocrat—"

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"Hold!" said Fletcher, drawing himself up haughtily, and stamping the ground with his foot, "are you mad? or do you imagine me to be so? Would you have me swear my own condemnation? Would you entrap me into a declaration that I am a partizan of equality, forsooth? What mean you by equality? of property? let me tell you it is impossible, for the very nature of trade and of liberty will ever make one man richer than another; of rank? the impossibility of the second results from the impossibility of the first, for the rich will, as long as human nature lasts, be treated with some sort of deference by the poor. I will make no such declarations, either of the one kind or the other. I renounce you all, and I demand immediately free egress from your company."

"Que voulez vous donc?" said Boivin, mildly laying his hand on his shoulder and endeavouring to soothe and to silence him; but the ferocious Boucher, the very man who had exposed to Fletcher his own utter want of principle in the morning, the very man who had received so great a personal favour at his hands, and who had shewn himself so ready to do "tout pour la tripe" at dinner, now rushed up and collared him; he was a man of immense strength. The united force of Boivin and Fletcher seemed utterly insufficient to shake him off; and,

indeed, Boivin, from his own extremely high sense of violated principle, and his great attachment and firm belief in the doctrines which had just been repudiated by his friend and patron, struggled but feebly in his favour, he wanted the vis animi, which is of so much force in a dispute of this kind. Fletcher was just losing his balance, and would have dropped upon the ground exhausted, had not the herculean Sansargent interposed. Naturally slow of intellect, and stupid to the last degree, he could not bring himself for the first few seconds to understand exactly the full force of what Fletcher had said. Determined, however, that young Boivin's friend should not be murdered in cold blood, he clasped his arms round the shoulders of the struggling and indignant Nasica Boucher, and by the mere effort of superior bodily strength, lifted him fairly out of the apartment, and set him down on his legs on the outer floor; then taking Boivin by the arm, he led him likewise through the doorway, and without noticing our unfortunate initiate, closed after him the massy gate, turned and double-turned the key, which creeked ominously with rust, and left him in utter darkness, carrying out the only candle in his hand.

CHAPTER IV.

Lord Fletcher now found himself in the situation of Moses when the candle went out; for, both literally and figuratively, he was *in the dark*. He thought of the black-hole in Calcutta, of being walled up in a nunnery, of being buried alive like a vestal virgin at Rome, of being starved to death like a primitive Christian, of having his assassination attempted by a black slave like Caius Marius—and, at all events, he endeavoured to make up his mind to go through his martyrdom with spirit. Being of a nervous and desponding disposition, he had little doubt that in some way or other his life was to be forfeited. He endeavoured to catch some glimmering of light, by placing his eye closely to the crevices of the boarded door—but the planks of oak were double, and laid transversely one over the other, so that no single wandering ray could pierce the impassable barrier. He set his ear against the cold and damp frame-work, and endeavoured to

catch some sound, which might at least indicate to him whether the whole meeting was in an uproar or not at the indiscreet sally which he had made in the cause of aristocracy; but so opaque was the obstacle which intervened between himself and the assembled multitude, that he vainly sought to distinguish one sound from another. A confused humming noise at intervals, which again subsided into a dead and utter calm, was all that met his ear, and at last, fairly tired out with listening and watching in vain, he sate down on the floor of the narrow cell, and resigned himself, with all the patience that he could command, to his unhappy destiny.

The only furniture which he could recollect having observed in the room consisted of a stone table, firmly fixed to the ground, and two immovable stone seats, which ran on either side of it. Upon the table a hole, scraped with a chisel, had served for an inkstand, and a short faggot-stick had supplied the place of a pen, wherewith the names of the members of the club were daubed consecutively upon the white stone walls of the cellar; others had again been still more rudely inscribed upon the ceiling with the smoke of a candle. Having at length groped about till he discovered the faggot-stick, which he laid hold of in the dark by the inky end, Lord Fletcher set himself industriously to work

with this rude machine, with a view to pick the lock, and effect his escape. Finding himself defeated in this desperate attempt, which at best could only have made his resemblance to Daniel in the lions' den more complete, by throwing him at once into the circle of his enemies, he next commenced a violent assault and battery on the door with his hands and feet, kicking and striking it so loudly, that it seemed as if the devil himself must have heard, even had he been shut up in the bottomless pit. He forgot that if the people outside could not be heard from within, where all was silence, it was not likely that his solitary efforts should penetrate through all the noise and confusion of the crowd without. In vain he called on the names of Boivin, and of Sansargent; in vain he even shouted to the police to come and deliver him; he was fairly enfoncé, and nothing seemed more improbable than that he should be delivered, at any rate, on the present evening, from his "durance vile."

The debate in the assembly was on the subject of the return of the Abbé Gregoire, the regicide, to the Chambers during the restoration, and many speeches were delivered, to show that it had contributed more than any other event to show the strength of liberal feeling in the country, and ultimately to accelerate the second fall of the Bourbons. It was already late

when Louis Boivin, surnamed Cimon the just, rose to address the audience. "Comment, citoyens!" he exclaimed, "are we indeed on the verge of asserting by our votes, that the triumph and promotion of a king-killer is an advantage to the cause of the people? Let kings, I say, be deposed, but let them not be murdered. The Abbé Gregoire himself said in one of his most celebrated speeches, that the history of kings was the martyrology of the people—let it not be written in reverse, when success comes to our turn, that the history of the people is the martyrology of kings! Let our principles be rather copied from those of Brissôt, and his coadjutors, the Girondists, who, enemies as they were of the forms of royalty, never displayed any virulence against the person of a monarch. Bloodshed is an evil, even with the strongest palliations; violence is to be avoided, even where there seem the most plausible justifications to excuse it. We may admire the sentiments avowed by Citoyen Robespierre, or even by the arch-leveller, Jourdain; but the sanguinary ferocity of the first, and the epithet, coupe-tête, applied to the other, show us that they are not names to be boasted of, or quoted in our vocabulary of the great men of France. In the despotic times which cursed our country for so many centuries, it is true, there is a dearth of names consecrated to the cause

of liberty. England may appeal, with honest pride, to the names of her Hampdens, her Sidneys, and her Russels—but we only disgrace ourselves by seeking parallels to these amid the bloody annals of our own revolution. Let it be our glory to produce in our own generation luminaries which shall vie with the most noble offspring of the British constitution; dedicated, indeed, to liberty, and to the progress of equality, but ever attentive to the interests of that third article in our charter—a cosmopolitan and universal humanity."

The speech of Boivin was received with various expressions of applause and dissatisfaction. It produced a moving and sensible effect upon the assembly, but the majority of voices were against it. Even Boivin himself, as he sate down, elated, for the moment, by the rush of his own eloquent feelings, and pressed his hand to his throbbing and burning temples, could not help taxing himself with inconsistency, and asking himself if he fulfilled to the letter the humane and virtuous doctrines which his reason as well as his disposition taught him to espouse. "Why is it," he enquired of himself, "that I am even now at this moment engaged in the illicit manufactory of a large quantity of gunpowder? Why is it that I have laid out to-day my very uttermost franc for the purchase of muskets?

Have not I myself said that all shedding of blood is criminal, and that all violence is to be avoided?" and he laboured, by bringing all the sophistical arguments together that he could think of, to palliate to his own mind what he perceived to be a glaring and obvious inconsistency.

Sansargent, the president, characteristically wound up the debate with a vile and coarse anecdote, directed against the legitimate birth of Louis Philippe himself, which was received with roars of laughter by the eager audience. "Eh bien!" said the orator, "Madame Egalité herself, the mother of our '*best of republics*,' was she more faithful find you to her private duties, than her son is to his public ones? If she looked as high as the throne for her husband or her son, do we not all know that she aspired no higher than to the coach-box for her lover? Have you not heard the story of M. de ——, the Carlist, who, driving in his cab the other day, met Louis Philippe's carriage, and drove straight up against it on purpose? 'Don't you know how to drive better than that?' cried a National Guardsman, running up to disengage the locked wheels, to allow the royal equipage to proceed, 'Non,' said the Carlist, looking coolly in at the window, 'mon père n'etait pas cocher.'"

This, although totally foreign from the subject

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of debate, added another leaf to the crown of Brutus's popularity. A real demagogue should keep a book for the scandalous stories of great people, such is the vicious appetite of the crowd for hearing evil of their betters. The ballot was now taken, and out of about ninety persons present there were found only five who voted with Boivin, that the countenance shown to the regicide Grégoire was not creditable or salutary to France, and these voted as they did, probably more through their friendship for Boivin, or respect for his personal character and influence, than from any deepfelt conviction of their own upon the subject. The crowd slowly dispersed. Boivin was left alone with Sansargent in the vast subterranean apartment. They smiled as they looked at each other, and both hastened at once to unlock the iron-girded door which confined the unfortunate Lord Fletcher to his narrow cell.

"I hope you have not suffered much in this very uncomfortable place," said Boivin, taking him affectionately by the hand; Sansargent slapped him heartily on the shoulder, asking him how he liked a republican drawing-room; and Fletcher himself, with his eyes blinking at the sudden restoration of the light, and shivering with the excessive damp of his sojourn under ground, although in the middle of summer, was glad to lean on his two friends' arms

as he advanced through the outer room, and mounted the old stone staircase to depart.

"Where is Boucher?" was one of his first questions.

"He is gone home," was the reply.

"Did he leave no message for me? Did he make no inquiry? Did he offer no explanation of his violent conduct?"

"On the contrary, we had the greatest difficulty to prevent his reporting what had taken place to the people," answered Sansargent; "and had he not been afraid of my cudgel, he certainly would have done so."

"I shall remember him next time I see him," said Fletcher, quietly; and to turn the conversation from his own situation, which he felt to be rather ridiculous, after some further explanations had taken place, he inquired into the result of the debate.

"Oh! talk not to me of the debate!" exclaimed Louis Boivin; "ask my friend Sansargent;—prejudice and passion are sure to predominate over the arguments of reason. It is in vain that I hold up as examples to my countrymen the glorious names that decorate the page of English history—they do not yet understand freedom—we are as far from being ready for a republic as ever—they mistake violence for justice, and think they show magnanimity by committing murder."

"And yet," replied Lord Fletcher, "your country is, at least, as far advanced as ours is in that sort of constitutional liberty which opens to the lowest birth the highest offices of the state, and recompenses merit by confiding to it the offices of greatest trust, honour, and emolument. In England, on the contrary, aristocratic distinctions, and the necessity of family connections, or else of supple subserviency to patronage, flourish as if in their peculiar soil,—all is done by favour. It is true that some men of plebeian extraction, as an Eldon or a Peel, have risen to the loftiest eminences, and assisted to wield the destinies of their own nation, and even of Europe. But this has not been in spite of aristocratic ascendancy, but through it, and with it. It is because they rowed with the stream; because they have been the advocates of Toryism and family influence, that they have been allowed to exert their talents so usefully to the cause which they sustained. But look to the other side of the picture—look to the fate which attends the champions of the people's liberties. Fox was of an aristocratic family. But let me ask you what was Sheridan's fate, directly that he tried to make himself independent, and to live away from the shade of patronage? Canning was a man of the people by birth; and so long as he favoured abuses, he flourished; but no sooner had

he begun to play the part of a Liberal, than they hunted him to death. Brougham has had to contend with more virulent attacks than any man living. And what an impossibility does there not seem of such a man as Roebuck, notwithstanding his commanding talents, ever holding office! But in France, M. Thiers, a newspaper editor, may ere long be prime minister. Who was Casimir Perrier? —A banker. Who is M. Guizot?—A professor. Who is M. Dupin?—A lawyer. And yet these are the people who govern France, and you complain of despotism, and talk of looking to England for the models of your imitation."

"I will tell you," said Sansargent; and it must have been an obvious remark to strike one so notoriously stupid, and so habitually dull as our friend Brutus; "I will tell you what strikes me much more forcibly in England, as far as I can collect from what I hear in conversation and what I read in the newspapers, I mean the unjust and vain attempt to put down Radicalism by ridiculing poverty. People's political opinions are represented as necessarily of no value, because they cannot afford soap, nor to be shaved more than once a week, as if this were not more their misfortune than their fault. Shew that their judgment must be weak through their want of education or of information, if you

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like; but do not attempt to laugh at what is by no means laughable, lest the ridicule revert upon yourselves."

"You are perfectly right, citoyen," replied Fletcher; "one fashionable writer holds up to ridicule what he is pleased to designate 'the cold-beef and pickle-cabbage order;' another talks about 'opinions redolent of gin and beer, garlic and onions;' as if they would be more sound or more valuable if impregnated with musk: but you, Boivin," continued he, after a pause, and reverting to the line which he had taken in the debate, "remind me frequently of a character which I have often much admired, and one of the few exceptions to the violent excesses of your great revolution,—I mean the noble-minded Barbaroux. Young yet decided, spirited yet ever amiable, he was one of the first to take part with the early republicans, and one of the first to separate from them when they proceeded to disgraceful extremes, and though he began in arms in favour of a democracy, he did not shrink from a fate which I hope may never be yours, when it became necessary to seal the moderation of his opinions with his blood."

At this conjuncture Brutus Sansargent separated from his two companions, in order to take a nearer street which branched off in the direction of his

home. This gave Lord Fletcher an opportunity of narrating to Boivin the story of Boucher's behaviour in the morning,—a circumstance which he never would have revealed, perhaps scarcely remembered, had he not felt himself justified in doing so, both by Boucher's subsequent treatment of him, and to explain the fact of his having been entrainé into a party so little congenial to his still very aristocratic ideas. Even now he confined himself to the circumstance of Boucher's having borrowed the money, and said nothing about the still more atrocious fault of his having gambled with the funds of the society of which he was the treasurer.

The two friends also, Fletcher and Boivin, were anxious to ask each other many questions respecting the progress of their respective loves. The ensuing morning was the day appointed for Chantilly races; and Fletcher said jocosely that one of the main causes of chagrin at being locked up in the dark cellar, was the fear that he might possibly not be let out in time sufficient to drive la belle Olympe to the course in his new phaeton.

"And I," said poor Boivin; "I, too, am still in love,—ardently, romantically as ever! I see no end of my passion, for its gratification seems as yet impossible; and yet I worship her still like a child. On other points, I believe, I am strong;—at any

rate I am not totally and entirely without character: —but in this—forgive me, my dear friend—I cannot conquer it: night and day she is in my thoughts—I justify it to myself by the reflection that I know her virtues and her goodness of character. We must wait—a few months, or years, or days—who knows? and then, when France shall have no longer a king, nor Louis Boivin a superior, I shall wed her, and wear her as my proudest triumph and my best reward. Good night, Fletcher."

"Good night, Cimon Boivin," replied the other; "to-morrow for Chantilly."

CHAPTER V.

Huzzah! for Chantilly. The sun rose gloriously. Not a cloud was to be seen to break the universal blue of the heavens. Lord Fletcher's phaeton was at the door of his hôtel as the clock struck seven, and having already forgotten the adventure of the yesternight, he took the ribbands in his hands with the most exhilarated spirits, scarcely waited for his groom to jump up into the seat behind, and drove rapidly round to the Rue de l'Université to take up his Olympe, who had promised to accompany him, and who was to-day the sole object of his thoughts and his attention. Inconceivable was the number of vehicles of every description which they passed on the road,—fours-in-hand, with the horses going all at sixes and sevens; tandems, of which the drivers held the whip back over the right shoulder, as if carrying a musket, thus keeping up the character of the French as a military nation; groups of horsemen, whose top-boots and buckskin breeches were much

more remarkable than the firmness of their seats. Every species of Anglomania was exhibited on the occasion of this day, so peculiarly dedicated to a sport which may be considered as almost nationally English. Even the jests and the gibes of English grooms and English jockeys were listened to, in the present instance, with the greatest good temper, and repeated by those who could understand them as the good things of the day.

"He's a good 'os agin collar down hill," said one of the men from Drake's stables tauntingly to a poor devil who was doing all in his power to whip up a difficult ascent an old broken-kneed grey, to which was attached a buggy containing his wife and his three children,—

Ilium in Italiam portans, patriosque Penates.

"Can't you stop him?" said the same voice to another equestrian, who galloped by evidently much faster than he wished, "he'll stop fast enough before he gets to Chantilly."

At St. Denis, the first place of changing horses, was found assembled at the hôtel a large party of Englishmen, who had come from Meurice's with four horses, and who had just arrived for breakfast, amid much cracking of whips on the part of the post-boys, and the envious gaze of many a fair soubrette from

the windows of the town. These were retailing to the ears of a few wondering Frenchmen, the fun and festivities of an English race-course.

"Cards of the running horses," cried one, "names, weights, and colours, of the riders," a cry which was greedily learnt, and studiously imitated, by a listening member of the Parisian jockey club.

"Now, sir, this little pea, sir," said another, who had already secured three thimbles and a peppercorn from the bar-maid of the inn, "Now, sir, this little pea, now here, now there. If I wins, you loses, and if you loses, I wins. What you don't see, you can't tell; and what you do see, you mustn't say nothink about. Let no gentleman speak as don't play, let no gentleman play as don't lay, and no gentleman lay as don't pay. If I wins, I buys my grandmother a little pig; if I loses, I've got in my pocket more pounds than pence, more pence than half-pence, and more half-pence than 'ould buy all the ha'por'ths 'o gingerbread in that old woman's stall yonder."

While the Frenchmen turned their heads to look for the old woman's stall, the pea was dexterously shifted by the performer, and three napoleons were pocketed, with the satisfactory remark, that every body must expect to pay dear for experience.

"Tell your fortune, sir," exclaimed another wit,

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having put on the bonnet and red cloak of a grisette in the kitchen, " By hocus and pocus and Jeremy Nokus, by the rules of higgledy jiggledy riggledy piggledy, I am enabled to see in the lines of your honour's hand, both losses and crosses, and a coach and six horses, which shall sooner or later be the lot of your honour's honour. For copper, I can tell you but little; for silver, I can tell you a little more; but for gold, I can give you a full and particular description of that pretty dark eyed lady, the initials of her name, and when you shall first see her: when you shall get a letter from her by the post, and when you shall turn down the sheets upon your wedding night."

Whilst the Frenchman had innocently been giving his hand to the pseudo-gypsy, and listening to her voluble address, another Englishman of the party had adroitly been picking his pocket of his handkerchief and note-book; which he now came and exhibited, in a manner, to raise a great laugh against the uninitiated Frenchman.

" Now," said another, having doubled a piece of white paper in a hundred folds for the purpose, "you see this is nothing but a plain sheet of writing paper, and yet there is no limit to the number of shapes which, by the power of natural magic, I can make it assume:—it forms a fan, for a coquettish

beauty to flirt with, according to the rules laid down by Mr. Addison in the Spectator; it forms a table, with all the creases in the table-cloth, just like the famous picture of Leonardo da Vinci; forms a sofa, for any gentleman to sit down on with his lady-love; forms a pretty girl's arbour on a fine summer's day; and lastly," handing it round adroitly to receive the contributions of the company, "it forms a poor man's box."

By this time the horses were changed; one of the Englishmen, who acted as courier to the rest, and had assumed the regular dress for the occasion, mounted his bidet, and cantered off amid the cheers of the multitude. The rest lighted their cigars, let down their green veils to keep off the dust, put on their mackintoshes, and dashed off at the rate which a French postillion knows how to put on, when he thinks he has got a real milord in the carriage behind him.

"Sacrés chiens d'Anglais," cried an old woman, whose voice sounded familiar to Fletcher's ear, as she narrowly escaped being run over by the vehicle in its rapid passage; and looking round, he had barely time to recognize the figure of old Madame Boivin, who had actually come as far as St. Denis to see the fun.

Away went the old cathedral out of sight, con-

taining the ashes of a whole dynasty of kings, which were, for this time, passed without even a curse or a sigh by royalist or republican. Away went old Sir Derby Doncaster, who, armed with the handle of one of Crowther's hunting-whips, without the lash, was trotting evenly and steadily along, at the pace that an old hand comes home after a long run; knowing that he should arrive just in time for the start at Chantilly, and having made up his betting book, in such a manner as most effectually to *do* some of the young knowing ones at Paris. By his side rode Lord Harry Yarmouth, who had some horses to run, and Mr. Earthstopper Brush Fivebars, who was tolerated by that noble lord, because he had plenty of money and did not know any thing about it.

"Who is that in the phaeton with Fletcher?" asked inquisitively Mr. Fivebars of his friend.

"His aunt, to be sure," said his lordship, who was a good fellow, and never told anything that could make mischief to a fool.

Meanwhile, the conversation in Lord Fletcher's carriage, which had begun, perhaps, in a complimentary, and continued sometime in an amatory, vein, which would not amuse our readers, changed its tone, and reverted to the topics of the day.

"I believe most of the horses to-day will be

ridden by English jockeys," remarked the lady; "how very odd it is that my countrymen have not yet learnt to ride sufficiently well, to be entrusted even with the management of a horse-race, or that if they are so trusted, Lord Harry Yarmouth can put his groom Tom or Bill upon one of his old screws, and carry off the prize, to say nothing of the bets into the bargain!"

"And yet it is the case," replied Fletcher, "not only in Paris, but all over the continent. At Brussels you will find the same thing; at Vienna too, and even at Pesth in Hungary, you will see a Day, or a Buckle, or a Scott, together with an experienced trainer from Newmarket, an almost necessary appendage of the manége and haras of a Hungarian nobleman."

"How very *gentils* they look, too," remarked his companion, "in their caps and silk jackets, with their pretty little boots, and their saddles over their arm!—don't be jealous—but I really think, if you were not with me, I should fall in love with a jockey."

"Very possible," said Fletcher; "I remember one of my brother Dick's stories of an old Eton dame, when he was at school there, which is rather apropòs. The good old lady had come down from Bath inside one of the coaches at the end of the

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Easter holidays, and found herself seated opposite a very nice-looking little fellow, whom she imagined to be an Eton boy, and probably already calculated upon as a future inmate of her own boarding-house. She accordingly offered him continually bon-bons and peppermint-drops, presented him with a glass of wine out of her own bottle, asked him to sit on her knee, that he might look out of the window with greater security against the door flying open, and showed him a hundred other civilities, as patting his head, stroking his cheek, and so forth. Arrived, however, at Slough, she was surprised, when she came to offer him a seat in her fly to take him on to Eton, to find him with a whip and saddle in his hand, just taken out of the boot behind.—'Are you aware, my dear,' said the kind old dame, 'that these things are not allowed in the school?'—'Oh, ma'am,' said her compagnon de voyage, 'I am Pavis, the jockey, and am come down to ride Hercules for the cup at Ascot.'"

"Quel contretemps!" exclaimed Olympe. "At all events I cannot but allow that my countrymen ought to be ashamed of themselves, after twenty years' peace, and consequently twenty years' uninterrupted practice, not to be able to do all these things as well as the English."

"I believe one of the chief reasons," said Lord

Fletcher, "may be found to consist in the light in which field sports have always been regarded in England. While in other countries an amateur of sporting has always been looked on as in some measure an uncivilized and illiterate barbarian, literature and sporting have for centuries walked hand in hand in our little island. Somerville's 'Chase' is an example of this, which is a long poem, exclusively dedicated to the noble science of hunting. Our sporting magazines, which frequently contain extremely well written articles, and have an immense circulation, are a further instance of the same sort; for in what other country are there corresponding publications? or, at any rate, where are they equally encouraged? We have a writer, who chooses to appear by the name of Nimrod, who shows himself in every thing that he publishes, not only to be a thorough master of his own tongue, but of the continental and classical languages. You cannot read a page without stumbling on a Latin quotation, or an allusion to some passage in a Greek play; and this is sufficient proof that the generality of his readers must be of a class to understand, and appreciate them. I remember, by the bye, a passage in Thomson's 'Seasons,' a work with which you must be perfectly familiar, at least in translation, in which the poet advances my argument considerably, in a

description which he draws of an after-dinner scene at a fox-hunter's house: he says—

——— 'confused above,
Glasses and bottles, pipes and *gazetteers*,
As if the table e'en itself were drunk,
Lie in a broken scene.'

Now the *gazetteers*, in any other country, would be out of place in a sketch of such a society; but in England it is quite the reverse, and shows how intimately field sports and literary amusements are combined. I do not allude to hunting or racing alone, but what other language can boast a book comparable to Izaak Walton's delightful work upon fishing? The Germans, again, have left it to Sir Humphrey Davy to paint the beauties of their Traun, and describe the fish which it contains, and the mode of catching them;—and yet this deficiency in foreign nations is certainly not for want of interest taken, or money spent. For instance, I know no stables in England, not even in Leicestershire, built on such a lordly scale as that noble pile yonder at Chantilly. The same may be said of the Schwartzenburg and Esterhazy stables at Vienna; and above all, of those of the King of Wurtemburg, at Stuttgard; but whether it is that the Arab blood is mingled too profusely in their breeds, or that our treatment of a heated stable, and more constant

grooming and rubbing bring the animals better into condition, I don't know; but I think I may say, notwithstanding the numerous exportations of late years, that we continue at present superior, not only in the riding of our jockeys, but in the running of our horses."

Here Lord Fletcher, who it is superfluous to say, had long since arrived on the course, and was bowling on the soft turf, after the conclusion of the first race of the day, was suddenly interrupted in the midst of his eloquent discourse by a tap on his right arm; and looking round, he perceived to his great horror and disgust, his friend Nasica Boucher accosting him with the greatest possible effrontery, and the best countenance in the world—

"Bon jour, mon cher," said the unblushing republican; "how are you to-day? I have just had a confounded misfortune:—I have lost every farthing of that two hundred and sixty pounds on the last race—that cursed Lord Harry Yarmouth has floored us all with his devilish bay mare. Just have the kindness to lend me a couple of thousand francs, there's a good fellow."

Lord Fletcher, who was prevented jumping out to horsewhip his late friend, by recollecting he had a lady in the carriage, merely flogged the horses instead, and was presently out of hearing of the

importunate adventurer, without even deigning him a reply, negative or affirmative. The sight, however, of this individual was enough to sicken his lordship of his day's sport; and taking advantage of an expression of fatigue or ennui, which shortly after escaped his companion, he turned the heads of his horses again towards Paris, cursing himself most heartily for ever having been such a fool as to associate with such a lowlived rogue as Monsieur Boucher had now proved himself to be.

"Qui est-ce donc?" asked madame, as they were driving home—"cet homme à la barbe noire, qui vous a parlé tout à l'heure?"

"Je ne le connais pas," replied Fletcher.

"Il a l'air tout-à-fait du diable en republicain," said Olympe; and she gave Fletcher a kiss, as it was now dark, and they both descended together at the door of her hôtel.

CHAPTER VI.

Unfortunately for Lord Fletcher, Monsieur Nasica Boucher was an individual whose person and pursuits were far too well known to the police of Paris, to let it be a matter of small import to them with whom he associated, or from whom he received countenance and support. It is probable that even the nocturnal visit of the English nobleman to the Barrière du Trône was not altogether unknown to the vigilant agents employed by the French government: at all events, the brief rencontre on the race-course had been narrowly observed, and although the grounds on which to build suspicion were sufficiently narrow, our young liberal found himself on a sudden the object of the closest scrutiny and the most distrustful regard. No letter which he sent or received escaped having its seal broken and its contents examined by the authorized agents of the police at the post-office. He never even left his lodging, morning,

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noon, or night, without being followed and observed by persons hired and instructed for the purpose. Had he been a poor man, or an individual of obscure birth and little consequence, such precautions would not have been esteemed necessary,—but a radical lord, a republican aristocrat, a revolutionary exclusive, appeared to the eyes of the Parisian responsible officers, such an anomaly in nature, that they could not understand it, and they looked upon him as a naturalist would upon the megatherion, or any other rare and unknown monster of creation.

The extreme activity of the continental police, and the accuracy with which they are informed of the minutest movements of those persons whom they may choose to place under their especial surveillance, can scarcely be imagined by those who are acquainted only with the independent machinery and free institutions of England. It might probably be an exaggerated anecdote which we were once told at Vienna, but at any rate it will serve not inaptly to illustrate the case in point. We allude to a story repeated to us of a certain British ambassador at the court of the emperor. One day a courier came through, on his way from Constantinople, who was travelling express, and had received implicit orders to stay on no account more than a couple of hours in the Austrian capital. He called,

however, as is usual, at the embassy, to know if there were any despatches for him to bring on to London. At the embassy, only the secretary was to be found, who was nevertheless certain that there was something to be sent, but knew not where at the moment he could be sure of finding his principal. The butler, the footmen, and the grooms, were dispersed in every probable direction over the town, to bring home their lost master, but without success. At last, the time being nearly elapsed, it occurred luckily to the secretary that he had heard many stories of the universal information and omniscience of the police, and he thought to put it to the proof by sending to the head office to know if they could tell him where the British ambassador was then to be found.

"Wait one instant," said the inspector, "and I will tell you."

Then returning into the room, after having consulted either some register or a subaltern employé of the bureau, he replied,

"Yes, certainly; his Excellency is now sitting in the compartment No. 10, of the Imperial Library, reading Gibbon's Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire. He is at this moment occupied with the fifth volume, and is at the 322nd page; and accordingly the messenger found the minister in precisely

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the very spot, and pursuing the very occupation which had thus been so accurately described.*

Lord Fletcher, however, was obliged to be rather more careful than he might otherwise have been of his movements, by the double circumstance of his own father and family having now returned to France, and although not actually resident in Paris, having taken up their residence in the very contiguous spot of Montmorency, and also by the position of the eldest sister, who was now actually married to the Count de Carbonelle, and inhabited with her husband his magnificent hôtel in the Fauxbourg St. Germain.

* The following account, given by Madame de Staël, of the manner in which she was subjected to the espionage of the police at Vienna, is amusing and characteristic.

" Or, voici leur manière de surveiller. On établit à ma porte, dans la rue, des espions qui me suivaient à pied, quand ma voiture allait doucement; et qui prenaient des cabriolets pour ne pas me perdre de vue dans mes courses à la campagne. Cette manière de faire la police me paraissait réunir tout à la fois le machiavélisme Français à la lourdeur allemande. Les Autrichiens se sont persuadés qu'ils ont été battus, faute d'avoir autant d'esprit que les Français; et que l'esprit des Français consiste dans leurs moyens de police. En conséquence, ils se sont mis à faire de l'espionage avec méthode; à organiser ostensiblement ce qui tout au moins doit être caché: et destinés par la nature à être honnêtes gens, ils se sont fait une espèce de devoir d'imiter un état jacobin et despotique tout ensemble."—*Œuvres Inédites de la Madame Baronne de Stael*, vol. iii. p. 179.

It was probably the latter circumstance, which was the real cause, though not alluded to in the letter, which induced our friend George Grainger, about this time, to address Lord Fletcher as follows. The epistle in question arrived as usual, with its seal broken, and we hope its perusal might have relieved in some measure the dulness of a policeman's occupation.

LETTER FROM GEORGE GRAINGER TO LORD FLETCHER.

MY DEAR FLETCHER,

I am coming to Paris, and shall be much obliged to you to engage two beds and a sitting room for Lord Arthur Mullingham and myself, at the Hôtel Bristol, in the Place Vendôme. I believe my sudden resolution is owing principally to a dinner which was given us yesterday by the Hon. Mrs. Scraggs, when we could get nothing to eat but grilled pump-handles with tin-tack sauce, and mallets and chisels sautés in saw-dust: such, at least, appeared to be the fare to Mullingham and myself, for we neither of us tasted it, and we now require to have our appetites re-established by a little Parisian cooking. I also want some more of Concanon's boots; so you may tell him to get me half-a-dozen pair of the thinnest patent leather ready against my arrival. The Kilkenny Cat, Fitz-Water-

ton, is still *trying it on* with the honourable and disagreeable Mrs. Scraggs's second daughter, and I should think if he can keep the *bums* off a little longer, he may probably succeed. On returning home the day before yesterday, he had a suspicion that there was a writ out against him: he therefore knocked cautiously at the door of his lodgings, and, as he had surmised, he found it opened by a sheriff's officer. Luckily his person did not happen to be known to this individual, and the Kilkenny cat never loses his presence of mind. He therefore immediately said—'Pray is Mr. Fitz-Waterton at home?' 'No, sir,' said the sheriff's officer, 'indeed he is not: I am waiting to see him.' 'Can you tell me where I am most likely to find the blackguard?' replied the ready Hibernian:—''faith he owes me a power o' money!' 'What! has he been and *done* you too, sir?' said the bum-bailiff compassionately. 'Indeed he has, and I must be off after him,' answered Fitz-Waterton; and so saying he disappeared by a Greenwich coach, and probably will not be visible again in London for some time. As to myself and Mullingham, we manage to get through the days and nights pretty well, between the opera and Mivart's coffee-room. In August I go down with him to his father's place, to shoot grouse, and if I kill nothing else, at least I suppose I shall manage to kill time. When I want

my handkerchiefs well scented, I pay a visit to young Endymion Loto, who has recovered from his wound in the duel, and now says that

> "The sovreign'st thing on earth
> Is 'parmacity for an inward bruise."

I believe, by the bye, that he is starting for the embassy at Paris. I have also been attempting a sketch of Mrs. Blandford and her two eldest children, which is to appear in next year's Book of Beauty, with the very apposite inscription of 'The Passion Flower and Two Buds.' If you don't understand the language of the flowers, consult Ophelia, in Hamlet; or perhaps a living authority would be better. I had a letter the other day from old Carmansdale, who is coming home shortly, on leave, from Naples; I suppose to give his proxy to ministers. He says his old German servant, Anton, is grown so lazy that he wishes me to look out at Tattersall's for a horse for him to ride round the table on. He has also given me innumerable commissions, as you may suppose, with regard to snuffboxes and rococo china. A propôs of snuffboxes and tobacco; I have made a famous collection of hookahs, kalyhans, tchibouques, and meerschaums, and I hope we shall puff many a whiff together at Paris, notwithstanding that smoking puts one in *mauvaise odeur*, metaphorically as well as literally with the women.—Adieu.

GRAINGER.

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Lord Fletcher had only just sufficient time, after the receipt of the above letter, to secure the apartments, when he was agreeably surprised by the arrival of his friends themselves. One of the first topics of conversation, was naturally a complaint on the part of Fletcher, of the scrutiny to which, not only his correspondence, but his personal proceedings, were subjected by the police of Paris.

"Really," said he, "things are come to such a pass, that the very stones prate of my whereabout."

"Soyez tranquille," replied Grainger, "what do you think happened to me, on the occasion of my passing the Salzburg douane last summer, on my route from Italy to Vienna with Mullingham? You must know in the first place, that I had passed the Austrian frontier at the same point some two or three years previously, on which occasion I carried a passport taken out in London, in which I was described as a barrister. In the more recent instance, however, I had a French pass, in which I happened to be styled, Gentilhomme Anglais; and will you believe it possible, that I was detained three hours, and private information was forwarded to the capital on the subject, 'because,' as the agent of police expressed it, 'it was an extraordinary thing that a man should be a barrister at one time, and a gentleman at another.' The fact is, that all mem-

bers of the legal profession are *gens suspects* in Germany, and a great deal so in France also; and to call yourself Herr Advocat in the former country, is like writing yourself down revolutionist at once."

"Well! I must say," interrupted Mullingham, "that if all barristers go on in the same way that you have pursued lately in London, the police are perfectly justified in taking them under their especial patronage. I never knew you lead such a wild life before."

"What a convenient expression that is of yours, *a wild life!*" answered Grainger; "I mean as you use it, in the accepted drawing sense of the word. It means something more than it seems to say always, and something which is not to be conveyed in any other phrase in the language. It does not mean, exactly, Jonathan Wild, nor yet Sergeant Wilde, nor yet a wild man of the woods, nor the homme sauvage of Rousseau, nor the Belle Sauvage of Ludgate Hill; but it means a man who smokes real regalias, drives his cab more than seven miles an hour, bets five pound notes on the odd trick, frequents Tattersall's, and goes often behind the scenes at the Opera. A recent reviewer in the Quarterly complains bitterly, that the word '*wild*' has been made, by modern rhymers, to commit adultery with every noun substantive in the dictionary, ever since

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that bard of the sorrowful countenance, Lord Byron, set the fashion. It is certainly true, that it has had a great run in modern poetry, but it has been still more useful to young ladies and their mammas, who, when they want to describe leniently the errors of some good-looking favourite, always say, as they do of Fletcher, 'what a pity that he is such a shockingly *wild* young man!'"

"But tell me," said Lord Fletcher, "what is it that you have been doing lately to earn such a reputation? you, who are always so repandu, and such a man of good society!"

"Why, to tell you the truth," replied Grainger, "I committed the imprudence of going to the '*call*' of my friend, Sir Giles Wimbledon, in his chambers in Lincoln's Inn; that is to say, to the party which it is usual to give on the occasion of a man's being called to the bar. After supper, of course we all sallied out together into the street, and visited all the tobacco-shops, beer-shops, gin-shops, and oyster-shops, in the neighbourhood; bonneted two or three jarvies; found a cab-man fast asleep in his cab, and whipped his horse into full gallop, till he woke, dreaming that he was going to the infernal regions. Next, we changed the position of half the sign-boards in London: took down the 'three jolly post-boys,' and put it up over the door of a bishop; put

the 'flitch of Dunmow' against the house of a man who is always beating his wife; hung 'small beer sold here,' upon the knocker of a Temperance Society; the 'pig and whistle,' against the door of a popular preacher; and 'apartments to let furnished,' before the house of an East Indian widow; but the best joke of all is, that we went into Offley's, and there we met that horrible old bore, that they call Toe Barlow, who, of course, immediately volunteered to join our cruising party. Now, as he is a very great nuisance, and moreover, a man with whom you may take any liberties without a possibility of affronting him, I thought it would be capital fun to give him in charge to the police. Accordingly, having put one or two of the party up to the joke, I pretended, just as a policeman was passing, to be at very high words with the old bore, and accused him, in direct terms, of having assaulted me, as well as having attempted to steal my snuffbox. It would have amused you to see the dreadful state of trepidation into which the old devil was thrown. 'My dear fellow, my good friend,' he kept exclaiming, 'this is carrying a joke too far.' 'This is just the way,' said I to the policeman, 'that he has followed us about all night, pretending to our acquaintance, when we know nothing about him, and indeed believe him to be one of the swell mob. Policeman,

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do your duty, and take him to the station house.' I followed with the rest to the station house, old Barlow fretting and fuming all the way like a bull, and made a deposition, which was perfectly true, that I had laid my gold snuffbox down on the counter at Offley's, and happening to turn round, discovered it on a sudden in the prisoner's hand, who then had the effrontery to pretend, that he only was going to take a pinch of snuff. However, as the evidence was not conclusive, we gave the policemen five shillings a-piece, and after laughing heartily at Toe Barlow, sent him off to bed in a hackney-coach, and I hope it will do him good."

"And are you really thinking at last," enquired Lord Fletcher of Grainger, "of taking to the bar in earnest as your profession?"

"Never!" replied Grainger, decidedly. "Far be it from me to embark on such a sea, where I see daily so many goodly craft foundering in the waves. What chances there are first against any individual's success! and if you do succeed; if, after years' labour you do acquire for yourself a name, and a fortune, are not your hairs blanched, and your cheeks hollow, and your brow wrinkled? Are not all your tastes, your appetites, your passions, and your enjoyments, fled and faded? It is like spending a life in building a house, in which you may never live. It

is like climbing a mountain to see the promised land, and finding it night-fall when you arrive at the summit, and nothing but a bleak desart before you. No, let me rather make hay while the sun shines! let me rather drink the wine, while the sparkle is yet bubbling in the bowl! Youth is short, and the season of the poetry of the heart is passing away from us even while I speak; so let us order some huitres d'Ostende, and a lemon, and a bottle of Chablis, and a potage à la Julienne to begin with, and then we will make Fletcher tell us about this ball in the Fauxbourg to-morrow."

CHAPTER VII.

One of the first topics on which Lord Fletcher was naturally curious to glean some information from his newly-arrived friends, related to the present life and future intentions of Lord Clanelly, since the escape of his wife. Lord Arthur Mullingham, who was a great frequenter of all the clubs in town, and was, par consequence, quite au fait at all the news and gossip of the place, was well calculated to afford him all the intelligence which he wished on this interesting subject. It appeared that the young earl, who, notwithstanding his ill-treatment of his Italian consort, had always retained for her a degree of passion, and a force of affection, which was only stimulated and increased by the firmness with which she persisted in her rejection of his addresses, after his unworthiness had been once sufficiently established in her mind, had been at first grievously afflicted and entirely borne down by the blow which he received on discovering that she had succeeded

in making her escape. A spoiled child from his cradle, and accustomed to the instant gratification of his will on all subjects in which he might choose to exert it, he could not understand being contradicted, still less being over-reached, by a woman. Habituated as he was to regard the other sex as altogether dependent upon his own, and created almost solely for the gratification and amusement of men, he felt his pride piqued, as well as his tender feelings crushed and wounded, at being outwitted by his wife.

It was observable, too, in London, that on the rumour of Lady Clanelly's escapade being first circulated in society, there was a strong disposition to pity and take part with Lord Clanelly. Whatever his conduct towards his partner might really have been, and however little justifiable the neglect which he had exhibited towards her, both in Italy, and since her arrival in London, he had always studiously endeavoured to keep up his character with the world. His open and cheerful disposition had always secured him a certain number of personal friends, who were the champions of his reputation, wherever they heard it attacked; and as Lady Clanelly had scarcely been seen by any one of his acquaintances, she had enjoyed but little opportunity of securing advocates in her favour. The world, therefore, with

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its usual justice, and usual charity, decided that Lady Clanelly was solely, or at least principally, to blame; that her temper and capriciousness had always rendered it impossible for her husband to live with her in comfort, and that in all probability she had gone off with a lover. If, therefore, it was now whispered about that Lord Clanelly had been in a box at the opera with an unknown beauty, or driving one that was perhaps but too well known, in his cab, excuses were kindly made for him, on account of the disappointment and ill-treatment which he was said to have experienced in his prospects of domestic happiness. It was unquestionable, moreover, however great the légèreté and unimpressionability of his character might be on most points, that in this instance he did feel deeply and bitterly. It was, in fact, impossible that Jeannette Isabelle should have failed to create a lasting wound and an ineffaceable impression, even on a heart constructed so frailly and so lightly as his. He was not playing a part, nor acting the hypocrite, when after having made many useless enquiries and researches in different parts of England, he determined to order his travelling carriage, and set out on a tour over all Europe, with a view, if possible, to discover the present retreat of his lost love, and either by persuasion or force to bring her back to live with

him. The idea was, perhaps, a little romantic; and yet there seemed a greater probability of her having directed her flight towards the Continent, than having remained in England. At any rate, the rapid journey, and the diversity of scenes which it would necessarily embrace, promised better than any other plan to afford him that distraction from thought, and relief from anxiety of mind, which he felt to be essential to his health and his repose. Accordingly Lord Clanelly once more took his departure from England, accompanied only by two bull-dogs, two pistols, and two valets-de-chambre, to prosecute a tour something similar in its object, though different in its circumstances, from that of Cœlebs—from its being in search of a wife.

Another curious anomaly in Lord Clanelly's character, who was in general rightly considered to be insouciant, and a man of little feeling for others, and wrapt up in egotism, was the very great fondness which he exhibited to animals. This love for the brute creation had been, as we have seen above, one of the earliest points of sympathy which had originally brought him and his wife together. The two pet bull-dogs, which he had now selected as his compagnons de voyage, and distinguished by the two appropriate names of Griffin and Tartar, became to him the objects on which to lavish all the fund

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of affection and tenderness which yet remained in his nature. So necessary is it to every creature to have some one object in the world on which to pour out its feelings of love and kindness! So susceptible are even the worst and coarsest characters of gentleness and softness, although the chord may vibrate too roughly to sound in perfect harmony, with a heart of such delicate construction as that of Jeannette Isabelle!

Griffin and Tartar were never absent from their master: they were with him in his bed-room at night, and at his table in the day-time. It sometimes happens thus, that the persons who appear most unfeeling, and insensible to the appeals of humanity, concentre in a remarkable degree their fondness and kindness upon some brute animal, affording a practical illustration, by their conduct, of the sentiment expressed by Byron in his epitaph on a Newfoundland dog. We remember once upon a time a celebrated diplomatist in a German capital, being summoned suddenly to return for an interval to England. He had always had the character—I know not whether undeservedly—of being rather a selfish and egotistical person; he seldom opened very communicatively to his friends, and maintained but few acquaintances. The carriage was packed—the horses were ready—the footman had

taken his place in the rumble-tumble—the postillions were raising their whips—when suddenly his Excellency bethought himself of some important point, which seemed to be of the last consequence, by the eagerness with which he let down the window, and beckoned to the crowd on the steps of the hôtel to come and receive his instructions. The Secretary of Embassy took out his pocket-book and pencil—the paid attaché, and three other adolescent diplomates, listened with all their ears. The old butler, the porter, the steward, three grooms, two stable-boys, one housekeeper, and half a dozen maids, crowded round the carriage. At last, " Blackwood," exclaimed the public functionary, putting on his gravest look, and speaking profoundly, with almost tears in his eyes, to his secretary, " Blackwood, you are entrusted with the care of all negociations and arrangements in my absence—mind that my white cat, Mooney, gets plenty of milk!" The window was drawn up, the postillions cracked their whips, and the ambassador of his Britannic Majesty rolled away on his route to England.

And so it was with Lord Clanelly:—his rougher nature might be unfitted, perhaps, for the refinements of a lady's boudoir, but he was not less capable of feeling attachment; and now that the

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dearest ties which had bound him to existence were severed, he was fain to take up with his two bull-dogs, and to waste upon them that care and attention, which however it might be thrown away on its present objects, had never been sufficiently refined, or sufficiently tender to secure a return on the part of her to whom it had been originally consecrated. We do not say all this in justification or exculpation of Lord Clanelly, but merely in explanation and illustration of the vagaries and diversities of character. His treatment of his wife had been execrable, inhuman, barbarous; but he was one of those men who become at length sensible of their own happiness when it is too late.

Directly he found himself deprived of his wife's presence, he appreciated for the first time in its fullest extent, her excellence. He could act boldly and decidedly, but not consistently for any length of time. On first learning his own bereavement, he instantly broke off the connexion which he had maintained with another woman during the whole period of his wife's continuance with him. Whether he had strength of purpose, and fortitude enough to carry him through in this resolution, we shall afterwards see. A man who acts without principle can never be expected to be constant in any thing.

"Well," said Lord Fletcher, when he had ex-

tracted all these particulars from his informant, Lord Arthur, and as they were now sipping their petits verres and demi tasses at the end of dinner —" now it is my turn to give you all the intelligence I can about the ball to-morrow."

The ball, however, will perhaps better be described by conducting our readers at once into it, and begging them to suppose themselves just descending from their carriage at the steps of a large hôtel in the centre of the Fauxbourg St. Germain. The ball was given by one of the most prominent members of the administration, and as it was to be the last grand assembly of the present season, it was expected to be one of the gayest things of the kind, and every body was to be there.

Lord Fletcher's musical ear caught the air of one of the favourite melodies from I Puritani as he entered, and his buoyant and volatile spirits were already exhilarated by the very sound of the harp and violins. His merriment and lightness of heart were not diminished by a compliment paid him in return for his bow, by an old Carlist comtesse who stood near the door, and who told him that she had heard he played like Orpheus, and that in fact no Eurydice could resist him.—(Nota bene, all French ladies of the old school are thoroughly well grounded in Tooke's Pantheon and Lemprière's Dictionary, or

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rather in the subjects of them, which they get up from " La Mythologie des Anciens," and other similar works.)—Another lady did not please him less, by telling him that she had seen him at Chantilly; because he knew that if she had seen him, she must have seen that he had a woman with him in his carriage; and all young men are rather vain of their amours, particularly of hearing them alluded to, even in the most distant manner, provided it is not too condemnatory, by the other sex.

There were all our old acquaintances at this ball:—De Braglia, and M. de Noel the little, and M. de Ladversarie the great—and even the old admiral, and the dowager Mrs. Mac-Rubber, who kept up her old flirtations, as well as her habit of talking to everybody that approached her; she was enthroned in turban-corner, and looked like the queen of the chaperons, the very rose of all the wall-flowers:—conversation fell upon the subject of the Parisian theatres:—

" Ah!" said the loquacious old lady, " France is not what it was when I was young! Those were the times for devotion and gallantry on the part of the men, and unbounded empire, which after all is nothing but our just right, on the part of the women!—In those days, if I entered a box at the theatre with my mother, and allowed her to take

the front seat, which I sometimes did, in order to enjoy a quiet flirtation with some favourite beau in the back-ground, all the people in the parterre were sure to stand up, and cry out 'La beauté en avant!' till I complied with their desire by changing my place. I remember once mentioning casually at a dinner party that I had left a certain embroidered handkerchief at Rouen, and a young man immediately quitted the assembly, mounted his horse, and never rested till he had brought me back my handkerchief to Paris. Another Frenchman, with whom I had a correspondence"—(the dowager did not mention upon what subject)—"whenever he was obliged to leave Paris, always stopped at the first post-house on his route to write me a short note; and he invariably cut a large gash in his hand with the pen-knife, and signed his name in his blood. Those were the days, Lord Fletcher! give me the manners of the ancien régime."

"Take care what you say, madame," said the young Prince Endymion Loto, now made Russian attaché at Paris, and whom Fletcher particularly hated; "take care what you say against modern republican manners—vous êtes républicain, n'est-ce pas, milord?"

Fletcher looked rather savagely at the Russian, and answered—"Je suis Anglais, monsieur; mais,

si vous voulez absolument savoir cela, je trouve qu'une république vaut bien le gouvernement de toutes les Russies."

"Très-bien répondu!" exclaimed the old dowager; but Fletcher felt disgusted and dispirited at the asking of such a question, as well as at the impertinent manner in which it had been asked; it sufficed to show him that his conduct and associates, with which he was himself far from being satisfied, had been canvassed and made the subject of invidious remark in those circles of which he was properly himself a member. The music no longer sounded merry to his ear; he felt unhappy and dispirited, and he left the room.

Meanwhile our friend George Grainger, having been abandoned by Lord Arthur Mullingham, who was actively engaged in a gallopade, strolled carelessly through the rooms, a quiet though observant spectator of the people who were present; their dresses, their dancing, their excellencies, their faults, and their eccentricities. No one knew better than he did how to appreciate the "pose" of a wreath upon a woman's head, or the setting of a diamond hair-comb, or the trimming and shape of a sleeve. No one was a better critic of the grace of motion, whether in comparing an Elsler, a St. Romain, and a Taglioni at the opera, or in judging of the more

measured movements which were at present exhibited before him in a ball-room.

Suddenly, as he entered for the first time the interior salon of all, he was struck by the splendid attire, and, what appeared to him, the commanding beauty of a woman who sate opposite the entrance beneath the wall. He approached, to scrutinize more closely the great good taste of her dress, and the magnificence of her fine figure. Not till he was within a few steps of the object of his admiration, was he aware that he was contemplating the very person who had been, a few months before, the cause of the first real passion probably which he had ever felt. Improved in every way by her marriage, in face, in figure, in toilet, and above all, in manner, she perfectly astonished him.

He remembered the peculiar circumstances under which they had last met and parted; and even Grainger, with all his experience, and tact, and knowledge of the world, felt somewhat embarrassed as to the mode in which he should address her, and he fancied or feared that something like a blush of confusion was visible upon his cheek. He did not half like either, that she should be the wife of another, particularly of a man whom he felt to be so much his own inferior as the Comte de Carbonnell. The eventful night at Lord Landraven's, his awkward

mistake of the bedrooms, the difficulty which he had then felt as to the manner in which he should disclose to her his presence, the strong temptation he had experienced to allow her to extinguish the light, and ascend the bed—and the sudden and heroic effort, as he regarded it, with which he had overcome his evil inclination—all these feelings and reminiscences rushed at once over his brain. He was relieved by the Comtesse de Carbonnell herself beckoning him to her side.

"Come here, Mr. Grainger," said she, holding up her finger; "come here! *what* a fool you were!"

CHAPTER VIII.

We now bring our readers to an entirely new and distinct part of our history: we believe we may say to the principal and leading part of it: for the preceding chapters of this volume may be best regarded in the same light as the beef-steak of a pigeon pie; which, though deriving some factitious importance from its size and weight, is yet far from being the material and leading ingredient of the dish in question. It serves to fill up a vacant corner; and people are very kind if they take the trouble to digest so tough and insipid an article at all.

Richard Bazancourt, who, although we have, as yet, seen but little of him, we wish it to be understood, is the real hero of this history, had, within a short period of that at which we are now arrived, quitted the school, where "grateful science," if science may be poetically understood to mean Latin and Greek,—

"still adores
Her Henry's holy shade:"

and being supposed to have gone twice a day to chapel for a sufficient number of years, where the head master, like Milton's cock,—

"Proudly struts his *dames* before:"

had been duly transplanted to finish his education, by going to chapel once a day at the University of Oxford, and to continue construing Livy and Herodotus; with only the additional privilege of being allowed to get drunk without being flogged, and the additional restriction of not being permitted to walk in his hat without receiving an imposition. As he was the *Honourable* Richard Bazancourt, and his father had promised him the very liberal allowance of eight hundred pounds a year during his University residence, besides his wine and his tutors, which were to be paid extra, he was entered as a gentleman commoner of Christchurch; and, perhaps, few young men have ever begun their career with a greater reputation for talents, or a greater character, in some particulars, for eccentricity. At school it had always been said of him that he could do what he chose, if he could but be prevailed on to exert himself; at cricket, at football, at tennis, he was one of the best performers among his cotemporaries, and yet he detested playing, and could scarcely ever

be prevailed upon to engage in a match; he was considered the best rower on the river, and the best fighter in the whole school; so that whatever his caprices might be, he was pretty sure to be allowed the uninterrupted enjoyment of them, from its being an understood thing that it was dangerous to interfere; he was, nevertheless, of an exceedingly good temper, and an open and generous disposition; he was a favourite too with the masters, because, though he was frequently idle, and sometimes absented himself altogether from his tasks, he had more taste in composition, and displayed a more manly and matured judgment in whatever he wrote than any other boy of his age; his lines were nervous and strong, and stamped with genius: and thus he had come up to Oxford with a rumour that he was sure of the first Newdigate; and yet, from his irregularity and independence of discipline, bets were freely offered that he would be expelled within his first year of residence. His irregularities, however, did not resemble those of the other young men into whose society he was thrown; they consisted, not in the low vices and abandoned depravity which disgrace the career of too many of what are called young men of spirit, but in a love of freedom and acting for himself, and a resolute determination to be debarred by nothing from executing whatever project it might

please him to conceive or to fulfil. He never was known to be intoxicated but once, and that was when he was a schoolboy; but it was his habit to steal away, as early as politeness allowed, from the monotonous tedium of a wine-party, and mounting his horse, which was waiting for him at the college gate, to gallop away on some solitary ride, towards Bagley Wood, or the picturesque vicinity of Wytham. There, once arrived beyond the risk of being annoyed by the presence of his everyday companions, he would let the bridle almost lie loose upon his courser's neck, and wander about over the green meadows, and through the long turfy avenues, musing on he scarcely knew what, or rather, upon all possible subjects, till the sun had long sunk behind the hills, and left his glory floating on the wavy west, like the banner on the tomb of a hero.

Many a Spectator paper, for returning to college after the proper hour, which it cost him ten or twenty shillings to have written out by the barber, did he esteem lightly purchased for the privilege of these evening rides. Many a rallying jest from his equals, and many a suspicious innuendo from the college censor, had he patiently submitted to, merely to preserve to himself, unobstructed and uncontrolled, the pleasure of thus being alone.

As a hero, however, is nothing without a personal

description, and, as we intend that our hero should be the best-looking, the cleverest, and the strongest of all the heroes that have figured in all the novels of the last twenty years, we cannot do better before proceeding further, than draw an accurate portraiture of Richard Bazancourt at the age of eighteen years, which was precisely the epoch to which he had attained at that time of our history to which we are now advanced. His figure was tall and commanding, being not only rather above than under the height of six feet, but also distinguished by the breadth of the shoulders, and the expansion of the chest, which added the appearance of great power to that of grace; his features likewise were strongly and characteristically marked in their expression; his large full eye was as black and as brilliant as the polished jet, and there was a wildness, sometimes almost a savageness in its excited glance, which bespoke him to be a terrible enemy; his raven hair too was long and thick, and it covered his head and curled round his broad temples with a profusion which gave a still more romantic expression to his general features; but his skin was fair and white as that of a petted school-girl; there was nothing of your pseudo-brigand-and-corsair look about him, still less did he present the appearance of a drawing-room dandy; his character was unique and peculiar to himself,

but there was always something of melancholy about it; he might be compared, perhaps better than to any other object, to a Titan warring with his evil destiny. He had a beautiful black Arab stallion, called Mahmoud, which had been given him by his eldest sister, on the occasion of her marriage with the Comte de Carbonnell, as a sort of memento, probably, that he was not to forget the vow which he had once made her, that he would avenge upon the head of Lord Clanelly the insult which she had received at his hands. And though young Bazancourt could not help feeling rather surprised and dissatisfied at his sister's subsequent marriage so soon after the dissolution of her previous engagement, and although he regarded it as indicative of a levity of feeling, and a transferableness of affection, which he could not understand, and would be never capable of imitating, he, nevertheless, kept buried deep in his heart the mortal hatred which she had first encouraged him to nourish against Lord Clanelly, and he never mounted his coal-black steed without seeing in him a challenge to the fulfilment of his revenge, and a warning fresh as if it had come anew from the lips of his sister.

It may easily be conceived how a heart like his, delighting in solitude, and pleased with gazing at the sunset, unpreoccupied too by any previous pas-

sion, and sensitive to the last degree to all the fascinations of beauty and genius, was open to receive the impression of any passion which might be excited by a worthy object; the ground was ready, it awaiting only the sowing of the seed. Accordingly, it happened one evening, in the pursuit of his daily ride after dinner, that he wandered into Blenheim Park, and encouraged by the softness of the atmosphere, and the beauty of the scene before him, he had fallen into that indolent state of voluptuous reverie, which Addison has somewhere pronounced to be "the most innocent of our sensual pleasures;" at a distance shone in the beams of the sun, now rapidly sinking in the west, the glittering roof of that magnificent pile which a nation raised to the glory of her bravest champion. Many an old oak in the park around him spread its gnarled branches wide over his head, and their broad fantastic shadows, as they lengthened on the turf, made his steed occasionally start, half in play, half in wickedness, beneath him. The mouldering trunks of some of them, too, seemed ominous to his mind, and were eloquent with ten thousand thoughts of the fleeting grandeur of all human things, and the vanity of riches, and honour, and power, and fame. It was late in the month of May. The deer were brousing peacefully in the long and matted grass, and from

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afar the fragrance of a distant clover field was wafted on the wind; while the rural sound of the mower, sharpening his scythe for the last time before returning home, came mingled to his ear with the distant chant of the cuckoo, or the drowsy horn of the passing insect tribes. All was repose around him. Below lay the lake in the bosom of the valley, smooth and unruffled like a sheet of glass; and the banks were mirrored on its surface like a lover's words upon the heart of his mistress.

As Richard Bazancourt abruptly turned a corner in his descent towards the water, which seemed from the higher ground lapped in silence and solitude, he was surprised to find himself in the immediate vicinity of two young and beautiful women, who were standing, evidently in an attitude of distress, upon the margin of the lake, and stretching out their arms towards some object which seemed to be struggling in the waves. No sooner did our hero perceive this, than, like a true knight, he spurred his horse, with considerable danger to himself, down the oblique side of the green declivity, and arrived just in time to perceive that the object of the ladies' concern was a large dog, who had been caught in a bed of weeds in the centre of the lake, and seemed entirely exhausted, and on the point of sinking from fatigue. It was evident that but one thing remained to be

done;—by calling the animal by his name, and throwing stones to make him exert himself the more, the two ladies had only increased his exhaustion, without at all assisting his escape. The poor brute, which was a remarkably fine specimen of the largest Newfoundland breed, whined piteously, for he could bark no longer, and he only just retained strength enough to paw the water with his fore-feet so as to prevent his yet sinking to the bottom; his tongue trailed out of his mouth, and his eyes looked imploringly towards the bank for assistance.

To jump from his horse, to strip off his coat, and to entrust the bridle of Mahmoud to the fair hands of one of the two ladies, was with Richard Bazancourt the work of an instant. He immediately sprung into the lake, and swimming with a speed and a strength which astonished those who saw him, arrived in less than half a minute at the spot where the dog was yet struggling with the waves. Carefully avoiding to entangle himself with the same mass of weeds, by swimming lightly on the surface, he succeeded dexterously in disentangling the hind legs of the poor animal, who made the best of his way to the shore; while Richard Bazancourt, swimming with twice the rapidity, easily passed the poor beast, and had already landed, and was standing with his horse's bridle over his arm, ready to assist

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him up the difficult bank, by the time he arrived at the margin.

Who shall describe the effect which the first glance of that eye, which now for the first time met our hero's, left upon his heart? How can vain language attempt to pencil that which only can be *felt*; *felt*, too, but once,—once in the whole era of man's long weary life,—and which, when it *is* felt, graves, like the lightning the track of its fiery passage, on the breast that is subjected to its fury!

Richard Bazancourt never yet had loved: from this day forth, love was to be the very breath of his nostrils, the very meat and drink of his existence, the very pulse of his life-blood, the very essence and soul of his being;—stealing over him in his meditations, present with him in his dreams, lending a brighter colour and a mellower hue to the cares and troubles of ordinary occupation, creating and hallowing to itself a new and peculiar employment of hour after hour,—a vision of a different and a newborn era burst upon him;—he looked again into those eyes, and he drunk deeper still of the sweet poison which they distilled. Oh! happy in his hitherto ignorance! happier yet in his fatal wisdom of to-day! how happiest of all men had he been, had he at that moment plunged once more into those waves, and either drunk oblivion there or died!

How well had it been for him, had he now, having dreamt the dream, closed his eyes in an eternal sleep! The fever, the jealousy, the anguish, the murderous wish, the midnight tear stealing down the manly cheek when none are nigh,—the ceaseless, restless, boundless circle of hopes, and doubts, and fears,—the anxiety for others, the ruin though disregarded of self;—all these had been spared him!—for all these were in his destiny,—the finger of Fate had written it on his brow, and he that runs might read it there.

The grace, the dignity, the ease, the suavity, with which the nearest of the ladies turned to thank him for his pains, Richard Bazancourt had never yet seen equalled. Both of the two women were passing fair, and both were young, and both were gentle; and one of them he had a faint recollection of having seen somewhere in the society of the great world in London. At any rate, he was hereafter frequently destined to meet her there, under other circumstances, and in long after days; but it was the other, the lineaments of whose face were perfectly new to him; it was the other that rivetted his attention, and thrilled him with a feeling which he had never experienced before.

"Darling," said she to her companion; and it was observable that both the ladies spoke in a

slightly foreign accent; "darling, we must go home; my little daughter Florence will be awaiting me; andiamo!" and at the same time, just emerging from behind some trees at a distance, Bazancourt beheld a maid, who had the appearance of a foreigner, from her wearing her cap with large lappels, without any bonnet, and who was leading in her two hands a young infant, which appeared as yet unable to walk without assistance.

"Eccola! mia mignone!" exclaimed the delighted mother; and making a grateful bow to Bazancourt, at the same time a sufficiently distant one, to let him see that it would be displeasing to her that he should follow further, she took her companion's arm, and began to ascend the hill.

Richard Bazancourt remained as if rooted to the spot:—she was gone, and he seemed scarcely to have saluted her. She was vanished, and it seemed like a vision; and yet the sweetness of her voice, the peculiar grace with which she moulded her most trifling expressions, all these rung yet in his ear; and he felt as did Madame de Tesse when she said, "Ah! si j'étais reine, j'ordonnerais à Madame de Staël de me parler toujours!"

As he sauntered slowly through the park on his way home, for he felt it to be a point of honour not to obtrude himself further on the party whom he

had just left,—as he led his favourite horse by the bridle,—and as the old gray-headed porter opened wide for him the large folding gates that lead into the town of Woodstock,—the bells of the church-tower pealed out the well-known chime, which is repeated night and morning at the hour of eight, to the tune of "Marlbrook is gone to the wars."

How often, years afterwards, when a lone man and a mourner, he returned after a pilgrimage through many lands, through the towns of Flanders, and Belgium, and the North of France, the scene of the same Marlborough's glory, and still retaining this solitary testimony to his praise,—how often did he hear at night-fall that same sad chime—"Marlbrook is gone to the wars"—fall like balm upon his ear. To others filled haply with the associations of war, and havoc, and blood; but telling to him ever a sweet and soothing tale of peace, and love, and of that dear night, when, by the side of Blenheim's lake, he had first seen her who was to be to him the pole-star of his life's voyage, and the day-beam of his destiny! "Marlbrook is gone to the wars." The melody had magic in it; and its music all night long sung to him in his sleep, and spoke him with a voice of hope. Ah! why must hope so soon give way to miserable and dreary recollection!

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CHAPTER IX.

"Yoix! old fellow! hark forward! hark forward! hark forward! hallo there!" these were the discordant sounds, which, together with the smacking of a hunting-whip, and the barking of a brace of beagles, saluted our hero's ear in his own room, as he suddenly awoke at the noise the ensuing morning. "Hark forward! hark forward! loo, loo, loo, loo, loo, at him again! pull him out there, Towzer; draw the badger; now Vixen, pull him out of his bed! hoix ho! hark away there!"

"Damn your noise! can't you be quiet? Tracy, my good fellow, have a little more consideration, I beseech you, for a man's nerves," grumbled out our hero, while he rubbed his eyes, and endeavoured to recall his thoughts, which had been wandering amid far pleasanter subjects, to the actual circumstances and sad realities of life. His imagination had just shewn him in a dream, the image of his heart's idol in Oriental costume, and he had been reclining in fancy with his mistress, beneath the shade of palm

groves, and plantains and acacias, luxuriating on the delicacies of pomegranates and cream tarts. Bob Tracy, however, had no sympathy for such visionary joys; and having already "taken a considerable part from the solidity of the day,"* as he and Horace classically expressed it, by sitting up all night over bowls of punch and Havannahs, he now gave unequivocal proofs to Dick Bazancourt, as Canning once said to a drunken member in the House of Commons, "of having made himself more pleasant elsewhere." Bob Tracy was a commoner of the College, and universally considered one of the best fellows of his day:—he was a good wit, and a decent classic:—had been plucked once for his divinity, and rusticated twice for what were called breaches of moral discipline. The cause of his first visit to the country, was his having been discovered to be the author of an epigram, which was found one morning fastened to the door of Dr. Simpleton, one of the dignitaries of the college, who was notoriously the ugliest man of his day, and was celebrated for possessing features resembling those of a horse. The epigram was as follows:—

If the Bible says true, which appears very odd,
That men are all made in the image of God,
In Simpleton's face, some unfortunate scrimmage,
Has terribly batter'd the Deity's image.

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* "Partem solido demere de die."

This circumstance, together with the fact of his having been known to neigh loudly while the said official was crossing the quadrangle, and there being strong suspicions of his having been the person who had filled Dr. Simpleton's letter-box with oats during his temporary absence from his rooms, had been sufficient to cause his first exemplary punishment. The second case was one of a much graver nature: it was nothing less, than an attempt to deface the beauty of the red gravel of Peckwater, by transplanting thither, with the assistance of several unknown confederates, a vast number of laurel, laurestinus, arbutus, and rhododendron trees, from before the anatomy school in the dead of night. The tutors awoke in the morning, and found to their astonishment, on looking out of their windows, that "Birnam wood had come to Dunsinane." The scouts neglected their work, standing with their buckets in their hands in the quadrangle.

Miranturque novas frondes, et non sua poma.

Not contented with this horticultural experiment, Bob Tracy had even dared to represent the head of the college in effigy, and had set him up in the middle of his newly-created jardin des plantes, as the representative of Priapus. Decorum was scandalized; justice must be appeased: a council of the

college authorities was convened, and Bob Tracy was once more driven into exile for three months, which he passed, being the hunting season, in Leicestershire, with Mr. Earthstopper Brush Fivebars, who was his particular friend, and whom he recompensed for his board and lodging, by giving him the best receipt for making gin-punch in the world. It being now, however, the sultry season of summer, poor Bob Tracy was terribly puzzled how to pass his time, for want of being able to hunt:—he was obliged to apply himself, with even more than his usual industry, to what he called, "*laying the dust*," viz. the science of drinking; and the expenditure which he necessarily incurred in "*laying the dust*," made it indispensable for him to pass the remaining moieté of his time in "*raising the wind.*"

"Yoix ho! loo, loo, loo, Towzer; at him again there; shake him to rags," continued Bob, at the very top of his voice, notwithstanding the repeated deprecatory remonstrances of Dick Bazancourt. "Come, old devil," said he, "get up, do, and come and breakfast at Tom Cockawhoop's; he's got ten dozen of champagne in his rooms to my certain knowledge;

> 'Nunc est bibendum, nunc pede libero
> Pulsanda tellus.'

Then, after breakfast, we'll go to Quartermaine's

stables together, to see his new mare: he wants fifty for her, and I've bid him forty-five, but the devil only knows where I am to get the money if he says yes. Allons! old fellow! let's go to the champagne;" and then addressing himself to the washerwoman, who happened to enter at the moment with Bazancourt's linen, he continued,

" 'Prome reconditum
Lyde strenua Cœcubum,
Munitæque adhibe vim sapientiæ.'

Bazancourt," proceeded he, "if you'll come over to Witney with me to-day, I'll sport you a horse, on condition that you pay the turnpikes; for I can get plenty of credit of the stable-keepers, but those horrid pike-men won't take anything but ready money at the gates; and the roads are too hard now to jump over a toll-bar. What do you think of my new song, supposed to be sung, you understand, with a pea-jacket, glazed hat, boots and leathers, and a four-in-hand whip?

"Lord love your souls, my noble masters, I'm an honest dealer, sirs;
If any ge'mman wants a horse to run in harness wheeler, sirs,
Or looking out for 'acks or 'unters, I'm your man for 'orses, sirs;
I turns old rips to new 'uns—just like Ovid's Metamorphosers.
row dow de dow, &c.

"I rubs a dab o' coal-tar, where their shoulders shews the collar, sir;
I sticks a pin above their eyes, and blows up all the hollow, sir;—

I files their teeth to four year old; and Squeaker Smith, or Barnett,
sir,
To know 'em when I turns 'em out, must be the deuce incarnate, sir.
row dow de dow, &c.

"I gives no written warrants, but I sports my ipse dixi, sir;
And if you finds the 'orses dear, remember that I ticks ye, sir.
You gives your bill at three months' date;—and trust me there's no
danger, sir,
While bran and beans is cheap, and there's three penn'orth in the
manger, sir.
row dow de dow, &c.

Come, old fellow! out of bed there, it's past nine o'clock, and almost lecture time, as I'm alive. At him again, Vick. Oh! Bazancourt, have you heard the last joke of the men at Worcester College? People used to go and walk in their garden, and come away with large nosegays, which they gathered for themselves: maid-servants, with children, were always seen going away with bundles of roses; whereupon one of the tutors, who by the way is a master in the schools, inscribed upon a large black board, '*examine, but pluck not;*' to which Jack Lovett and myself added at the bottom, in allusion to the maids and the children, 'this is the tutors' nursery garden;' is it not capital?" then turning to the scout who entered,

"'I, pete unguentum, puer, et coronas."

"Mr. Bazancourt is going to get up and dress himself, don't you understand?

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'Dic et argutæ properet Neæræ,
Myrrheum nodo cohibere crinem.'

Do you hear? Why Towzer understands Latin better than you." "*Dog* Latin, Sir," answered the scout; and Bob Tracy exclaimed, "D—d good for a scout, get some beer at the buttery for yourself," and went ou with his song:—

"I never couldn't bear them blackguard cruel-hearted wretches,
As stuffs their 'orses bellies up with green-stuff like, and vetches;
They curry-combs their coats off, just to make a show of carcase, sir;
But mine, tho' they be rum 'uns just to look at, they be larkers, sir!

"'I don't know how,' says Bill to me, the other day, a chaffing one,
'I don't much find this trade of ourn no how not a laughing one:
'The ge'mmen comes and sees the 'orses, trots 'em out and tries 'em, sir,
'But, Lord! I'd eat the 'orses, shoes and all, 'afore they buys 'em, sir.'"

"Well, Tracy, my good fellow," enquired Bazancourt, as soon as the noise stopped, "when do you intend to reform, and lead a new life? Are you not yet tired of getting drunk, and singing the same songs every night?" "Not at all," replied Tracy, "I shall take orders soon; and then I suppose I must pull up a bit—but I must say I do love a thorough good jollification.

"This little mare as cocks her tail, she never has no ginger, sir:
Or if she do, it's only 'cause we doesn't like to stinge her, sir.

If an angel down from heaven came to get a horse to ride on,
This bit o' blood's the very beast I'd set his grace astride on.

" That cob goes out to sarve a church; (Jem, give his coat a rub again :)
And when the curate tumbles off, he stands still till he's up again.
He never says his pray'rs, but, that excepted, there's no question, sir,
The 'ors can do 'most any thing but talk :—he's half a Christian, sir.

" This quiet tit will jump, oh ! Lord, I dare say no precise height;
But six foot high, at least :—his coat's enough to blind your eye-sight.
Since the beaks have took'd poor Tom, it's twice as hard to find a buyer, sir ;
He chaff'd a horse so well, did Tom :—he were the sweetest liar, sir.

" If any 'ors were trotted up the yard, as goed a limper,
He'd say, ' you saucy hypocrite ! see does it all for timper ;'
And if she kick'd him in the ribs, instead of looking bitten, sir,
He'd cry, ' you lively linnet, she's as playful as a kitten, sir.

" But now the time's so shocking changed !—I don't know how it come so :
I scarcely dare walk up the street, I funk them 'orrid bums, so.
The chandler he won't give no tick : no corn is in the bin, sir,
And I was forced to put a 'orse-cloth up the spout to-day for tin, sir.

" Then bless your hearts, my noble bricks, these things is worth your havin', sirs :]
They ben't no broken-winded creatures, full o' splints and spavins, sirs :
If any ge'mman finds a flaw from muzzle to the stifle, sir,
I'll sell them all for nothink :—that's to say the merest trifle, sir."

As the voluble Bob Tracy finished his song, there was a single tap at the door of the room. "A dun for a sovereign," exclaimed Tracy. "Come in," cried Bazancourt, and a college servant appeared, bearing the compliments of the Rev. Mr. Circumflex, the tutor, and a message to invite Richard Bazancourt to dine with him at half past six. Now, although this was intended of course as a great compliment in its way, it greatly "*contrarier'd*" poor Bazancourt's plans for the evening. He had intended to ride over again to Blenheim, hoping that chance might favour him sufficiently to throw him once more in the way of the two ladies of the yesternight. But he now saw no means of putting his scheme in execution. An invitation from the head of a college, or a tutor, in Oxford, is a command; it is like an invitation from the king, or a prince of the blood elsewhere. The scout, who brought the message, as if aware of this, had already vanished, and Bazancourt had no alternative left, but to put on his black trousers, and a white starched cravat, at the hour appointed.

Our hero, moreover, however the present invitation might interfere with his arrangements on this particular occasion, could not but be gratified on the whole at finding himself on such good terms with the college authorities; for, although he enter

tained his own views with regard to university questions on many points, and some of them sufficiently heretical, as wishing to see the admission of dissenters, wondering that any gentleman could stoop to do the dirty work of a proctor, and thinking it absurd and disgraceful that a public body could cause young men to swear to the observance of statutes, which are quite obsolete, and totally disregarded in practice,—yet he was too much a man of the world not to feel the importance of keeping up a good character with *people in place.* Accordingly, when the facetious Mr. Circumflex, on his entering the common-room party, asked him his twenty times repeated question, " whether he was intended for the church?" he took care to answer with the greatest gravity, that he was not intended for that profession; and when Mr. Circumflex added, " You are so tall, indeed, that I should have thought you were intended for the steeple," he appeared convulsed with laughter at an impromptu which he had heard at least three times a term since he commenced residence.

All the company assembled on the present occasion, with the exception of Richard Bazancourt, who was an *honourable,* and one young nobleman besides, were high in office in the university—professors, doctors of divinity, deans, provosts, and

prizemen. They wore their gowns at dinner, and drank oceans of port wine. Only two topics, however, were mooted in conversation during the whole evening, and even on these there appeared a little reserve, as there were two under-graduates present. The first was the supposed antinomianism, heresy, unorthodoxy, or infidelity, as some did not scruple to call it, of a new professor of theology. He had ventured, it appeared, to pronounce a certain word in reading the church service, *Sabāoth*, with the penultimate long, whereas it was the custom since time immemorial in the university to pronounce it *Sabăoth*, with the penultimate short. None of the individuals present either knew, or paused to enquire, what was the etymology of the word. The only point they differed upon was, as in the case of Ravaillac's execution in France, how he should be punished with the greatest possible severity, and in the most exemplary manner. Some said he was a Catholic in disguise, and proposed to strip off his ecclesiastical gown. Others made a Whig and Tory question of it, and voted for turning him out of the university altogether, with a hope of a consequent dissolution of the Whig administration. Many pronounced him to be a Unitarian, others suspected him of St. Simonism, and one stoutly maintained that he was an atheist, and ought to be

burnt. Roasting him alive, however, was decided nearly unanimously by the rest of the party to be out of date, and rather unjustifiably severe: they contented themselves, therefore, by writing circulars to all the non-resident masters of arts; who accordingly arrived a few weeks afterwards from the country, and made a sort of moral auto-da-fè of the Professor, by passing a statute, which incapacitated him from fulfilling, in a great measure, the most honourable functions of his office.

The other question discussed in the course of the evening, was endeavoured instantly to be hushed up by the elder and more discreet of the authorities present. Mr. Circumflex had, however, by this time, become a little tête montée, and was determined to be heard, in spite of the presence of two junior men. Large papers, printed in six-inch letters of red, purple, and yellow ink, had been for some days affiché'd about the walls of Oxford, announcing the arrival in that place of the wonderful and grand discovery, the new Meninaeide-Rododactylo-Melaino-Chruso-Chalcos, to which all members of the university who could procure tickets were invited—admission gratis. It was let out in the course of conversation, that a meeting of Golgotha, or of all the heads and governors of colleges and halls, had been convened expressly for the pur-

pose of discussing the question—first, *what* the Meninaeide-Rododactylo-Melaino-Chruso-Chalcos actually was; secondly, *where* it was concealed; and thirdly, how they were to disencumber the university of its suspicious and unwelcome presence. After many guesses, it was carried on the motion of an elderly don, who professed to understand a thing or two more than the rest, and was rather looked up to in the assembly, that the Meninaeide-Rododactylo-Melaino-Chruso-Chalcos was neither more nor less than a gambling table. The three colours of the ink in the advertisements were in the first place regarded as symptomatic. Then the rodo and melaino seemed to stand for rouge et noir—chrusos, for the money to be won or lost—chalcos, for the impudence of the people who brought it to Oxford—and dactylo, for the *fingering* the dice, or perhaps, as the old don knowingly suggested, for the *bones* themselves. Meninaeide he determined to be merely a flourish to attract notice, as he had a distinct recollection that these were the two first words at the beginning of the Odyssey. "Of the Iliad," said the young nobleman, displaying his little knowledge of the world by exposing his tutor's little knowledge of Greek—at the next lecture he received an imposition.

Richard Bazancourt rose to depart, and hunting

brated Meninacide - Rododactylc
Chalcos.

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CHAPTER X.

Alas! and alas! for the luxury and the agony, the pleasure and the pain of boyhood's earliest love! Alas! for its deep devotion and its burning tears; its earnest sincerity, its unblushing purity, its confiding forgetfulness of self, its exalted dignity, its tender gentleness, its haughty pride! Alas! for all who have ever felt, for all who must ever feel so much of joy and so much of sorrow! Better, ten thousand times better, to be born a thing of mechanism, with dull sensibilities and working-day souls; with shoulders fashioned to the yoke they are to bear; with regulated impulses and passions schooled into obedience! Better, ten thousand times better, to wade into the stream of life through the shelving banks and miry shallows, which cold prescription teaches or at least permits, than to plunge at once into the rushing tide, which, though its waves be crystal bright, and the taste of its waters like the milk and honey of the promised land, bears along its victim

on its boiling current to a trackless ocean, an unnavigable waste, a sea without a shore. Men love with moderation afterwards, when the edge of appetite has first been dulled upon an object in which the heart finds no interest: but oh! it is a dreadful thing to love but one first time! to feel but once and for ever the mighty strength of the devouring flame; to be aware of the inevitable desolation it must leave behind it, yet know that it is inextinguishable, irresistible, overwhelming. It is on this account that we say, alas for the boy's first love:—it has too much intensity in it to have much of permanence: it has too much longing for the infinite, the eternal, to be reconcileable with our finite and perishable state. It burns like the conflagration in the night, and beautifies the scene around it with a ghastly radiance; presently the rafters crash, the roof falls in, and nought remains but the dust, and the ashes, and the darkness. And yet while the sweet illusion lasts—while the virgin pulse yet beats quick and audibly in its panting for the strange delight, when the heart is young and the world is new, who is so steeled in philosophy as not to acknowledge that there must be delicious rapture in the dream? Who that has fed the first cravings of desire with the thankless kisses of a wanton's lip: who that has cast the pearl of innocence into the forbidden wine-cup, and drained it till sensation is

deadened into satiety, but must envy those fresh and feverish sighs, those fervent vows of rapturous inexperience, in which the sense and the soul move hand-in-hand together, and the innocent affections peep out through the amorous windows of the eyes? And, after all, how many there are, how very many even of those few whose hearts are moulded of nature's softest clay, susceptible of the finest impressions, capable of the noblest emotions—how many there are even of those few, to whom destiny had denied the bliss of meeting in their youth an object worthy to fashion them into love! The dreamy state of indolent repose; the preference for solitude; the admiration of nature, her woods and wilds, her mountains and her streams, all these are symptoms of that restless mood of vacancy which the heart experiences while yet it feels only the poetry of love without its passion, and builds its rude altar to the Unknown God. But when the kindred soul is once discovered invested in a form of beauty; when a palpable direction is once given to these refined abstractions—then it is that a world of delight bursts upon the lover's eyes like a new creation: the golden harp was ready before for the touch of the minstrel, but it is now that its strings vibrate, and become vocal with the melodies of angels. The sacrifice was prepared before upon the dedicated pile, but it is now that the fire descends from heaven and

waterfall is eloquent with the voi
unearthly quires are seen laving
Between the leafy avenues laugl
and merry faces are seen peerii
caves: the mountains break fort
the flowers of the field exhale a tı
if crushed by the glancing feet
still we repeat, alas! and alas! a
the love and for the lover; and
object of his love! The flame t
fume from the nard consumes it;
ters its richness, sweeps away bu
that stirs the music of the lute, we
All, all, is vain! What have n
excess, or with intensity? The w
cup is full; the heart is broken!

Our hero, Richard Bazancourt
the condition which we have fe

[redacted]

had once caught sight of the being which his imagination had so long painted, and his wildest wishes conceived, his very life seemed endued with a new vigour: he set about even the ordinary occupations of the day with twofold spirit and energy, and an end and a design appeared to give an unknown impulse to his every word and deed. No wonder that on the evening of the day succeeding his tutor's dinner, he turned his horse's head once more in the direction of Woodstock, and resolved not to rest till he had ascertained the abode of the mysterious ladies, discovered some plan of rendering his acquaintance with them more permanent, and obtained leave to visit them, if possible, in their own dwelling. His was a maiden heart:—his were feelings as yet unwarped by artifice, unpractised in deceit, unhackneyed in the ways of the world. As he urged the willing Mahmoud along the road, so intently occupied were his thoughts with the one great object that he had in view, that he was hardly sensible of the distance he passed over, or of the vehicles which he encountered on the road. Often, six months before, he had traversed the same track, going to or returning from the chase. Then he had been one of the foremost in the run, and one of the fullest of amusing anecdote at the carousal after the return home of the hunters.

Near the spot, which he was now traversing so ra-

should hunt with him. The u
blue, and the Oxonians, who in
coat, were easily distinguishable
well from that circumstance, as
riding over the dogs. On the
allude, however, it happened by
regiment, marching down to be q
were approaching by the same
and their scarlet uniforms glit
off in the sunbeams. "Damn
Duke in the greatest constern
pretty lot of Oxford men! Will,
"make as much haste as you can
sight." Presently, however, as t
nearer, the old sportsman perceiv
was as glad to shake hands wit
regiment, whom he discovered to
tance, as if he were still himself e

musingly along the road leading from Oxford to Woodstock. Every nook of Blenheim Park which appeared likely to be the scene of an evening promenade—the lake, the bridges, the monument, the cascade—all were visited, and anxiously searched, but in vain; no vestige could be either seen or heard of the object of his pursuit. He became frantic with vexation; he cursed himself, and we are sorry to say, Mr. Circumflex, his tutor, also, for being the cause of his absence the preceding evening.

"If I had but met with her to-night," he repeated to himself, "with this soft murmuring zephyr, with this serene and meltingly blue sky, in the solitudes of these beautiful recesses, on the verdant pathway of this pliant turf, who knows but that the witchery of the lovely scene might have influenced her, and breathed a degree of attendrissement into her delicate nature, which would have made her listen with more favour than she would dare confess to herself, to the warm and eloquent appeal that I would pour into her ear!" And as he repeated again and again this reflection to himself, he set the spurs to the sides of poor old Mahmoud, and galloped him along the grassy side of the road which leads out of the park by what is called the Ditchley Gate. He had not proceeded far, when to his great delight, he saw at a short distance a-head of him, the very person whom

rassment and awkwardness, as
might attribute to him a want
seeming to watch her movemen
was, however, now inevitable: l
far to recede, and a few more ste
took the fair foreigner, and bro
side. With marked deference a
her, and she returned his bow
shewed that she at least was det
first person to make any advan
intimacy.

Bazancourt was slightly aba
ing up all his courage, at last he
ture to hope that you have not s
poor services of the other night
allowed the privilege of renewi
which so fortunate an accident
appreciate?"

aimer,'" replied the lady: "as you are exempted from such suspicions by your sex, I will not think so ill of your charity or your humanity as to attribute to more interested motives the very kind assistance which I am grateful for having received at your hands."

"And not to be behindhand in generosity," rejoined our hero; "I suppose I must allow an equal exemption from all second thoughts to yourself; although, to tell you the truth, you have rendered me a far greater service to-night than any which I shall ever have it in my power to confer upon you."

"And how so?" inquired the solitary lady.

"Simply by directing your walk towards Blenheim, which was the only place in the world where I had any clue to meeting you," answered Bazancourt.

"But," said the lady, colouring a little at finding her real motive thus penetrated; for, as the reader will surmise, she had walked thus far alone in the secret hope that she might, perhaps, again meet with the young man who had so much engaged and interested her two nights before; "but you must know that the extreme beauty of the evening has tempted me, perhaps rather imprudently, to extend my promenade further than I should otherwise have done. My little girl is far too young to walk, and too heavy

.. the Italian lady in que
of yours, I certainly must pl
directed many glances towards a
I hope, however, this is not con
ladies a legitimate cause for rum

"I will certainly take care,
friend," replied the lady, "to
all the expressions of regret,
speeches, which her cavalier n
the misfortune of her departure."

Bazancourt, who felt this as
proof to his politeness, as he ha
expressions of regret at all, coul
fear of being misunderstood as to
his attentions were directed, say
regretted losing the society of
was so great an admirer at on
their country, their literature, a
that he almost idolatrized everyth

[redacted]

French, or any such unharmonious jargon, though their cannon and their armies should continue to render their language fashionable."

"I perceive," said the lady, "that you not only love the language, but are well acquainted with its literature. Every body in England does not read Alfieri's memoirs. I well remember with what interest, as a mere child, I used to read his own account of his giving up the chicken which used to be provided for his Sunday's dinner at the school at Turin, to another boy, in exchange for a copy of Ariosto. Is not this an anecdote in which his genius speaks familiarly to us? What a remarkable violence, irregularity, and impetuosity of character he displayed! Very like Byron in his general outline, but of a still haughtier sternness of purpose, and capable of much severer labour, with less playfulness and grace, however, than is shewn by your English poet."

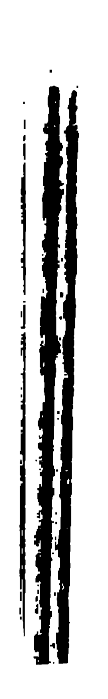
"A part of his story, however, which interests me just now far more than the anecdote you have just mentioned, is the account he gives of his unhappy passion at Madrid, which, at last, he could break off in no other way than by making his servant tie him down with ropes in his arm-chair, while he sent for a barber to cut and notch his hair, hoping that, when he was thus disfigured, he should not venture any longer to present himself before his mistress."

"And being so utterly se
yourself to be," said our he
have an opportunity of studyi
which was pursued by a lady
Vauvenarques, or somebody
lately, who said, 'quand je
moi, pour éviter l'ennui, je p
mets à la fenêtre, et je regarde
pose you have few passengers i
village, except ploughboys and

"And I find them much b
you," replied the lady, "than
towns. I literally worship the
happier in my little cottage a
have been throughout my whole
as she spoke, Bazancourt, who
his horse, and had been leading
his arm, perceived that they

[redacted]

the village from that by which they had entered. Here, situated in a small but beautiful and verdant valley, all alone in its loveliness, and neat and elegant as the rude art of village architects could make it, stood a single cottage, covered with creeping osiers and the embraces of the monthly rose. Its sides were newly white-washed, though the building itself was old; and the thatch was grown over in many places with patches of grass and moss. Within, at the window, was seen the same beautiful child in the arms of the French maid, whom we have described as having been walking in the park the preceding evening; and, as her joyous infant capered and carolled at the sight of her, the delighted mother felt so much eagerness to enter, that she did not convey the impression of too much "*empressement*" to Richard Bazancourt, as she bowed him adieu, and coldly expressed assent to his anxious hope that he might be permitted to see her again.



CHAPTE

The small but picturesque v
as it was anciently written, S
of Oxford, is situated, as its
bed of slate, and so coverec
earth with the large loose m
which composes the stratum
along its roads, the traveller
himself on the top of the
Nevertheless, the soil is not
rounded by wood; an old but
to St. James, contrasts well
the farmers' and villagers' abod
and declivities of the soil relie
ceasing variety of outline, th
easily appreciat

which has been frequently the subject of warm disputes to the learned, on account of a coloured figure represented on the floor, which an antiquary, named Pointer, and his partizans asserted to be intended for a Bacchus, and Hearne and his supporters, in Leland's Itinerary and Collectanea, stoutly maintain to be no other than an Apollo. Whether the god of the grape, or he of the silver bow, were strictly entitled to the representation on the pavement, was not the question which dwelt most strongly in the mind of Richard Bazancourt, as at a somewhat earlier hour than usual, and at a quicker pace than was often hazarded along so difficult a route, he pursued his way to the retired and elegant cottage, which was tenanted by the only person on earth which had yet been capable of inspiring him with the feelings of devoted love. As he advanced towards the doorway, which was fragrant with the wreaths of honeysuckle and briony that intertwined its latticed sides, after having duly deposited Mahmoud in the stable of the best looking public-house in the village, his hand trembled so violently that he scarcely had strength and resolution sufficient to pull the knocker; he fancied he had already caught the figure of his loved one, glancing swiftly by an upper window, as he descended, on foot, the narrow path which led through the valley to her humble home.

with a plentiful collection of rare
raniums. The room, which the Frei
now opened to receive him, was
yet the highest floor, for the whole
really a cottage ornée in itself,
complete and elegant in its kind, a
taste could make it, consisted bu
of which the two lower were ap
bed-room of the maid and child a
and the two upper ones alone were
service of the Egeria of the retreat h

Accustomed, however, to the ha
tinent, where a bed-room is not cons
and impregnable a fortress as it is i
tional and ceremonious England, the
up her chambre à coucher in a ma
dered it not less inhabitable during
than even the sitting-room opposit

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table, which, in the exquisite perfection of its nick-nackeries, and the profusion and completeness of its ornaments, and the richness of the odours which it breathed, and the chasteness of the silver, of which not only the frame of the mirror, but the backs of the brushes, and each box and case were made, put that of Belinda to the blush. The other room, which was separated by a narrow passage from the chambre à coucher, seemed like the very sanctuary of the muses, as the corresponding one, which we have described, might be of the graces. At the further end of the apartment was a recess of considerable dimensions, which had been converted, by the ingenuity of the inhabitant, into a species of conservatory. The orange-flower and the myrtle, the arum and the sweet-smelling verbena, were interspersed at intervals with the busts and statues of the gods and goddesses, the nymphs, or the poets of old. There was Pan, and the piping Fawn, a copy of the one whose most elegant attitude is so celebrated in the Louvre, and a Dian, and a Sappho. There was a harp also in the room, and a profusion of books, bound most of them in vellum, with the upper surfaces of the leaves gilt, and the other two remaining uncut. There was a pair of ring-doves in a cage suspended from the wall; a hawk, which his mistress had surnamed Malvolio, from his yellow

stockings, paraded himself ostentatiously in the verandah; and on the rug before the fire-place, slumbered in undisturbed majesty of repose, the same magnificent Newfoundland dog which our hero had so adroitly delivered from his dangerous position three nights before: but oh! who shall describe the inmate herself of this enchanted habitation? Reclining carelessly on a couch as Richard Bazancourt entered, he beheld the most fascinating and dazzling spectacle of grace and beauty which had ever yet been visible even to Fancy's eye. He had as yet, in his two previous interviews, seen the lady of his love only in her walking costume; the brilliance of her eye; the beautiful symmetry of her figure; the ease and majesty of her gait, had astonished him; but, as he beheld her now, divested of the disguises, which both the damp atmosphere, and the still more chilling etiquette of England, obliged her to assume in her out-of-doors occupations, as he saw the lustrous profusion of those dark brown curls, which clustered and clung round her moulded throat like the sunbeams round the bell of a flower, as he gazed in silent ecstasy of adoration for one short moment on the tournure of that shape, the intellectual outline of that head and brow, the tapered smallness of that delicate hand, he felt almost dizzy with delight—he seemed to himself under the in-

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fluence of wine—he was literally "drunk with beauty."

The lady of the cottage, however, arose to receive him with so much of ease, and bade him welcome with so much at once of warmness and affability, by giving him readily her hand, and motioning him to be seated on a couch, that he was easily restored again to his self-possession, and entered without further difficulty or delay into the train of conversation which naturally arose between two persons who were both of such cultivated tastes, and seemed to possess a common interest in the same objects, both of nature and art; their late interview had given sufficient evidence of this. There appeared to exist between them an almost alarming coincidence of thought and sentiment; it was as if their two hearts and minds had been cast by nature in the self-same mould. It could not but be, that two individuals, both so young, both endued with such a fund of the fatal power to please, both so capable of appreciating the amiable and the beautiful in others,—it could not but be, meeting too as they did under so peculiar circumstances, as if Destiny herself had built the house for Love to dwell in, that they should each feel conscious of the danger they were incurring. Why then is it that they did not at once make the struggle, and by one violent effort resolve to break

off an intimacy, which threatened to terminate in tears? Let those who have never felt as they did answer this difficult question. At least, there was as yet no guilt in their passion, and their sighs could be blamed by none but those who have never heaved a sigh. It seemed, on the contrary, the mutual desire of both parties to keep conversation within such a channel, as might prevent its running over with the fulness of their hearts.

"You are delightfully situated here," observed our hero; "for one so fond of the country as you professed yourself to be last night, I can conceive no retreat more delightful than this little tadmor which you have created for yourself in the wilderness."

"You are very flattering to my poor hermitage," replied the Italian; "and, if not positively happy here, I am at least more comparatively free from suffering than I have ever yet been elsewhere. When I look out from my verandah, and see the glow of the sunset mellowing the hues of the landscape; the hill and dale, the woods and the harvests which surround us, I sometimes forget that I am still living in the world, and thoughts of the golden age of the heathen, or the Millennium of the Christians, come over my mind."

"I never could understand," said Bazancourt, "the feeling of a woman like Madame de Staël, who

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with all her sentiment, and all her enthusiasm, yet declared, while living on the banks of the Lake of Geneva, that she would willingly exchange that glorious scenery, with the snow of its mountains, and the blue of its sky, for a small apartment au quatrième in the rue de Bac at Paris, with an income of a hundred loüis a year."

"For myself, I do not enter into her views more than you do," said the lady, "except, that we must bear in mind, that she was a Frenchwoman, and consequently partook of the practical character of her nation. I don't think any of the French nation appreciates so much as either the Italians or the English, the

'Culte Pianure, e delicati colli,
Chiare acque, ombrose ripe, et prati molli,'

which Ariosto talks of; as may be seen, indeed, from the exceedingly small number of them who ever live at their chateaux in the country. Perhaps, too, the vanity, which it is the fashion to attribute to our sex, may have had no small influence in her wish; or it might, after all, have been only an idea thrown off at the moment, and referable to nothing more than the mere cicaleria delle donne, which Lorenzo de Medicis has quizzed so cleverly in one of his minor burlesque pieces. I had nearly forgot, by the

bye, that Byron expresses exactly the same sentiment about 'the shady side of Pall Mall,' which, he says, he prefers to all the fine scenery in the world; a thought, most probably, borrowed from the very passage of Madame de Staël which you have just cited."

"Poor Madame de Staël," interposed Richard Bazancourt, "I never can sufficiently express the interest with which she inspires me. The plainness of her features, and the perpetual torture which she suffered in consequence, I used to think invested her with a greater charm even, than had she been a paragon of beauty: but I must confess, that since I have set foot in this cottage, and seen what de Staël might have been, if she could have made herself immeasurably fair, in addition to her intellectual attractions, I begin to feel, that beauty is not an immaterial adjunct to the charms of mental endowment."

"It is a good thing," replied the lady of the cottage, as she rested her feet lightly on the back of her Newfoundland dog, "it is a good thing that my small ménagerie here contains none of gli animali parlanti, or such pointed compliments as that which you have just paid me, might not sound very well if repeated elsewhere."

"What!" exclaimed Bazancourt, "are you then

conversant too with the writings of that Casti, of whom some French wit said, 'que dans cet homme il n'y avait de chaste que le nom?'"

"I read every thing that falls in my way," replied the Italian; "I have so great a passion for books, that I devour promiscuously every thing that comes to hand. Besides, independently of that, I have always liked Casti for his spirit, and his humorous mode of asserting his love of liberty. His dedication of his Satire to the two autocrats, Joseph the second and Catherine the second, amuses me; and then I never forget a story which my poor father used to tell, of the same writer's interview with Napoleon. The Emperor, who was desirous of seeing him, received him in bed, and saluted him with, 'Eh bien! Casti, est-ce que vous êtes toujours democrate?' The poet replied coolly, 'Oui, sire; jusqu' à présent:—*tous les grands hommes commencent par cette route.*"

"Napoleon showed his tact and his good sense," observed Bazancourt, "much better in this instance of toleration, than he did on many other occasions, when he seemed to take delight in gratuitously oppressing the independance of men of letters. For example; do you remember his banishing the ingenious, and particularly harmless, W. Schlegel from the French territory, because, in some critical work,

lady. "My father used t
Joachim Murat, when he wa
is nearly as good. You an
with a beautiful sonnet of
schiava di Forestieri,' and wh

> 'Italia, Italia, o tu cui
> Dono infelice di bellez

and which talks about

> 'Che giù dall' Alpi non
> Scender d'armati, nè di s
> Bever' l'onda del' Po Gal

well; the thing of course wa
dred and fifty years ago, at le
tiful, I could not help repeati
however, happening to be re
Murat, he fell into a furiou
would have the life of the aut
of one thousand ...

[redacted]

at home, for I shall enjoy my ride home, as one of the greatest luxuries of life. I shall go a foot's pace nearly the whole way, and think over all that you have said. Good night, farewell, till to-morrow."

"Addio, à dimano," responded the Italian, as she shook back the tresses that were clustered round her face, and then turned away hastily to the window, as if to conceal some emotion.

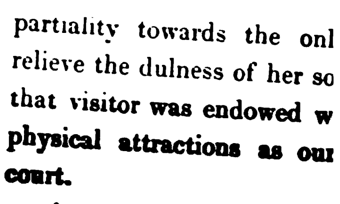
Our hero descended the staircase, mounted his horse, and departed. That evening was to him an epoch in his life: it had been one pure passage of unmixed happiness, and he could revert to it, and dwell upon it, at any future period, with satisfaction, and without reproach. As yet, no word of love had passed the lips of either,—as yet, all had been smooth and temperate, free and happy; yet, beneath the surface, his own emotions were boiling with the vehemence of the most ungovernable passion. What de Staël says, that "tous les sentiments naturels ont leur pudeur," seems scarcely true of love. He gazed on the placid heavens as he guided his courser home, and they were at peace. The night-dew fell cool upon his brow; the glow-worms looked out, like bright eyes of beauty, from the hedge-rows; the distant echoes sounded drowsily: it was a lovely summer night. Yet oh! within that breast con-

CHAPTER XII.

The Squire of Dames, in the seventh canto of the Legend of Chastity, in Spenser's Faerie Queene, tells Satyrane, that, by order of his mistress Columbella, after having served the ladies for a year, he was sent out a second time, not to return till he could find three hundred women incapable of yielding to temptation. The success of his mission was most unsatisfactory. He discovered in the whole of his rambles only one poor peasant girl, who had principle enough to stand firm against his advances. The squire's own words, in which he gives an account of his experience of the sex, are worth transcribing:

> " Save her, I never any woman found
> That chastity did for itself embrace;
> But were for other causes firm and sound,
> Either for want of handsome time and place,
> Or else for fear of shame and foul disgrace."

Be this as it may, there are few women in the world, who placed under the same circumstances as


partiality towards the onl
relieve the dulness of her so
that visitor was endowed w
physical attractions as our
court.

As the sound of his ho
the distance on the evening
too pleasantly not to wish i
hand clung faster to the r
The echo ceased; and she
since her sojourn in this pla
She drew a chair into the e
grant balcony, and sunk do
to analyze her own feelings.

The maxim, "qui s'excu
truer than when applied to t
the heart. In vain she plead
pleasure she derived from the

picture rose constantly to her mind; one sole expectation gave an impulse to her visions of the morrow. She mused but on the time when she next should hear the coming of his steed.

Let it not be thought that this train of reflection was conceded in without a struggle! let it not be imagined that the character of the lady was so weakly formed, that it gave way without an effort, and without reasoning or resisting, to the first impulse which a casual caprice might dictate. Severely did she scrutinize the innermost recesses of her own bosom, and endeavour to task and trace the workings of its secret springs. Bitterly too did she reproach herself for entertaining a sentiment, which even in the vague and unsubstantial shape which it had as yet assumed, she could not but confess to herself to be a virtual injustice to the infant, to which she had vowed to dedicate exclusively all her time, and thought, and care.

"And is it to be always thus?" she asked in the anguish of her soul—"am I to be for ever thus doomed to suffer? Literally steeped in tears from my childhood,—exposed to a succession of ills and trials and privations, which would have hardened and inured the hearts of others, till they ceased to feel, but which have only rendered mine more tender and susceptible at each following blow,

I had at least hoped to pass
without risking being dragge
light of existence. I had pro
crate all my efforts and all n
the education of my child. T
ever felt wanting to bind me
me take an interest in existen
this babe. In her my thoug
sufficiently occupied, to preve
the torture of the past. My d
were all in all to me; the b
were my companions; and I h
existence of a world without.
tined to feel again the working
I hoped had been dead in me
ago, before I had ever met o
though still living, to me is as t
ancient times, it had been my h

What have I to do with the word but to renounce it, when all I could do with the reality must be to conceal it?—What I had hailed and triumphed in before, I must blush and shudder at *now*. Would to God that I had never met this stranger!—I will write to him—I will appeal to his honour—I will tell him he is free—I will see him no more!"

As these thoughts rushed hastily through the brain of the fair woman, who sate in the verandah, and as the slight breath of evening glided wavily amid the circling mazes of her hair, and her bosom heaved tumultuously with the agitation which she felt, she might have sat for that beautiful picture of "The Visionary," which is one of the happiest efforts of Liverseege, and seems the very incarnation of abstract meditation. There she sat alone in her loveliness, far away from the home of her childhood, unseen, unknown, untended;—her virtues unappreciated, her history unexplained! The midnight moon looked down upon her from heaven, and kissed her cheek, as with a sister's kiss; and the starbeams crept through her glossy ringlets, and adown her shining brow, till the tears gushed from their fountain, and then they glistened in the tears.

Hastily she rose, as with an effort, for the chillness of the morning air was already perceptible to her delicate and southern frame; and, descending

the staircase to the apartment where her infant slept, she flung herself beside it, and embraced it till she wept herself to sleep. Not till the gray dawn had long peeped through the shutters of those humble rooms, and the birds were alive in the hedgerows, did the pale and sorrowful lady awake, and hurrying to her own pillow, endeavour to restore, by tranquiller slumbers, the hue to her cheek, and the peace to her mind, which had been so ruffled by the thoughts of the preceding evening.

Yet why should we conceal what our readers will, perhaps, already have anticipated, that with to-morrow came again the repetition of the visit of yesterday, and that it was hailed with the same pleasure, and prolonged with the same delight?

"I am like the hero of Ariosto," said Richard Bazancourt, as he entered the sacred apartment on the following night, "when he 'fe sentir gli sproni à Brigliadoro;' and I think Mahmoud, who cannot enter into my feelings on this point, will scarcely thank me for coming so fast."

"You went homewards but slowly last night, however," replied our Italian; "and this should compensate your horse for coming più presto this afternoon. I sat out in the verandah a long time after you were gone last evening; and I dare say you were in college, and in bed long before I thought of going to rest."

"You were not watching, I hope, like the young lady in one of Boccaccio's stories, who was so obstinately bent upon sleeping on the balcony, for the purpose of catching a nightingale?" said Bazancourt; and then, fearing that he had gone too far, although to a native of Italy, to whom the Decameron must necessarily be known, the allusion might be hazarded, he added—"I was thinking, as I rode through Blenheim to-night, that I would name this cottage Fair Rosamond's Bower, and that you should be my Rosamond."

"Rosamond, if you will," replied the lady; "but not your Rosamond."

Bazancourt, in the complication of whose feelings we have already mentioned curiosity as holding a prominent place, and who had probably dropped the above speech, as much with a view of discovering through such *ruse* the real name of the lady, as any thing else, was considerably disconcerted, and visibly chagrined at the answer he received. To change the subject of conversation, he turned to the harp which was always standing in a corner of the room, and besought the fair foreigner to touch its strings. He was not, however, more happy on the present occasion, than he had been in his former attempt, for his request seemed but to produce sighs on the part of the lady, and to move her almost to tears.

here by the mistaken kin
whose forethought and ger
debted for nearly all the litt
in miniature which I here e
for me too many souvenirs t
there would be intense s
Nothing brings back the pas

Bazancourt was again l
the hurried manner, and dee
those few words had been
ever repeating the request, c
again. Once more to relieve
conversation, he proposed t
a stroll; and the Italian havi
assent, and being presently
forgot that any thing unple
in the beauty of the evening,
of each other's voices.

sight of approaching feet, whisked back again precipitately to their holes. The thrush and the nightingale vied with each other, and seemed still to dispute the empire of night and day. "I was talking the other night," said Bazancourt, "about Alfieri. Do you remember the account he gives of his passion for the Countess of Albany, who was then living at the villa Strozzi, near the baths of Diocletian, which you must know so well at Rome? He himself lived at some distance in the Campagna, and used to employ his mornings in composing, perhaps the most eloquent of his works, 'La Tyrannide:' but every evening, as regularly as the sun wheeled towards the west, he used to mount his charger, and hasten over to the lady of his love. Do you trace no similitude in his position and in mine?"

The lady, who seemed determined not to encourage, even by noticing it, the allusion at the end of his speech, replied, "We cannot certainly feel too grateful to Alfieri for the strictness of taste which he displays uniformly in all his works, and the severity with which he endeavoured to mould, as far as circumstances permitted, the modern Italian drama on the pure Grecian model."

"There undoubtedly was room for improvement in that respect amongst your poets of older date,"

replied our hero; "how tiresome and provoking it is, for instance, to see a man like Salvator Rosa condescending to introduce a bad pun upon his name into an otherwise pretty enough sonnet; as when he begins,

> 'Dunque perché son *Salvator* chiamato,
> *Crucifigatur* grida ogni persona.'

or what can be more sterile, or more absurd, than the innumerable plays upon the word Laura, which even Petrarch thought it his duty to make in honour of his mistress?"

"It certainly does not appear to me the way in which ladies are to be won now-a-days," answered his companion. "If I wanted seriously to affront my mistress, I should make a pun upon her name. But," afraid to let the conversation continue in this strain, to which it was now, nevertheless, perpetually reverting, in spite of themselves, "What," continued she, "is your favourite standard of style in English literature? Myself, I confess, I am scarcely less partial to your prose than your poetry; I am only divided in my choice between the opposite merits of Johnson and Addison. I do not flatter you in saying that my opinion will be greatly guided by your preference."

"My opinion, I fear, will be worth little," re-

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plied our hero, " as I am aware it is opposed to that of most of our great authorities in criticism: but I must own that I prefer the full, copious, nervous, and antithetic periods of Johnson, with all his Latin idioms, and Englicised polysyllables, to the quieter and more modest phrases of Addison. The one is simply elegant, and without faults; but the other is more, has positive excellencies, and besides the merit of its originality and greater emphasis of expression, also conveys the meaning much better. If you can express a given idea better by a Greek or Latin word than by an English or Saxon one, why should it not be incorporated and adopted in the language? I am aware that Southey has been called by high authorities the best prose writer of modern days, but myself I should say, that his writing is characterized rather by the absence of all style, than by any particular style of his own. At the same time it is difficult to have any style visibly, without degenerating into mannerism. Gibbon is of all English prose writers my favourite to read; but, if I were going to write, I should not take him as my model. Turner has done this, and his imitation is a burlesque. Gibbon himself, from being at once possessed of a most fastidious taste, and yet being one of the most original writers in the language, has contrived to preserve throughout a marked

Gibbon a favourite of yours?'

"It is extraordinary, it replied our heroine, "to obse tastes agree, even on the mi Gibbon, and often, when I w sat up beyond the lawful ti him on the grand themes whi the rise and fall of his modu so beautifully, as they ever bursts of enthusiasm, and sne sense."

"I trust," said Bazancourt tastes and ideas, which you say may continue. I shall at any suspect my own want of judgm in future find that our opinions

"There are points on which that we should differ," was the

[redacted]

they had not ventured to confess it even to themselves;—but time went on, and what was written in the book of Fate was soon to be accomplished. Night after night they met and walked together.

It was one evening, still early in the summer; the weather during the morning had been unusually oppressive, and the sultry heaviness of the air seemed to weigh down the face of languid nature. Towards four o'clock there came on luridly from the south a black and threatening thunder-cloud. Vivid flashes of lightning were succeeded by a few large pattering drops upon the trees, and then all at once down came a deluge of rushing rain; the tempest roared with the rattling peals in quick succession, and all round, as far as eye could stretch, the sky seemed on a sudden to have become black with the storm.

It was after the fury of the tornado had passed away, while the cooled and grateful earth sent up a refreshing fragrance after the beating rain; the slanting sunbeams had ventured out again in the west to smile their dying blessing on the lovely scene; the herds lowed in the distance, and the birds chirped merrily. Afar off in the north-east was still visible the broken curve of a rainbow, like a triumphal arch of desolation, mouldering away at the return of peace. The lattice was beaded with

the bright necklace of the rain-drops, and our Italian lady, who had anxiously watched the changeful aspect of the sky, and had despaired of receiving this day a visit from our hero, was reclining on the couch in her pretty cottage, perusing indolently the pages of some book, and dressed, perhaps, with greater freedom from restraint, and greater negligence than she would have adopted had she expected his coming.

She was indulging, as usual, one of her dreamy fits of abstraction, and a tear, not altogether of sorrow, twinkled on her eyelid. Suddenly she started; and looking up, she was aware of the presence of Richard Bazancourt.

"So true a knight?" said she; "has not even this dreadful storm deterred you?"—and she held out her hand in greeting.

Bazancourt looked into her eyes, and drank deep there of that delicious poison, which intoxicates while it kills. From her face, he glanced upon the book, and unable to account for the tear which still stood glistening on the lash, he asked the subject of her study.

"The story of Roderick," she replied calmly; and endeavouring to give the conversation the same literary turn, which it had always hitherto naturally assumed.

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Bazancourt spoke of Scott's vision of Don Roderick, and Washington Irving's legends of the conquest of Spain;—but it would not do. The effort was visibly forced: both were silent;—and then the lady rose hastily, and left the room. It was Southey's tale of the Last of the Goths that our hero took into his hand, as it had been left turned down upon the table. The passage that met his eye fixed his attention, and was stamped there indelibly for ever. It was the description of the scene between the monarch and the maid:

> "He took my hand,
> And said, 'Florinda, would that thou and I
> Sooner had met. I should have found in thee
> A sweet companion, and a faithful friend;
> A fruitful wife, and crown of earthly joys:
> And thou, too, shouldst have been of womankind
> Happiest, as now the loveliest.'"

Richard Bazancourt raised not his eye from the page, till the fair stranger re-entered, and placing herself by his side upon the couch, took in her hand one of the leaves of the book, while he retained in his the other. She had adjusted her toilet, and so happily, that her beauty never looked more beautiful. Their hands touched; their eyes were on the poet's page; their heads drew nearer together; their lips met for the first fatal time. The day mellowed

into twilight, and the twilight deepened into night; yet still their hands were clasped, and their sweet breaths were mingled, and the shades of darkness drew their curtaining gloom unseen, unheeded, round their pillow.

"Quel giorno più non vi leggemmo avante."

said Francesca di Rimini. That day *they* read no more.

CHAPTER XIII.

"Two letters for you to-day, sir," said the Christchurch porter, the following morning, entering Bazancourt's room abruptly, and placing the said epistles on the table. The first bore a foreign postmark, and was from his sister, the Countess Carbonelle. He hastily ran his eye over the following lines:

"MY DEAR DICK,

An unexpected visit from Lord Carmansdale, who is passing through Paris on his route to England, for a short stay, with some political object, has revived in my mind all those deep feelings of suffered injury, and all that desire for some sort of retribution, which were first excited by the original interview, in which you will remember he came to announce to us the marriage of his amiable ward. With respect to Lord Carmansdale I have nothing more to say, but that he still cares for nothing but his old servant and his old



me by a most solemn pro
later repay upon his he
sister has received from
you to the speedier and s
mise, by informing you th
vengeance is now roamin
ease; that he seems to t
divine, are only made to be
interfere with his conveni
abandoned and repudiated
same hard-hearted and unf
formerly dared to exhibit
and that, in short, all his
any, are confined to him
Night and day I dwell up
that I may live to see this n
I have almost prayed that it
hope it is not very wicked

hope of the family; therefore beware of disappointing such favourable expectations.

Adieu, my dear Dick, and believe me to be ever your affectionate sister,

EMILY.

P.S.—George Grainger is here. Good heavens! how could I have ever been partial to Clanelly?"

About the same time that our hero received this communication, the following letter from our old privileged friend George Grainger himself arrived at the chambers in Lincoln's Inn, of his intimate acquaintance, Sir Giles Wimbledon.

"The mystery is explained, my dear Wimbledon; the bouton is burst; the bud has bloomed; nothing remains for me but to gather it, and to take care of the thorns. You remember a long story I told you about a party at Landraven House, and a change of chambers, and the setting of a rose-bud in water, and the leaving of it in my room by mistake, and the incomprehensible abstraction of it by some ghost or ghosts unknown, whilst I was asleep; eh! bien, mon cher, I have unravelled the whole plot: the hands that carried away the flower were no other than those which placed it there. It appears that there was a balcony, of which I was not aware, extending under

the windows of the two contiguous rooms. Oh! Wimbledon; if I had but caught this ghost in the act! mais cela se peut encore, nous verrons. My object in troubling you with this letter, is to request you will look into Hoby's for me, and order me some boots. If his leather is not so good, at least his tick is better than I find in Paris.

N.B.—The great reason why boots and shoes fit better on the Continent is, that people are content to follow nature. The bottier sets your foot down on a sheet of paper, and draws a regular outline of it, consequently you stand some chance of having the boot made to fit your foot. In England, on the contrary, the only way of getting a decent fit at all, is to accommodate your foot to the shape of the boot, or of the last it is made upon. It is in vain to have a last made for your own particular service; it is sure to be the same shapeless meanless block of beech-wood; so that unless you can either submit to the tortures of the Chinese children, or reduce your foot at once to the symmetry of Cinderella's glass slipper, you have no alternative left but to abandon at once all attempt at a respectable appearance, and to march down Pall-Mall in a pair of vast, stiff, uncouth jack-boots, like those in which Gustavus Adolphus is represented, in his Protestant invasion of Germany, "a world too big for his shrunk shank," (by the bye, he might

have got capital seal-skin in Sweden,) or like the hereditary machines which are considered the most invaluable heir-looms in a family of French postillions. Nature, after all, is the parent of grace: give me even a Roman sandal in preference to a boot either too large or too small. The English are the most unnatural people in the world: they flock into London in the months of May and June, and live in their country houses in November; they call Sunday a holiday and a festival, and forbid people the harmless and rational amusements of singing, dancing, or acting; they turn night into day, and think of going to a ball or a debate about three hours after sunset. With more public prostitution and drunkenness in the streets than any other nation in Europe, society affects to be outraged at a friendship really springing from the heart, between a man and a married woman in society; the value of a wife's affections is assessed by a jury in a trial for crim. con.; the details are published in the papers; every body reads them, and every body pretends to be shocked;—cant! cant! cant! But for fear you should think I am alluding to my own case in what I say, either in regard to the loose fit of the boots or the wedding-ring, I shall only hazard for to-day the additional remark that all English travellers seem to agree, on their return home, that certain things are arranged better abroad; and yet all equally



practised commonly in

N.B.—There is a so
made by Sakoski, in
worked by a screw, and
any point where it is rec
to the form of the foot;
don't tell about the rose-

Upon the above letter
most people will probably
The remaining epistle that
hero on his breakfast-tabl
Carmansdale, and was o
announcement in his siste
his lordship's arrival in O
the course of the same day
in the way.

Richard Bazancourt found himself obliged, much against his free will and inclination, to stay the whole of this day in college, in order to await and duly honour the arrival of his illustrious guest. He however devoted the time which he was thus compelled to pass in comparative inaction, to addressing a few lines to her, who, though this day absent, continued to be still more the exclusive object of his thoughts and sentiments than ever. Be it observed that passion now had entirely usurped the place of reason; since the guilty yesternight possession had only added fuel to the flame of his love. The consciousness of the power and privilege of giving and receiving enjoyment in each other's presence, was the thought which now filled both of them, to the exclusion of the literary conversations and critical disputes which had occupied them hitherto: higher or lower images, but certainly more piquantly exciting, more absorbingly engrossing, now monopolized their ideas: their speech was no longer of the elegant thefts of Tasso, or what Leigh Hunt has called "the sublime nightmare" of Dante; it was no longer Filangieri, the jurisprudent; or Brocchi, the geologist; or Muratori, the antiquarian; or Botta, the historian, that drew forth the animated and intelligent remark from our hero, or from their talented countrywoman, an enthusiasm and a fund of learning that would have come be-

comingly from the lips of the beautiful Madame Roland herself. The other side of the belle citoyenne Roland's character, alas! seemed now called into play; such as she displayed it in openly advocating the too licentious sentiments of Louvet's voluptuous novels, and in exempting her conduct from those strict laws which society has thought proper to observe in imposing its fetters on the heart. Our hero's first note to her was as follows:—

MY LIFE, MY IDOL, MY OWN BELOVED,

How art thou to-day? Is thy brow less burning, and thy hand less fevered, than when my kiss and my very touch seemed to communicate their lightnings to them yesternight? Would that I côuld be near thee through this livelong weary day, to soothe, and to nurse, and to cherish thee with all the tenderness and gentleness which I feel are wanting to thee! Would, indeed, that I could live in thine arms through a bright eternity, or die only in thy embraces, like the bee upon the flower! Try to be strong for my sake, that I may clasp thee tighter, and woo thee closer, when I shall be blessed with the sight of thy dear smile again! Thine eyes looked sadly on me in my sleep last night. I tremble with agony, lest thou shouldst have suffered from the excess of my love, which I dare not speak of till

my lips whisper it to thine to-morrow in a long and clinging kiss. My own heart's treasure, my day-star, my hope and trust, my sunshine and my joy! write me one single line in answer to all these sad sighs that I have sent thee, to tell me that thy heart still beats as warmly for me as when I pressed it to my own,—to promise me that thou wilt ever be the crown, and glory, and blessing of my existence,—to console me with some tangible, visible phrase, to be to me like a pharos of light in thy absence, that I may gaze on it, and fondle it, and nurse it on my knee, and talk to it. The very paper will seem to be perfumed with thy presence,—I will fold it into an altar, and offer up myself as a living sacrifice to thee, as to my God,—I will kneel down on my knees and worship it,—I will embalm it in the glad tears I shall shed over it, and keep it, and wear it like an amulet for ever. Adieu, my own light of love, my better being, my unearthly seraph, my queen of the fairies! mayest thou be garlanded with all rich and radiant gifts of grace, and may the fingers of thy sister-sylphs be swift to weave thy coronal! God bless thee,—till to-morrow, and for ever, thine own,

RICHARD BAZANCOURT.

The above letter was just finished, signed, and

sealed, and our hero was in the act of deliberating how it was to be sent, when the trusty Anton, the ever-faithful German attendant of Lord Carmansdale, knocked at the door, and announced the arrival of his master at the Angel Hôtel. As Bazancourt was really at a loss to find a messenger in whom he could confide in a place like Oxford, where every other person is a spy and policeman, either amateur or professional, and as he was really and truly embarrassed about the direction of a person whose name he did not know, and whose residence he could only describe, he could hit upon no better plan than to borrow of Lord Carmansdale the loan of Anton's services, who was accordingly dispatched to Stonesfield on the back of Mahmoud as the bearer of the above interesting document.

"Sehr gut;" said the German. "Wir wollen im Augenblik hin und her laufen;" and he patted the neck of his horse, and started at a steady pace on his journey.

His return, which was anxiously expected, was accomplished without the fracture of Mahmoud's knees, or any other disaster. He had discovered the house without great difficulty, and brought back a letter from the lady, which was torn open with greedy haste by our hero, and contained another epistle in the folds of its envelope. The first letter was read eagerly as follows:—

"What! not come to undraw the curtains of our bride-bed this morning? Not come to see your little wife, and kiss away the tears that are even now standing in my eyes? You are a recreant knight, and I would renounce you, were it not that I require your especial championship to-day against a Paynim foe, who has presumed to attack the tranquil quiet of my sanctuary. Of this presently:—for the moment I forget his insolence, and leave it to you to repel it, or expose it, or punish it, as you may judge best. I am entirely and totally occupied with yourself, and can think of nothing else sleeping or waking. I know not why you are so dear to me,—I only feel that my whole being, mind and body is yours—life and soul are all yours. Were I to die to-night, this would be the last accent on my tongue. Words are too feeble to say how much and how entirely I am all yours. Were you to see me now this instant, you could not doubt it. I feel a kind of energy as I write, and visions of possibilities, more than I have ever dared to hope or dream before, seem to rise before my eyes;—ah! what are they but the thousand shapes love assumes to bid me bind myself again in voluntary chains, which I shudder to contemplate? I thank you, most dear and valued friend, for all your kindness,—I thank you for yourself,—I thank you for all the joy that I have



inspired me. I onl
yourself to one who
and an unlucky des
life the victim of inte
lieve that the simple
much of sorrow to so
that you still are fanc
much gayer for you to
Once more be wholly f
as it regards me: free
get me—free every way
it:—but it is for your
destiny.—Farewell—and

So full is love ever
trustful of its own hap
misgivings and sorrowful

after numerous perusals of the letter did his eye dwell upon some obscure phrases in the early part of it, which, he now recollected, must refer to the enclosed note which he still continued to hold in his hand. The writing was familiar to him, but he could not, at the moment, recall the place where he had seen it before. It bore the Oxford post-mark, and appeared to have been intended as a billet-doux from some one in the latter place to the fair inhabitant of Stonesfield. Its contents were as follows:

"I saw you yesterday in Ditchley Lane, and followed you at a distance home. If you will be walking there again to-morrow afternoon under the same elms, I shall be happy to notice you, and will bring some silver in my pocket. Don't be before three, as this will give me time to get a snap of something out of the buttery after lecture. I would fix this afternoon, only it is, unfortunately, Aristotle and Thucydides.

"N.B.—Keep well under the trees, as this will avoid under-graduates, and my galloway can get some grass at the same time.

"C. S."

Friday.

With the assistance of the transposed initials at

- and wanton ill-or
dence wore so ludicrous an
restrain a smile. He had n
mind what path he should
Amour or clerical Cupid, a
over in his fingers, as he re
lutely in his mind, when
diverted into an entirely diff
munication made to his priv
by the discreet and judiciou
and sagacious Anton.

"Sir," said he, accustom
his own master, to a freedom
of conversation, not always
"Sir, are you aware of the
lady whom you sent me to vi

Our hero hesitatingly a
ignorance on the subject, and
tion, awaited patiently a furt

[redacted]

gesehen—ja, ohne zweifel ich habe sie in Italien getroffen."

"Where have you seen her?" inquired eagerly our hero.

"In Italy."

"How? when? once or often? explain your self," repeated Bazancourt.

"Only once," said Anton, calmly, but confidently and without prevarication; "only once, we passed her and her husband on the road between Rome and Naples in a carriage together."

"Are you certain? are you positively sure you do not mistake?" interrogated our hero.

"No man sees that hair and those eyes twice in his life," replied the German; and Richard Bazancourt's heart responded to the truth of this.

"And who, then, is her husband?" asked he again.

"Her husband," said Anton, "is the Earl of Clanelly."



CH

THE Rev. Samuel (
persons, for whom (
expressly his observat
great to little men." T
the foundation of his co
important a distinction,
nificent, or Alexander
vacation tour, in which h
traversed three thousand
had left his name inscr
books, and journaux des
the Danube and the R
Chamounix, and the con

[redacted]

He was distinguished, in addition, by a snow-white cravat, which seemed intended rather to strangle than to ornament his person; and by his peculiar gait in the street, which was always performed at the quickest pace allowed by Cicero's officers, without endangering a compromise of his dignity. It bordered nearly on a run, but was distinguished from a run, by the circumstance of his left arm depending in perpendicular stiffness down his side, while he remigrated incessantly and assiduously with his right. From the air of dignity, which, if he did not really possess it, he was ever the more ready ostentatiously to assume, his own pupils had unanimously conferred upon him a doctor's degree by diploma, and he was never mentioned within the walls of his college, except as Dr. Circumflex, or the D. D. par excellence. As a classical scholar, having passed the ordeal of the schools some years ago, at a period when the standard of academical honours was not fixed so high as it is at present, he had attained an easy eminence, and having slumbered on in the security of this early success ever since, he not unfrequently committed and exposed himself at collections, and the other terminal examinations, without being the least aware of his own ignorance and folly. Hence, some of his questions to his pupils had obtained a university celebrity, which would not have been unworthy



ships were there pre
the side of the Pers
time, of our friend I
answered Bob, with
Circumflex closing th
Tracy; perfectly corre
got up your books so a
a considerable quantity
stolen, and the authorit
the means of detecting
Mr. Circumflex's turn
most sapient expressio
" I vote for setting a ma

One of Bob Tracy's
that he had once sold
used to ride, and which
be regarded as a parso
saying its

"Done," responded the parson; and the old pony knowing the road, walked home at a famous pace to Ch. Ch. stables, while the gipsy pocketed, with immense satisfaction, the difference of the twenty pounds.

When the mistake was detected, and afterwards, whenever it was cited against him, Circumflex always quoted in his defence, what he was pleased to call a parallel passage in the life of Lord Byron. It appeared from the story, that the noble poet, who was never celebrated for his connoisseurship in horse-flesh, on some occasion had seen, by accident, two of his own stud trotted by the groom past his dressing-room window. Struck by the appearance of the animals, and far from recognizing them to be his own, he instantly dispatched his valet to the stable, to desire that their price might be ascertained, as he was anxious to become a purchaser. On the strength of this anecdote, Mr. Circumflex believed firmly, that Byron's genius and his own tallied extremely, and bore strong marks of resemblance. This then was the individual, who now stood convicted in our hero's mind, on the damnatory evidence of his own hand-writing, of the high crime and misdemeanour, of attempting to form the acquaintance of the mysterious inhabitant of Stonesfield. Richard Bazancourt slipped the conclusive document into his



by shewing him wh
the precincts of the
His plan was, na
college first; and, ac
of those men who are
called "*jackals*," fro
being lions' providers
from strangers, by tell
about the remarkable
his illustrious guest int
Cathedral. Now it so
jackall, which our hero
selected for this occasi
victims of the practical
Many a time had Bob e
walked down High Stre
look with an air of cur
portals of St. Mary's C
way. H

certain corner behind a pillar, where this unfortunate jackal had written on a smooth white stone with a pencil, the dates, measurements, and other particularities of the building. Some of these memoranda Bob had altered, so as to make the most wretched anachronisms; others he had enlarged and embellished, by adding to them a tissue of the most incredible nonsense: and the unhappy jackall, little suspecting that any one would take the trouble to interfere with his humble trade, was in the daily habit of circulating these impostures over the wide world, by the mouths of the multifarious travellers, who visited the cathedral under his auspices, and lent implicit credence to his tale. Having stationed himself at his well-known post, the guide and informant of the peer and the peer's son, began the following extracts from his artificial memory, to their infinite amusement.

"This church, chapel, cathedral, or cathedral church, was founded, my Lord, by Cambyses, son to the original king of the Cannibal Islands; made bishop of Norwich in the year of the Christian era, 9621; baptized at Rome, 9690, and vaccinated, during the plague at Smyrna, the following year. The shaft of this column alone is twelve furlongs high, and is one solid block of stone, supposed to be formed of petrified crocodiles, found formerly on the



rounded by twenty ramping who is a gnawing of their ve yet dare not touch a bit of D Cupid, which is the god of l striped Bengal tiger, which s has over the brute beastesses. partment, you find King Sol He is a seated on a three-legg his pipe, and a reading of the hind him is the Queen o' Sh the West Indies, and followe nigger boy, a bearing of a scr rare and valuable presents. N lord, your lordship will perceiv doo vidows, a burning of the see, is a weeping and a waili suading of themselves to burn t again, is in the act of burning

[redacted]

which, he's a ducking of his head to avoid the cannon-balls of the henemy; small blame, if any, my lord."

In vain during this recital had Bazancourt maliciously endeavoured to decoy the fluent jackall away from his prompter-post. If he was led a few steps towards a monument, or an arch, he never failed to revert faithfully again to his favourite corner, whence only he could draw the sources of his inspiration. At last he seemed about to conclude.

"This is all, my lord, which requires your lordship's particular attention in this ancient church, chapel, or cathedral, or cathedral church. The college is governed by a dean, and ten canons are armed for its defence; observe, that by statute, all those on the foundation of this society have no less than fifteen thousand pounds a year allowed them in ready money, besides their strong beer, and their 'backy."

"But," said Lord Carmansdale, who had been very much amused by this harangue, "do not the young gentlemen study very hard in the college?"

"Study! bless your soul, not they!" replied the jackall, whose evidence will doubtless be very acceptable before the present House of Commons, whenever they set about reforming the two univer-

sities; "Study! not a word of it! all they does is to hunt, and row on the river—they gambles a bit, drives the coaches, and smokes their cigars, dines and wines—strolls down the street after the lasses, comes home roaring drunk, and damns the dons; here comes a pretty specimen; here is a real gentleman; he gives me half-a-crown whenever I see him,—'Old Tom,' says he, 'you'll oblige me by accepting of half-a-crown,' and, just not to wound his feelings, I takes the half-crown and puts it in my pocket."

The individual who approached as they sallied into the quadrangle, was none other than Bob Tracy himself. "Hurrah!" shouted Bob, who was just come out of the great-go schools, and carried his testamur triumphantly in his hand, "Hurrah! my boys—through, by God, just cleared the bank—the merest shave—the closest thing in the world." For Tracy, although really a clever fellow, and a tolerable scholar, affected so foolishly the opposite character, that he deprecated, as if it were a disgrace, the imputation of being acquainted with Latin and Greek. "By Jove, sir, the merest shave," he continued, "'non cuivis homini contingit adire Corinthum.' It is not every body's good luck to get through the great-go schools; nothing but the chemical affinity and attractive properties of my own

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Corinthian brass, could have brought me safe into port. Tally-ho, old boy, I mean to get regularly jolly to-night, and drink a tumbler of champagne to the damnation of the dean and all the tutors together. Here old Tom," spying at last the jackall, who had made every exertion to attract his attention sooner, "Here old lion's provider, here's five shillings to-day on the strength of getting through my degree."

"Didn't I say he was a real gentleman?" said the jackall, as Tracy hurried away to join a party who were coming to congratulate him.

"Who is that Yahoo?" asked Lord Carmansdale at the same instant, sufficiently astonished and disgusted by an address which Tracy and his set considered the very essence of bon ton and high breeding; and, tired with what seemed to him so unpromising a specimen of college life, he proposed to Bazancourt taking a turn in the High-street, and searching for some antique specimens of jewellery and rococo among the principal silversmiths' shops in the town. Seeing, accordingly, a tabatière in a window, as he lounged down the street upon our hero's arm, which had the appearance of very ancient date, he entered the shop and enquired of the tradesman, "Pray, is not that an old snuffbox that I see exposed yonder under the glass?"

"Sir!" replied the provincial dealer, with an air of astonishment, as if afraid that he should be taken for a trader in second-hand goods, or the keeper of a spout-shop. "Sir! indeed, sir, excuse me, it can't be old, sir, all the things in my shop are perfectly new."

"Really, then, that's not in my line," said Lord Carmansdale to the wondering vender of plate; and, sauntering on, he thought to obtain better success at the next shop by varying his mode of address. "Will you have the kindness to let me see some of your prettiest snuffboxes?" he enquired of the person behind the counter.

"Immediately, sir," says the obsequious tradesman, eyeing at once Lord Carmansdale's chain, and the silk gown of our hero,—"Here are our last patterns, and we flatter ourselves that they are in extraordinarily good taste:" continued he, producing a tray of the articles demanded; one was ornamented with a dog's head in massive dead silver on the top; another displayed a fox's brush in equally strong relief, with "tally-ho" in gold letters at the bottom; while a variety of pictures of the chase in all its stages, from the cover to the death, adorned the lids of a numerous assortment of Scotch boxes; for the only specimen in the whole collection which had the appearance of being decently

antique, the shopkeeper seemed to think it necessary to make a sort of apology, observing, "that it resembled extremely a new pattern lately introduced by Messrs. Storr and Mortimer in London;" being somewhat on the same principle that Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, is said to have advocated the drinking of champagne, viz. "because it was so deucedly like his gude woman's ginger beer."

"And is this all?" asked Lord Carmansdale in despair, as they issued from the shop, "after all, what is taste? In what does it consist? and where is it really to be found? Why is it that the perception of the graceful and the beautiful has been given to so few?* Oh! Alison! Oh! Price and Knight! Oh! Burke! Oh! Gerard! Alas! for Sir Joshua Reynolds, and for Blair, and for Voltaire, d'Alembert, and Montesquieu! Alas, for the labours

* M. Kératry. Examen philosophique des Considérations sur le Sentiment du Sublime et du Beau, d'Emmanuel Kant. 8vo. Paris, 1823.

P. André. Essai sur le Beau, où l'on examine en quoi consiste précisément le Beau dans le Physique, dans le Moral, dans les ouvrages d'Esprit, et dans la Musique. 12mo. Paris, 1741.

Gerard's Essay on Taste, with the dissertations of Voltaire, D'Alembert, and Montesquieu.

Sir Joshua Reynolds' Discourses, delivered in the Royal Academy.

Alison on Taste. Burke on the Sublime and Beautiful, &c. &c.



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and cap, but the Rev. Sam
Recognizing Lord Carmansd
troduce himself to his notice
and drew himself up to the

lordship if he were about to visit his estates in Worcestershire.

"I am certainly travelling in that direction, and with that view," answered Carmansdale, "but the property I am possessed of in that county is really so small, that even the editor of a peerage might be pardoned for passing it over."

"It is not so small, however, my lord," said the divine, "but that your lordship has very considerable patronage attached to it. The rectory of Shadewell, and two vicarages, besides a perpetual curacy, are, if I mistake not, in your lordship's gift. The incumbent of Shadewell is a very old man, I believe—"

How near the point the dexterous little tutor would have ventured to steer, without actually asking for a living, we know not, for he was interrupted at the moment by our hero's drawing from his pocket the note of the morning, which had been sent him from Stonesfield, and presenting it to him with the remark, "that it was a paper in his hand-writing, which he probably might have dropped somewhere by mistake." The tutor's countenance fell—a dark, satanic, shade spread over his features—he made an obeisance, and departed. Lord Carmansdale, who was astonished and yet amused at the anecdote, also ascended his britska on his road to the north-west;



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CHAPTER XV.

Abraham Hoffemanus, lib. i. Amor. Conjug. cap. 2. page 22, relates out of Plato, how that Empedocles the philosopher was present at the cutting up of one that had died for love.—"His heart was combust, his liver smoky, his lungs dried up; insomuch that he verily believed his soul was either sod or roasted through the vehemency of love's fire."—This is a melancholy situation enough to be in: indeed it is in old Burton's book on the causes of melancholy that we have stumbled somewhere on the above passage; and we sincerely hope that the dreadful conflagration which seems to have taken place in the above unhappy subject of dissection, may be a warning to young ladies and gentlemen not to play with fire, nor trifle wantonly with what may sooner or later scorch them to death.

The flame was now fairly kindled in the bosom of our heroine; and it was not, alas! a place where it was likely to fail for want of congenial fuel to

sustain it. There is however, something, so sacred, so affecting, so refined, and so unearthly about the beautiful passion of love; there is something so sublime in the sacrifices it is ready to make, something so religious in the intense seriousness with which it believes in and worships its idol, that mirth seems out of place in treating of the subject: it appears impiety to jest, and sacrilege to raise the veil of its mysteries. We approach bareheaded and barefooted to the altar, for the place is holy ground. Let no unclean hand, let no profane or curious eye, let no unhallowed heart come near!

The following chapter is for those, and those only, who can appreciate the sanctity of deep feeling, from whatever source it flow, and who can confess sincerity to be a good in itself, even though misguided in its object, and mistaken in its creed. We are not the apologists of the passion we describe: it will be seen hereafter how bitter are the fruits that grow on the forbidden tree. So long as bodies politic exist, and are governed by laws, so long we believe that the rite of marriage will be found not only expedient but necessary; and this point being once established, it will follow naturally that all who disregard, or act in defiance of this necessary arrangement, will deserve at least some portion of the sorrow and the shame they bring

down upon their own heads. No one takes arms against a multitude, and expects to escape unscathed. No one braves the opinion of the world who is not made sooner or later to bleed for it. Nevertheless, it must be allowed in palliation of what we can never attempt to justify, that if ever there was a case in which allowances might be made by charity, in consideration of the peculiar position of the parties, or in which even the recording angel might drop a tear upon the page, and blot the transgression out for ever, our heroine's might be supposed to be the one.

Whatever be the criminality necessarily attaching to similar connexions in general, she at least had broken no ties, had crushed no affections, had violated no vows, for the purpose of adopting Richard Bazancourt as her lover. In this instance, at least, no hearth had been left desolate, no children had been abandoned or disgraced, no example of profligacy was displayed to an imitative world, and paragraphed in the papers for the reprobation and rivalry of thousands. Such as her errors were, they were at all events unknown. Whatever had been her previous condition, our hero was in utter ignorance of it, when his footsteps and hers had met. The mutual delicacy which had been one of the closest links of sympathy in their intercourse, had also pre-

vented each asking any question of the other which might seem to savour of impertinent or ill-bred curiosity. She had come to him like an angel new-lighted from heaven: she seemed to have leapt, like a Minerva, full-grown into existence. She had fallen into his arms, like Eve into those of Adam, in the full maturity of beauty while he slept. Paradise itself seemed revived in the grace of her dwelling; and for a little while it appeared to both that beauty is not all transitory, and love not all a lie, and happiness not all a dream.

It is true that imagination had a great deal to do with this. Both young, both endued with the gift of an exuberant fancy, each of them enthusiastic, and mutually confiding as they were mutually sincere; meeting, too, as they did under circumstances so peculiarly romantic, it is but pardonable if some degree of illusion were flung over the scene by the Dædalean enchantress of the brain. The realities themselves were too sweet not to reflect their roseate tints upon the glowing retina of fantasy's glad eye. Nor let it be thought that it is disparaging to true love to say, that it emanates as much from the head as from the heart, or that the golden thread of romance is intertwined with the rope affection weaves: the love is not less real, not less deep, not less capable of daring courage and self-sacrifice, because

it partakes a little of imagination. We believe that scarcely any deed of high emprise, of deep devotion, or of enduring fortitude, has been ever done, without borrowing some aid from fancy. We are persuaded that very few names hang on high tablets in the shrine of fame, which have not owed part of the lustre with which they are emblazoned to the imaginative faculty. Be it the martyr on the cross or at the stake, or Brutus slaying Cæsar; be it Sylla, abdicating the crown of an empire, or Charlotte Corday, armed to kill the tyrant; be it the Indian fakir, scorching in the sun, or Simeon Stylites, on his column; however varied, and however in some instances mistaken the object may be, still it is enthusiasm alone that carries human nature through unto the end: and it was with an enthusiasm almost akin to superstition that our heroine worshipped Bazancourt. His coming was her hour of devotion; the words of his mouth were her gospel; the smile of his approbation was her heaven. Alas! that sorrow, that cold iconoclast of the heart, should ever come to expose, in its true colours, the reality as well as the necessity of suffering! Alas! that the very acts which lead us for one short hour to forget our mortal lot are too often the very means which cause us afterwards too bitterly to remember it; and

"Chi vuol dimenticare, soviene sempre."

Since Jeannette Isabelle had been informed of the name of her lover, which she only learnt by his own signature at the foot of the note that he had sent, she had loved him with an ardour still greater than before. His name had long almost unconsciously been garnered in her memory: she now recalled the conversation which she had once overheard by accident in the hôtel at Fondi, between George Grainger and Lord Arthur Mullingham, on the occasion of her last journey from Italy. Alas! when was she to return to her Italy again? She remembered that it was in the course of that conversation that the utter baseness and worthlessness of her husband's character had first been communicated to her by the unsuspecting speakers, and she had not forgotten the praises which had at the same time been liberally heaped upon the name, casually mentioned, of our youthful hero. The two individuals, Lord Clanelly and Richard Bazancourt, had thus been placed as it were in juxtaposition, and the contrast afforded by the comparison only threw the excellencies of the latter into stronger relief. Hence it had been a name, which, from the peculiar associations of that scene, had been embalmed in the storehouses of her recollection, with the fondest thoughts and most sedulous affection. She had accustomed herself to attach her admiration to this unknown object, and now, when she caught the

sight of the familiar syllables in his own handwriting on the page,—now that she had already committed her heart unconsciously to the same individual, she started, and she could not help confessing to herself, as his strange identity flashed on her mind, that there was a wonderful destiny visible in the arrangement and developement of these things. He whom she had ignorantly worshipped, seemed now presented to her with all the prestige of a real revelation.

If however this startling coincidence was sufficient to impress upon the mind of our heroine that the finger of fate was traceable there, what must have been the feelings of Richard Bazancourt, when he was first convinced, by the positive testimony of the old German, Anton, that the lady of his love was none other than the Countess of Clanelly, the wife of his bitterest foe! Who shall undertake the vain task of describing the vortex of various emotions, which seemed to tear up, as with a mighty whirlpool, the very foundations of his quivering heart? He shook as if shaken with a sudden palsy; he clenched his hands convulsively, and his teeth ground doggedly together, and the living fire flashed from his full dark eye, as he paced rapidly to and fro in his chamber, revolving these matters in his mind. Strange! that destiny should have thrown him thus blindly across the path of this the second victim of the man whom

he had already been taught to hate with a stern and most vindictive hatred! Strange! that he should have ignorantly fondled on his knee, and pressed to his bosom, and cherished with his kisses, and entrusted with his most secret thoughts, and rewarded with his whole affection, the very woman on whom but lately had been lavished the endearments of his greatest enemy! Pah! there was pollution in the thought! It almost made him mad! To think that he should have found *a rival* in one for whom he entertained so deep a loathing, so profound a contempt, as Clanelly! To think that *he* should have presumed to caress that lovely being with his odious blandishments; to think that he should have dared to pronounce her sweet name with profane familiarity; that his detestable fingers should have wandered through the ringlets of that beautiful hair! That he should have sat by her, and called her his own, and lived with her! That he should even have stolen the first fruits of her celestial charms; that even the fair child that our hero had taught himself to love and doat on, was nothing but a miniature copy of an abominable sire; that its little eyes, which used to look so laughingly, were eloquent only with the expression of hereditary imbecility, or of hereditary want of faith; that its endearing ways and fascinating prettinesses might be nothing but the germs of cunning and of fraud; above all,

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that Clanelly should be still—aye, even at this present moment, in ardent and indefatigable pursuit of his persecuted wife; that, should he discover the place of her retreat, he would have the right—yes, the legalized right of bearing her away: all this flashed on the indignant mind of Bazancourt, till he staggered beneath the weight of his sad convictions. His love for our heroine was not affected by it; he paused not a moment to think on this; his affections were too deeply pledged, his sympathies were too honestly given to be so lightly moved; on the contrary, he felt only bound to his Jeannette Isabelle by a still closer tie than heretofore; she became the more precious and valuable in his eyes, from there being so great a risk of losing her; she appeared invested with a double claim to his protection and his interest, from the liability to which she was exposed of having need of a protector; and Richard Bazancourt resolved to throw himself over her, and before her, as the sheep-dog does by the tender lamb at the coming of the wolf. He felt strong in his own resources; he was confident in his courage, in his rectitude of intention, and in the justice of his case, and the consciousness of this made him calm again, and resolved not to communicate to our heroine the discovery he had made, but to leave the order of events to time, he rode over as usual to Stonesfield, after

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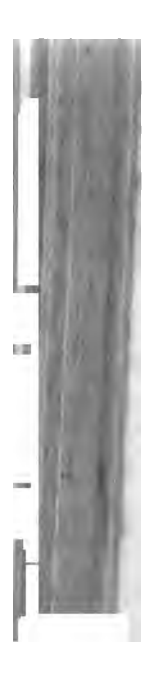
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abusing their happiness or giving way to a too Circæan sensuality; theirs was the voluptuousness of the heart; theirs was the fullness of enjoyment, in which the affections control and dictate to the senses. Jeannette Isabelle, whose experience in the world perhaps was greater, although her age was not more advanced, had meditated long and painfully on her own position, and on the relative situation and the extreme youth of Bazancourt. Resolved not to injure him, or impede his prospects, by any connection he might form with her, her efforts were ever still directed to elevate his character, to strengthen it, and stimulate it to virtuous action; to make him a useful, and active, and good, and generous member of society; and the mind of Bazancourt presented indeed a noble soil for the production of such fruit.

There was something at this period in the position of these two young people, at once so romantic and so real; so exciting in its enchantment, yet so sober in its simplicity, that the sternest stoic might have been melted to forgiveness.

As often as he could absent himself from college, Richard Bazancourt now came to partake his dinner with his well-beloved, and his heart leapt with the prospect of domestic bliss, as he saw the white cloth spread, and the two silver forks, and the two spoons, and two napkins, laid by Victoire for their quiet meal;



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lap, and kiss her, and then si
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CHAPTER XVI.

NOTHING is, nothing ought to be, of equal importance in a mother's eyes, with the education of her child. It is to our mothers that we are all indebted in the largest proportion, for the formation of our characters. That "fortes creantur fortibus et bonis" is by no means a general rule, as applied to the transmission of noble qualities to the son from the father. Cicero writes his De Officiis to form his boy's mind, and Master Mark turns out a simpleton. Chesterfield indites whole volumes of epistolary prose to his hopeful, and the satisfactory result of so much good advice, is the formation of an imbecile and a vaut-rièn: but not so with the characters which are imbibed with our mothers' milk. We believe that no great man ever lived, who had not, in a great measure, been formed to that greatness by his mother. The romantic chivalry of Francis the first, and the implacable bigotry of Charles the

ninth, may be traced to the respectively analogous traits of character in Louisa of Savoy, and Catherine de Medicis. From Mrs. Wesley, her son John derived his religious zeal; and Lord Byron inherited some of the irregularities of his course from his mother.

Jeannette Isabelle was fully sensible of the importance of the responsibility imposed upon her. Even the devotedness of her love for Bazancourt, did not conceal from her the gravity of her other duties; and often, as she caressed and fondled her pretty prattler in her arms, her thoughts were busily occupied with schemes for its future welfare, and plans for bringing to the best perfection, the faculties with which bounteous Nature had endowed it. After all, the Emile of Rousseau, even with its many impossibilities and defects, is the best book that ever was written on this subject, because it takes nature throughout for its guide. The same exemption from restraint which he conceded to the body, by getting rid of the absurd maillots and swaddling-clothes in which infants used to be enwrapped, he imparted also to the mind, giving it a wholesome vigour, and a freedom of play, which pedagogues have been slower to encourage in their schools, than nurses have been to adopt his other rules in the nursery.

Jeannette Isabelle knew that education is the mighty hinge on which the destinies, not only of individuals, but of nations, turn. The illimitable progress of the world towards perfection, is a problem, of which the solution is wound up in the question of national education. The application of steam, the multiplication of manufactures, the analyzation of electricity, the communication with interior Africa, the reform of the British parliament, may be considered as the results of national education on the minds of such men as Watt, Arkwright, Franklin, Park, and Cobbett. The impulse on the other hand, which may be given to historic events by the force of individual education, is illustrated by Peter the Great, civilizing an empire of savages, Beccaria abolishing examinations by torture, Wilberforce persevering for the emancipation of the slaves, Wolff preaching the gospel to kneeling thousands of wild and wondering heathen.

Our heroine mused with awe on the colossal changes which may be evolved in time by the operations of the portentous engine, which is working now so quickly and so widely round; but her immediate attention was occupied with one small nook of the vast machinery, and she set herself about the improvement and cultivation of her infant's mind. She was particularly averse, to what may be called, the

quackery of education: she did not trouble her head about the innumerable family of small duodecimos and large octavos, by the thousand and one misses and madams, which swarm every week from the press. Her plan was, to let her little Florence tumble about as much as she liked, till she was big enough to read, and then to give her Sandford and Merton; and no normal school ever hit upon a more common-sensible project. Perfectly aware, also, of the weight which is attached by the world to the observance of its established ordinances, and anxious that her child should labour hereafter under no disadvantages, which could be avoided by any concession on her part, to custom or opinion: the mother, although, as we have elsewhere hinted, she was, unhappily, far too liberal in her views of religion, determined to have her child baptized according to the rites of the Roman Catholic Church. As no nearer place could be conveniently found for this purpose than Oxford, our hero was requested to bring over a phaeton, and a pair of horses, for the expedition, and to act as godfather upon the occasion; an office which he willingly undertook, as it appeared to give him some sort of authority to stand forth as the protector of the child, should this be necessary on any future emergency. Jeannette Isabelle accordingly, accompanied by Victoire, Florence,

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and Carlo, ascended together the carriage one beautiful summer's morning, to superintend the celebration of this ceremony.

The little Catholic chapel, which stands a little way out of the town of Oxford, on the Wycomb road to London, was the appointed scene for the performance of the rite. Our heroine looked up at the neat and modest cross which surmounts the west end of the building as she entered, and at that moment she wished, most earnestly and ardently did she wish, that such sign might be to her as to others, a type of hope and immortality. Let others talk of the pride of the unbeliever, and attribute the melancholy infirmity of his mental constitution to stubbornness, or hard-heartedness, or conceit. Alas! it was not so with Isabelle. Her infidelity was nothing more or less than an incapacity of believing. It was a source to her of humiliation and sorrow. Instead of vaunting of the hardiness with which she dared to reject, she felt humbled and mortified at her positive inability to accept all that had been taught her. She believed that some natural deficiency prevented her from feeling the faith which others feel; but the theme presents a dark and painful spectacle, and we will not dwell on it. She dipped her hand in the holy water as she entered the little chapel, and signed the cross upon her brow, and she felt no

awe as she did so. She did not tremble at the fictitious sanctity with which the objects around were invested. There was no superstition in her unbelief: she had nothing, of what has been called, "the fanaticism of infidelity;" but there was a calm and quiet air of positive conviction about her, which affords less room for hope to the preachers of conversion, than any other frame of mind. She was not a sceptic; she did not doubt; she simply disbelieved: and yet, as she knelt at the altar, while the prayers were muttered by the surpliced priest, and when her babe was sprinkled with the water from that mystic font, which confers salvation, or salvability, on human souls, she breathed a fervent wish to heaven, that her child might be a Christian. She desired that her daughter should have loftier motives for her actions, than such as plain morality made subservient to utility prescribes:—she confessed the insufficiency of her own principles, for they did not lead to perfection of virtue; and she was glad that her infant had received this sacrament.

"How I wish," said she, as she sealed the ceremony with a mother's kiss, such kiss as mothers give their only-born; the first kiss on the young cheek still wet with the dew of God's blessing. "How I wish that I could have my beauty-baby's picture made! I don't mean daubed by some vulgar

perpetrator of paint; some soi-disant artist, with conceptions as coarse as his canvass; but I would have a Raphael, or a Carlo Dolce, created on purpose: methinks Correggio might have chosen Florence for the original of one of his cherubim; what say you, Signor Ricardo?"

"I think it a pity, that the portraits of children are not more frequently taken," replied our hero. "In them only we find pure, unadulterated expression; I mean, such an expression as is indicative of disposition, and not caricatured, distorted, or exaggerated by any passion. It would be curious to keep such a gallery of children's pictures, and compare them in after-life with the originals, when ambition, avarice, disappointment, or malice, have warped the features into the mirror of the distempered mind. The portrait of a man is sure to be insipid, unless the artist represents him in the attitude, and under the agency, of some great and powerful passion. I would sooner be gibbetted at Newgate at once, than hung in Somerset House, represented sitting in an easy chair, with my legs crossed, my arms folded, a scroll of paper in my right hand, and my face endeavouring to look as pretty as possible, as if conscious that it was having its picture taken. Now the portrait of a child cannot be this wooden, hard, dead, lifeless sort of

thing:—a child will, and must, have animation. Not even the most dull of all sign-painters, could help making a child's countenance reflect the natural tenor of its mind. They have not yet learnt to conceal emotion: dissimulation is a virtue or a vice, for which we are indebted to our experience."

As our heroine did not feel the state of her religious opinions to be any subject for boasting—but much the contrary—she had never yet communicated her views to Richard Bazancourt. She adverted distantly and delicately to them, as their conversation continued in the carriage on their journey home. Bazancourt had observed with much concern in the morning, that there was an unusual dejection and depression in our heroine's manner; there was an uneasiness, and an appearance of apprehension about her, which he was at a loss to account for, except by attributing it to some bad news which she might probably have received that day in a letter, which he imagined to have come from the Italian friend whom he had first seen with her, by the side of Blenheim lake, and who, it is needless to inform our readers, was the Marchésa Pisatelli. In Oxford she had shewn herself extremely restless and uncomfortable, and had inquired anxiously for a newspaper which contained the divisions in the House of Lords. The idea immediately struck Bazancourt

—for what can escape the ever-watchful eyes and ears of love?—that she must have received intelligence of her husband's return to the country; and, though the subject was too delicate a one to be adverted to between them, he continued to attribute to this cause the agitated demeanour which she wore during the whole of their passage on the road.

This was the first time they had left home together for such a distance; and our hero, laying his hand affectionately on that of his friend, as she sat opposite to him in the carriage, observed to her that the ceremony of the morning had been happily concluded, and that there was no cause for looking sad.

"Alas!" was her vague and indirect reply, as if carrying on aloud the same train of reflection that she had been mentally indulging before; "alas! my life has been a strange mélange—a motley and chequered scene of too much laughter and too many tears! I was thinking of the old nunnery at Winchester, where I was educated when a little girl, during the time that my poor father lived in England;—I used, even then, to look at the old market cross in the High Street of that quiet town, as illustrative of the creed that placed it there. Picturesque in the extreme, and splendid with external ornament, yet yielding gradually, as all must yield,

to the attacks of time, and mouldering slowly away. How I used to torture myself, even in those days, with doubts and reasonings on abstract questions! I have sat up the whole night long to read Cudworth, and Reid, and Hume, and Helvetius. Then I plunged into gaiety to get rid of thought! I was a foolish, fluttering thing, living upon gratified vanity and the success of a mistaken ambition, during one whole winter that I spent at Paris; and then, when I returned at last to my own dear Italy to be happy, my father died. This was the bitterest calamity of all:—had he lived, I should still have had a protector: my sufferings, great as they have ever been, would not have been aggravated to so frightful an extent as now! I should not then have been driven by the advice of relations, which constrains those whom it professes to leave free, to tie myself to a husband, who used me worse than any of his dogs; I should have then been spared the crime of quitting him:—but enough of this,—I trust my darling daughter will never be subjected to such trials or such evils;—should I live to guide her choice, it will be only with the guidance which will point out to her the importance of choosing for herself. There is as much wisdom as quaintness in the expression of our favourite De Staël when she says, 'Je forcerai ma fille à faire un mariage d'inclination.'"

Just as these words were spoken, a carriage, meeting that which contained Richard Bazancourt and our heroine, passed rapidly by. It was an open britska, containing only one solitary individual, attended by two servants behind; but in the body of the carriage, seated by the side of the traveller, were two ferocious-looking bull-dogs, and Carlo growled at them as they passed. Suddenly Jeannette Isabelle fell back, as if lifeless, in her seat. The strange carriage pursued its course, and was in a few moments out of sight; but the terror caused by the apparition did not pass quickly away from our heroine. Slowly and difficultly she recovered her sensation, and looking with a wild and frantic air around her, asked, with sobs and sighs, hysterically, "Is he gone? He is mistaken—tell him he is wrong! tell him he has been misinformed of my retreat! tell him anything! only save me from him! save me!" and then, recovering herself with an effort, she passed her hand over her forehead, and said, "It is nothing; it is over now. Why am I so weak? You will think me very foolish, dearest friend! I believe it was Carlo's barking that frightened me!" and so the agitation passed, with a kiss and a pressure of the hand whioh seemed to say on the part of Bazancourt, "Confide in me—lean on me—and I will defend you;" but he spoke not. He never ventured



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words as must necessarily drive him to a contest which shall be fatal to one of us in its termination. Yes! I will now redeem the promise which I made to my sister, while I was yet a boy, and which has haunted me like an unburied spectre ever since. I will now, at any rate, assure the future independence and happiness of my own beloved Jeannette, by sending out of the world, at one stroke, her villanous oppressor; and even though the relation in which I should stand towards her afterwards, as the slayer of her husband, appals me—almost deters me; yet I feel it to be an imperative duty to execute my vengeance on his head. What matter, even should she refuse to see me afterwards? I shall suffer for it, 'tis true; but *she*, at least, will be happy,—*she*, at least, will be able to lead a life of comparative security and peace; I shall not have the pain to know that her cheek is pale with continual apprehension, and her bosom racked with unceasing and miserable disquiet. I shall myself no longer sleep upon thorns, in thinking that my sheepfold is exposed night and day to the ravages of the wolf; and even were there other motives wanting to instigate me, I hate the monster so for what he has done, as well as for what he yet may do, that I am determined he should die. I cannot live in the same world with a man who has dared to woo, and win,

and wed my loved one. I cannot bear to think that any other than myself should ever have revelled upon those sweet kisses!" and our hero, almost frantic with the conflict of his excited feelings, ascended precipitately, without a further thought, the box of the Worcester Triumph, which was at the moment, about two o'clock, waiting to change horses in the streets of Woodstock.

It was nearly ten in the evening when he arrived in London. He became aware of his being in the metropolis only by the noise of the passengers and the glare of the lamps, so much had his thoughts been occupied by one sole idea. He took a hackney-coach, and desired the coachman to drive straight to Lord Clanelly's house in St. James's Square. The steps were let down. He alighted.

"Is Lord Clanelly at home?" inquired he of the servant.

"No, sir," was the reply.

"Is he not expected soon?"

"No, sir; we don't expect him in town at all," said the porter.

CHAPTER XVII.

Nothing could exceed the consternation, the rage, the disappointment, and the agony of mind which was caused to our hero by this provoking answer to his interrogatory. In vain he hurried from club-house to club-house, seeking the necessary information; in vain he even hazarded a call at the house of a lady on the Edgware road, where he was told he might probably hear some intelligence of his lordship's proceedings. The night was far advanced, and he returned once more in despair to the mansion in St. James's square, where the only response which he could at last obtain to all his queries was, that Lord Clanelly was in England, and had lately been into Staffordshire, to see the fight between the Shropshire pet and Brummagem Bob. Richard Bazancourt turned away from the door in disgust;—and yet his footsteps did not wander wide from the threshold. Thrice and again he returned, as it were involuntarily, to the spot. There seemed a

strange sort of fascination in the house. He could not help gazing on each curtained window, and picturing to himself all the scenes of terror and of pain that must have passed within. His imagination represented to him his Isabelle lying in those guilty chambers, as in a prison, weakened by sickness and confinement, jaded with care and anxiety, denied the necessary indulgencies of her sex and condition; and oh! worse than all, exposed to the insulting solicitations of a man for whom his contempt was only tempered by his hatred. Yes! this it was that maddened him to fury. He could not bear to think that the head, which was far dearer to him than his own life, had rested on another's pillow; that the cheek, which it was his greatest pride and joy to call his own sweet Isabelle's, had been subjected to another's kiss; and, above all, he was exasperated that this man should be, of all others, the very individual whom he felt it to be his bounden duty to hate and punish, for other and earlier insults offered to his own family, and his own favourite sister! He looked savagely up at the panes of glass, which reflected the cold moon-beams, and his blood crept along his veins with a thick and sensible current—he drew breath with difficulty—his chest heaved—he felt sick and faint—a dark film obscured his vision, and he grasped convulsively at the nearest

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object for support. Next, as he came to himself again, he reflected on the danger to which Isabelle was momentarily exposed during his absence, from the circumstance of her husband being in that neighbourhood: he reproached himself bitterly for his rashness and inconsiderate haste in coming to London, and resolved to hurry back by the earliest coach on the following day.

For himself he had no thought, no solicitude to spare; or he might have remembered what he was destined to learn with terrible severity ere long, that he incurred no inconsiderable risk to his own prospects, in having made a journey to London without the leave or even the knowledge of the college authorities. The unfortunate result of this act of temerity we shall see presently.

That night Richard Bazancourt slept but little. In his bed he turned the matter over and over in his mind: it struck him that he was acting without any advice, and without much experience. He recollected that the man of business usually employed by his family, Mr. Snuffles, was in London, and might easily be entrusted with his secret, and made of considerable use, by commissioning him to ascertain the circumstances of Lord Clanelly's marriage, the exact present position of things, and the possibility of obtaining a divorce. Perhaps, too, he

might obtain some information of that individual's movements. At any rate, he was certain to hear the latest news respecting his own family at Paris; and, accordingly, at an early hour the following morning, he knocked with eager confidence at the door of Mr. Snuffles' chambers, Old Square, Lincoln's Inn.

"Dear me!" said old Snuffles, with difficulty recognizing our hero, "this is most enchantingly pleasing, and most agreeably delightful. Your visit, Mr. Bazancourt, is most unexpectedly uncontemplated, and most unannouncedly unhoped for. Nevertheless, it is most fittingly timely, and most conveniently opportune. I have here, just forwarded from the Foreign Office, a packet from my Lord Furstenroy. Enclosed is a letter for you. Bless me! you are grown so dilatedly robust, and so perpendicularly tall!"

Our hero made a sign of impatience:—there are some people who keep on telling young men that they are grown, every time they see them, till they are upwards of five and thirty. "Where is this letter, Mr. Snuffles?" he enquired, "I must be off."

"Bless me! you are so pressingly hasty, and so urgently precipitate," said Mr. Snuffles, "Where is the packet? Briefs—pleadings—declarations—

bless me! Oh! here it is. As I said, you are grown so extensively stout, and so altitudinously elongated, Mr. Bazancourt."

Our hero tore open his letter, and found that it was from his brother, Lord Fletcher: its contents were as follows:

MY DEAR BROTHER,

I have a secret to communicate to you, and one which, I assure you, causes me no little embarrassment. You must know that I have had the good or ill fortune, for a long time past, to maintain a very intimate friendship with a French lady; the consequence of which is, that circumstances have proceeded a little further than I ever intended; and I am likely to find myself a father before I have become a husband. Qu'en dites vous? C'est une mauvaise affaire sans doute. As I am anxious to make some sort of settlement upon this person without delay, you will oblige me by consulting our friend, Mr. Snuffles, on the subject. If he likes to take a holiday and come to Paris, I shall be happy to see him here; otherwise I must either come to London, which I do not wish, or employ another professional man on the spot. I wish much that you would come over the water yourself—my father, indeed, requests that you will do so during your

vacation. His health is, I fear, declining, and yet he is so much more violent than ever in politics, that he will scarcely see me, and talks as if I were a second Guy Faux, or Oliver Cromwell. You are greatly wanted to set all this to rights. I want also to introduce to you my poor young protegé, Louis Boivin, who, independently of our political sympathies, has found another common chord between us, by falling desperately in love. If it were not that he is over head and ears absorbed by this attachment, (the lady, by the bye, it appears, is an aristocrat, although I am unacquainted with her name,) he might, perhaps, be led by his politics into some much greater scrape. You can form no idea of the high fever of political excitement at this moment in Paris. There seems a sort of general foreboding, and mistrust—a general but vague presentiment that some desperate struggle is at hand against the government. The police are unceasing in their activity. One or two obscure plots have been brought to light, but it is surmised that there are secret combinations still, which have eluded all their vigilance. Myself I have withdrawn rather more of late from some of my former associates, a measure which you, as a staunch Tory, will of course highly approve of. I am, therefore, not in the confidence even of Boivin himself; but, were I in Louis

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Philippe's place, I should not feel comfortable. Take my word for it, some warm work is at hand. Do not think, because I write thus, that I am less a Whig at heart than ever; and answer me quickly, per rapport à la belle Olympe. Adieu, mon cher. Yours truly,

FLETCHER.

Our hero hastened to communicate the contents of this letter to Mr. Snuffles, who put on his spectacles in order to listen more attentively, and puffed, and grunted, and snorted, till Bazancourt became quite irritated at his delay. The man of business began by quoting a precedent out of "Roper's Husband and Wife,"—talked about the five French codes, feoffments and seisins, and the Furstenroy estate.

"Really," said he, "the business is most intricately entangled, and most twistedly complicated; your brother's conduct has been very imprudently improvident, and most blameable reprehensible; a visit to Paris would certainly be temptingly seductive, and persuasively inducing; but my clients are so clamorous, that I know not if I can spare sufficient time."

Bazancourt simply suggested that Lord Fletcher was of a liberal disposition, and the lawyer, who

had only waited for some hint as to amount of remuneration, consented at last to take the proposed journey, and start immediately for France.

It was with extreme diffidence and difficulty that our hero now brought himself at length to speak upon his own affairs; but when he came to treat of them, he found himself so unprepared with any definite plan on which the attorney was to act, and the prospect seemed so chimerical of his ever eliciting for him any information which would ultimately be of use, that he quitted his chambers in little better spirits than he had entered them. All the schemes and resources which had seemed so available to him, as he turned them over in his mind during the night, vanished into dust, and appeared unsatisfactory, or impracticable, now that he considered them calmly in the day-time. At all events, it was decidedly best to return, without longer delay, to Oxford, both on his own account, and for the sake of her to whom all his thoughts, by night and by day, reverted. He blamed himself for all the anxiety he must have caused her by his absence, at the very period when she must require the support of his kind attentions most. He blamed himself still more for the risk to which he had left her exposed of being discovered, while deprived of her protector. He hurried to Hatchett's, and mounted the first ve-

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hicle which he found starting. The coachman who drove him home on the Defiance, although described by one of his cotemporaries as "a delightful member of society, and full of beautiful conversation; because he can be such a gentleman, you know, sir, can Jack; and then, you know, sir, he *can be* such a blackguard:" even the facetious Jack failed, for this once, to beguile his mind of its load of cares. He thought, too, of his father's declining health—he meditated on his brother's account of the seditious movements in Paris, in which he feared that he might be more deeply involved than he allowed himself to be in his letter. All things seemed to conspire together against him. He dismounted at his destination in sufficiently low spirits. He determined that very evening to go over to Stonesfield, to convince himself that all had gone right during his absence. For one instant he hurried up to his rooms in Christchurch, to make some slight arrangement of his toilet, and to his great surprise on opening the door, he found a perfect stranger comfortably ensconced in his easy chair, resting his feet in slippers lined with rabbit skin on the edge of his fender, and smoking a cigar.

"Sir!" said the stranger, with the air of one who was perfectly at home, and looking astonished at Bazancourt's abrupt entrance, "Sir! I did not say come in."

"No," replied our hero, "because I did not knock at the door."

"Then let me tell you, sir," said the man in the rabbit-skin slippers, "that another time you had better take the trouble to knock, before you take the liberty to enter."

"But these are my own rooms," answered Bazancourt, "I suppose I may go in or out as I like."

"These are *my* rooms," said the other sharply, "and I will thank you, sir, to walk out as fast as you walked in."

Bazancourt, perceiving that the person was a freshman, made allowances for his impoliteness, and having his thoughts so totally engrossed with more important subjects, did not think it worth his while to argue the point further, but quietly descended the staircase, for the purpose of finding his scout, and seeking some explanation of this strange occurrence.

At the same time that all this was taking place, a most convivial party were assembled in some rooms on the opposite side of the Quadrangle, to celebrate the success of one of the choice spirits of the college in taking his degree. The Kilkenny cat, Fitz-Waterton, who was glad to avail himself of a provincial invitation, since the London air had disagreed with him, was of the party, and here he figured as a star of the first magnitude. He was spending a week

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with a friend in Oxford, previously to a fresh visit to the continent, and he had managed to *clean out* the Christchurch men of above three hundred pounds at écarté and blind-hookey. He often passed the bottle, or if he filled his glass, it was sure to be with the precautionary *heel-tap;* and thus it was, by proposing vingt-et-un, or some other game, when the heads of others had become more heated than his own, that he calculated on winning enough to pay, in part, one or two of the most clamorous of his duns, and by this means facilitate his escape from England, which was at present rendered difficult by the vigilance of a sheriff's officer at Dover. The Honourable Mrs. Scraggs purposed, also, spending the next winter in Paris, and as Fitz-Waterton did not yet despair of Miss Barbara, this was an additional inducement to him to cross the water.

"By my honour and credit," exclaimed he on the present occasion, after a toast had been drunk, and there was a dead silence, "By my honour and credit, that was a famous run we had last night away from the proctor, as good as a fox-chase every bit;—'a mighty hunter, and his prey was man'—tally-ho—tally-ho—tally-ai-ai-ai-ai-o!" and the Irishman gave a view-halloo at the very top of his voice.

"I met the proctor, too, last night," said a simple-looking cream-faced youth, with a lisp like a



les sardines, pécher les
the French song says, t
However, he conducted m
dame aux halles of the pl
I winked to the woman,
me. 'Oh! dear no,' said
man will take it in his poc
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all,' said the proctor, 'wh
sir,' said the woman: and
spot, and saw me safe int
a lobster sallad for supper

"But by my honour an
terton, "'tis a most conveni
getting rid of your duns,
outer doors. I should thi
never be able to break thro

"Oh!" replied the form
at locksmiths—and I have
that. In the first

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upon credit—the tradesman can actually be with difficulty persuaded to take your money. About the beginning of the fourth year, you are near the time of taking your degree, and a few calls may be expected. Now, some men keep a bull-bitch in their rooms to let fly at the dun's legs. Others let fall a hod of coals, or a pail of water, on their heads from the window. Some throw them over the banisters, which is actionable. Others, again, get rid of them by giving a fresh order, which makes the matter still worse the next term. My own plan, is simply to change rooms, for the time, with the man who lives opposite to me on the same stair-case. It is only necessary to have observed the rule for some time previously, of never dealing with the same tradesman that your neighbour deals with. Thus, par exemple, your duns come to your room and ask for you—your friend is ready with the answer that you are not at home, which excites far less suspicion than shutting the outer door, or as we call it, '*sporting the oak.*' In the meantime, his duns come to his apartment, and find no one but yourself, who are ready with the same answer, 'that Mr. So-and-so is gone out for the day.'"

"By my honour and credit," exclaimed the Kilkenny cat, "but that's a most capital plan; and are you near going up for your degree?"

"I ought to have been examined this very day," replied the other, "and I have actually had an alarum in my room the whole term, to wake me early, and make me get up to read; but last night, as I was lying in bed, all was still, and I heard the pendulum of this cursed 'larum repeat distinctly, at each successive alternation, the ominous words, 'dead pluck, dead pluck, dead pluck'—I jumped up in a fright—prudently took the hint, and sent a note off to the schools the first thing in the morning, to request the examining masters to scratch off my name."

"And how is the famous gray horse, with the bang tail, after his steeple-chase?" enquired a fresh speaker of the man of three years' standing.

"Oh! in splendid condition," replied the other, "I've booked him for the plate at Cottesford—only seven to two—taken—against him—and I have given him a new name on the strength of it."

"What is it?" asked they all at once.

"Gehazi," rejoined the other, "because he is a 'leaper as white as snow.'"

"Bravo," cried they all; "at any rate you won't be plucked for your divinity."

"I rode a race the other day at Bibury," said a man in a cut-away, who was the great liar of his college, "and came in second."

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"How many started?" enquired Fitz-Waterton.

"Why—there were only two," hesitatingly replied the man in the cut-away, and a great laugh ensued on the candid admission of his answer.

Just at this moment the door was flung open, and in walked Bob Tracy. Tracy, although occasionally given to extravagancies, was a good-hearted fellow, and as he advanced into the room, he said, "Gentlemen, I am sure you will all be sorry to hear that poor Bazancourt is expelled."

"Expelled!" repeated every man in the room, Dick Bazancourt expelled! impossible! you're joking."

"I trust not," said one.

"I hope it is not true," said another.

"The best fellow in the college," remarked a third: while the man of three years' standing whispered in the ear of the Kikenny cat, that he had won twenty pounds by the event, as he had bet only a short time since that he would be sent away before the end of his first year's residence.

"Why, he dined only the other day with Circumflex, the tutor," remarked one of the party.

"It is, nevertheless, Circumflex who was the cause of his expulsion," replied Bob Tracy.

"And why?" enquired several.

"It is a long story," said Tracy, "and I don't

know the right particulars myself; but Bazancourt, I believe, has had some flash sort of lady down here, from London, for some time past—a regular flare-up beauty, all over rouge; and as Mr. Circumflex is a bit of a saint, and he found out that Bazancourt was spending a good deal of money on this person, he took the opportunity of poor Dick's sleeping out of college last night, to represent his improper proceedings to the dean, and request that he might be sent away, for fear he should corrupt all us innocent souls by the contagion of his bad example. I wonder, by the bye, if he will sell Mahmoud. I'd give him five-and-forty for him; he'd be worth a hundred, if he had but a bang tail. Gentlemen, I propose Dick Bazancourt's health with three times three! Fill your glasses;"—and the toast was drunk by the whole party on their legs, amidst vociferations of applause, and shouts of "Bazancourt for ever!"

Our hero was pacing gloomily towards the college gateway, with the intention of galloping hastily over to Stonesfield, when these sounds of riot met his unwilling ear. A sullen shade hung over his features. He came from an interview with the dean, who after rating him severely for his irregularities ever since he had resided, told him that Mr. Circumflex had represented in such strong terms the necessity of

making an example of his absence from college during the previous night, that he had felt himself in duty bound to erase his name from the list of the members of the society. Oh! the malevolence! the petty spite, the meanness, the paltry-mindedness of men! And all this had been incurred for *her* sake—yes—for the sake of her whose love was more precious to him than all the advancement, and all the favour in the world; and he did not regret it. But as the discordant notes of revelry fell upon his ear from the lofty window, he felt a loathing and a deep disgust—a nauseating and revolting sensation came over him; he felt like Alp among the carcases at Corinth, and "turned him from the sickening sight." He heard without one thrill of pleasure his own name mixed up in the shout of ribaldry and debauch. "Can these men," he asked himself, "feel as I feel, think as I think, or love as I love? Could one single individual among them appreciate the high-minded devotion, the generous sentiment, the noble pride of disinterested affection? Amid all this senseless clamour, is there not one heart that could sympathise with mine—not one bosom that can beat with emotions lofty as my own? No high aspirations! no pure devotion! Nothing godly! nothing heavenly!—Oh! the potter's clay of which mankind are made."

CHAPTER XVIII.

The moon was high in heaven, and the stars were shining from their crystal cars, flinging from their radiant wheels immortal light to the orbs of other systems, and singing ever as they rolled that voiceless music, that unuttered hymn, of which the burden is "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth be peace." The heavens smiled upon the earth, and the balmy breath and dewy kiss of night wooed the nodding winking flowers to repose. Only the tremulous aspen and the quivering larch were yet awake; the trees of a broader verdure slept like giants, heavily; the hoofs of Mahmoud echoed hollowly amid the silence, as he sped along the rocky road. As he escaped farther and farther from the meanless din and clattering clamour of the town, Richard Bazancourt became cooler and more composed; his confused ideas grew more collected and distinct; he uncovered his head and let the cool air of evening bathe his throbbing temples, and he rejoiced to feel it eddy

through the jetty clusters of his hair, as his courser rushed along. What a variety of emotions had passed through his bosom since he last saw his Isabelle! What a tissue of events had happened to him! What a world of anxiety had he experienced on her behalf! He leapt lightly from his saddle, and hasted to the well-known door. He paused timidly at the threshold, but his heart's idol watched for him, for she could not sleep. Since his abrupt departure of the yesterday, her weary limbs had not pressed the mattress; she had fasted; she had wept, till the lustre of her eyes was dimmed. Can the vine flourish when widowed of its wedded elm? can the turtle coo while her mate is on the wing? Jeannette Isabelle had caught the trampling of his steed from afar off, and her hand was ready on the latch; and she had already gathered a rich wreath of the monthly rose, which embowered the doorway, for the guerdon of her love's return. Passionately she flung her bare, beautiful arms around him, and like the patriarch of old, she "embraced him, and fell on his neck, and kissed him, and they wept." Yes! warm and womanish tears stole down the cheeks of Bazancourt, as he witnessed this trait of devoted affection. They were both of them softened and overcome, and girdling her pliant waist with the zone of his strong arm, our hero led the lovely mourner like a weeping bride to her chamber, before either of them had summoned recol-

lection or resolution enough to utter a single word. How better far was that eloquent silence than all the wordiest common-place of would-be compliment!

"Dearest one," said Isabelle, chasing her glad tears with the softest smile love ever stole from beauty, "dearest one! you have nearly killed me with alarm; —you left me yesterday abruptly; there was an air of mystery in your eye; there was some secret resolve beneath the surface of your hasty farewell. From me you can conceal nothing; you ought to have nothing to conceal. Where have you been wandering? Why do you look so wild and so sad to-night? Tell me all your sorrows and cares, and I will kiss them away; this lip shall blow all your woes like bubbles before the wind, and we will laugh together like children to see the tumid nonsenses burst into vacancy. Come, carissimo amico, tell all about it, or you shall not return to-night; I will prison you in my arms, and this bosom shall be your dungeon of solitary confinement."

Need we say that this was destined to be the hour of unreserve to both of them? Need we say, that after this glowing scene, there was no longer a secret from the other in the heart of either? Boundless confidence, and total freedom from restraint, was the result of this night's meeting. Isabelle communicated to her lover every event and every feeling of her pre-

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vious history; the persecutions of her husband; her escape; her fears of discovery; the manner in which this temporary residence had been supplied to her by the kindness of her friend, the principessa, and through the instrumentality of the still mysterious and inexplicable old lady. The spot had been selected on account of its retirement and distance from all Lord Clanelly's connections, and as a convenient place for her quiet accouchement; but since that event was over, and now that her child was advancing in its growth, she had double cause for apprehension in case of discovery. The meeting of yesterday had confirmed her fears that her husband had returned to England, and now her only anxiety was to leave her present asylum as speedily as possible; but this she could not, would not do, so long as she was indebted to its vicinity for the privilege of receiving the visits of him whose love was to her the very breath of her existence.

Our hero hastened in his turn to confide to Jeannette the fact of his own irrevocable expulsion from college, and was prompt to assure her that the bitterness of the sentence was turned into sweetness now that he found she was so desirous of quitting that part of the country.

"And where purpose you then, dearest, to seek a new asylum? Myself, I have received a summons



eyes sparkling with joy!
same project I had pro
had not purposed to com
it would tally with you
convenience. At Fontai
dear old lady, who first
and brought me to this re
son to whom I can app
friend, the principessa, ha
beloved Italy. I know
least not her real name; b
I will give you, and whi
You shall go to her forth
have prepared me another
you shall return and fetch
and conduct us in safety t
only one difficulty, which i
lady, who appears to be a

have ever known! Does it not seem wretched to migrate from our pretty cottage? I shall go forth like an exile; for though you will come and visit me sometimes, nay often, in my new abode, I feel that you cannot always be with me, as you have been here! Alas! my friend, does it not make you wretched?"

"Wretched beyond all expression," replied Bazancourt, as he clasped her closer to his bosom. "All here has become so familiar to me, that the scene is as it were identified with my loftiest ideas of happiness. The happy valley of Rasselas was not half so full of bliss, for we do not weary of our blessings here. Whatever afterwards may be my lot in life, it seems to me that my retrospect of joy will still be concentred in this spot: the very trees and I have become friends; I know every stone in the pathways, and every shrub in the hedgerows. However great may be our future good fortune, it must, I fear, ever feel tame and cold, contrasted with what we have experienced here; for here our happiness has been absolute and perfect; it could not have been more complete; the cup could not have held another drop without its brim being overflowed. One reflection, however, still there is to cheer us—" and as he spoke, he led our heroine gently to the lattice, and bid her look up upon those living lamps of heaven above her head—"even should we now part to meet no more;

even should the deep sea swallow me; or should disease and death interpose their icy fleshless fingers to snatch you from my warm embraces, there is still one haven left, my Isabelle, where we still shall meet; —beyond the empyreal abyss of yonder deep blue sky, in some world apart, where all is bright and beautiful; where the canker of care cometh not, and the murmur of pain is unheard, we will live again together, and listen to the lore of love which flows eternally from the harps and the lips of the angels!"

Strange it appeared to Bazancourt, that our heroine shuddered as he spoke. His circling arm was round her still, and he distinctly felt her tremble, and though he waited for her reply, she answered not.

"What! silent, my Isabelle?" he continued, "does not your imagination glow at the prospect of a perpetual union in a brighter sphere? Does not your heart thrill at the contemplation of those myriad worlds on high, in one of which we will fix together our happy and eternal home, and love each other with not less of fervour, but more of purity than now?—Answer me, my Isabelle."

A faint sigh and a timid tear, told more to Richard Bazancourt, than had she uttered a whole world of words. At length she spoke, but it was in a manner to avoid obliquely the direct and main drift of his question.

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"Alas! my friend," she said, "why speak you of a purer or a better love? To me there is holiness and perfect purity in the acts of the senses; to me there is sacred religion in that worship of which our bride-bed is the altar. Alone with thee I feel no shame; I am conscious of no shadow of guilt; of no vestige of impurity. The happiest moments of rapturous existence which we have passed together, are surely only the natural expression of the best feelings nature has given us. There was no blush on the cheek of Eve before the fall, and shame was only nursed upon the *aproned* lap of beauty. As a woman never thinks of the warmest rites of love but with the object of her affection, and when it becomes natural and beautiful to express such thought, I do not understand shame any more than satiety; for nothing, it appears to me, could be pleasing at any moment, which, on reflection, could disgust. The feeling of shame must wholly relate to third persons. I have an awe and a respect for the happiness even of the senses, and I can imagine no love, either warmer or purer, in any other state of existence than that which the senses enhance to us in this; consequently I can conceive no future existence of greater happiness; and oh! heaven knows how much there is of misery here! You will do me the justice to acknowledge that there is nothing grovelling or abject in this creed of mine; I do not



thing akin to this; and yet
soft moments of abandon
my friend, and high as is tl
to every exercise of love's pr
greater to me in proportion i
sure of living, to such a degı
to sorrow predominate over ı
tion of joy, that I can look
than utter annihilation, as a
bility to suffer, which seems t
dition and inalienable birthr
ence."

"You mean to say, in otl
court, looking intently into t
"that you are a materialist!
he proceeded: "Some expre
other day, on our journey, re
creed, alarmed me; but I n

this miserable and transitory existence—that you do not count with pleasure on an éternity to be passed together in a brighter realm of glory?"

Isabelle shuddered again, and our hero asked the cause. "Ask you why I shudder at the word eternity;" she replied, with a stern and calm dignity, "Does not the prisoner tremble, even in this short life, when condemned to perpetual banishment or perpetual chains? Show to me once only that existence is conceivable without suffering, convince me conclusively that in any other state man will not be born to sorrow as the sparks fly upward, and I will embrace your faith gladly—most gladly. But so inseparable to me do the ideas seem of pain and existence, that I am too content to relinquish the hope of the one to get rid of the fear of the other. I seek oblivion in the tomb—look here upon this ghastly gash," said she, laying his finger on her throat, "I have sought it there already, but in vain!"

The cheek of the intrepid Richard Bazancourt turned deadly pale, as he heard and shrunk from this dreadful explanation of the scar still visible on the moulded tournure of that beautiful throat. "Is it true, Isabelle?" he said, with melancholy solemnity, "Is it fact that you have braved the vengeance of heaven by attempting self-destruction? Are you so insensible to the responsibility of men for their

actions? Have you indeed risked being brought into the presence of Almighty Justice face to face, with the stain of blood upon your hand? Oh! Isabelle!"

But his Isabelle stood calm, collected, and unmoved, looking up to the broad expanse of that heaven, whose power to punish she was questioning, and there seemed for the first time something almost unfeminine in her manner, as she asked her lover, "Hast *thou* then subjected the independence of thy reason to the cramping fetters of the priests? Hast *thou* too sworn to abide by that worst sort of mental slavery, which prescribes implicit assent, while it dictates only impossible fable? Hast thou too conceded obedience without a struggle, and admitted all without even asking a question? I had not thought this of thee, my friend!"

"Alas!" replied Bazancourt, "I *have* questioned and struggled long and deeply. The belief which I accord to the doctrines of the church is the result, not of servility, but of investigation and conviction. There was once a time, it is with anguish that I own it, when I doubted of every thing,— there was a time when even Des Cartes seemed to me too exigent in his postulates, and Pyrrho too credulous in his conclusions. I have felt like that captain of Louis the Fourteenth of France,

who, expiring of a wound upon the battle-field, exclaimed, 'Oh! God, if there be a God, save my soul, if I have a soul.'

"And how much more grand, and more sublime, is the confident phrase of Danton, than such doating, drivelling doubts! There was nothing imbecile or wavering in the bold Jacobin, but sure of his eternal doom, when challenged at the bar of the Assembly for his name and his abode, he replied, 'My abode will soon be with annihilation: my name will live for ever on the records of the Pantheon of History!'"

"You do not, surely, see any thing to command your admiration in such reply, my Isabelle?" said our hero, still speaking tenderly and fondly, but mournfully too; "there is too much parade about it—too much challenging of admiration and applause—too much vanity, as if calling on all the world to come and see how an atheist could die."

"And yet," interrupted Isabelle, "there is scarcely more ostentation in it, than in the much-praised appeal of Addison to the Earl of Warwick, when he told him he had sent for him to see how a *Christian* could die."

"The pride of a Christian," replied Bazancourt, "is humility. He abases himself before omnipotence, and he is not ashamed to make his boast of so doing. But surely you would not signalize with

your approbation such an epitaph as your countryman, Pietro Arretino, surnamed the Scourge of Princes, has engraved upon his tomb—'here lie the remains of Pietro Arretino, a writer who spoke evil of every living being in the world, excepting God Almighty—of whom he said nothing—remarking, that he was not acquainted with him.'"

"I think much finer," answered Jeannette Isabelle, "the undaunted courage displayed by one of your favourite Walter Scott's heroes—'die,' exclaimed his murderer, plunging the weapon in his breast, 'die! wretch that thou art—believing nothing—hoping nothing'—'*and fearing nothing*,' ground out Balfour of Burleigh from beneath his teeth—and expired as he spoke."

"I have always thought that to be a scene worthy of an artist," said Bazancourt.

"And I," said Isabelle, "have ever deemed it a sentiment worthy of a sage."

"And yet," observed Bazancourt, "Voltaire, who I suppose must be a favourite sage of yours, did not expire with the same resolution."

"It was easy," replied Isabelle, "for the priests and their party to give what colour or interpretation they liked to the dying screams of Voltaire, perishing as he did under the trial of intense bodily torture, and literally writhing with pain. It was quite

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competent for Shakespeare, in his distribution of poetical justice, to assign a similar end to the atrocious Cardinal Beaufort; but I do not ascribe great importance to such demonstrations at the approach of dissolution. We have in later times seen the celebrated pietist, Dr. Johnson—the man who could scarcely take a journey in a stage-coach, or do a page of his Dictionary, without a special form of prayer for the occasion—dying with all the trembling and dismay with regard to the future, which could be exhibited by the most hardened sinner: while the philosophical Hume, who, to say the least, was a sceptic, met the king of terrors with a calmness and fortitude, which showed that he felt no reason to be afraid of his mysterious empire. I must say I am surprised to hear you take up the vulgar argument against Voltaire, which has been echoed from mouth to mouth in this country, till he and poor Jean Jaques between them have been made responsible for all the crimes that have ever been committed since the world began.

‘ Eve aima le fruit nouveau :
C'était la faute de Rousseau.
Cain tua son frère :
C'était la faute de Voltaire.'

as the Mandement des prètres says, according to Béranger."

"Against Rousseau I have, however, yet said nothing," rejoined our hero, "and I should be sorry, at any time, to mix up his name or his reputation with that of the sage of Cirey. The Genevese had at least some sort of enthusiasm about him—some little respect for what is holy, some little awe of what is great—this it is which gives a prestige and a charm to his pages which his celebrated cotemporary must ever want. It is the cold mockery, the indiscriminating sneer, the universal levity of Voltaire, which makes me hate him, and I am sure you must feel something of this sentiment too, my Isabelle! Alas! my beloved idol! my soul's joy! Why has this conversation sprung up between us, to create the first theme of difference that we have ever known! I confess it is a source to me of bitterness and indescribable pain, that you cannot feel, as I do, the confident longing for a brighter existence in a happier world, where our love shall be renewed and never end, and where even the suffering which you so much dread, and so deeply have tasted, shall have no place. I fear it is in vain for me to prescribe to you books upon a subject, which you have studied probably as long or as profoundly as myself, although unhappily with a contrary result. After all, the Bible is the only book. You must be as familiarly acquainted as I am myself with such

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works as Paley, and Butler, and your own countryman, Soavi?"

"Soavi," replied our heroine, "I used to read almost in my nursery. Paley's Evidences had the merit of being the first book that ever raised in my mind a question as to the truth of revelation; and as to Butler's Analogy, however great the ingenuity which he displays, all his arguments apply as much to the brute creation, as to the human species—and according to all that he ever taught me, I might expect to find Carlo still my faithful companion in the upper regions. After all, one of the strongest arguments against a future state is, that we can form no idea of what it can be like. The universal assent of mankind is appealed to as proof—but what are the views that we find upon this important subject? Imagination is obliged to fall back upon experience. In civilized and barbarous countries we find alike, that the only idea men can form of another world is more or less a repetition of this. Virgil's heroes in the Elysian fields are occupied in driving their chariots, or tending their horses at grass. The poor Indian, of Pope, is another instance:

> 'And thinks, translated to a happier sky,
> His faithful dog shall bear him company;'



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and the philosopher D
bert, says, with all th
Frenchman, though wit
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sword, cocked hat, and
Tuilleries."

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body's strength, and grows with its growth—it is mature, with its maturity. As old age enfeebles the one, it contracts and narrows the operations of the other—and when death comes, and the body ceases to move, we have no further evidence that the mind has any further existence. The burden of proof should seem, therefore, from this point, to be rather on your side; but I confess my feelings to be so strong on the subject, that I am content to let it rest without further discussion. You may think it grovelling, or even cowardly, if you will, that I should thus shrink from the idea of immortality, but I cannot help it. I believe, dearest one, I do not love thee less for this. Rather I may be presumed to love thee more—for all my affection—all my feelings of fond devotion must be necessarily crowded in their scope into the narrower compass of this mortal life; whereas yours, being diffused over a wider extent of time, may be suspected of losing in present violence, what they assume over mine in point of duration."

"You are taking to sophistry at last, my darling philosopher, are you?" exclaimed Bazancourt; "Ah! would to God that your love, indeed, could equal mine! Would that you could, indeed, be brought to look up on yon lone star as our future home—a home where we would live alone and apart,

far from the intrusion of curious eyes, or the muttering of envious tongues! You shall—you must be mine through eternity. Not omnipotence itself can tear you from me. I feel as if our natures might become almost identified—as if I could press and bind you in my embraces till our essences commingled, and, like the metamorphosed lovers of the ancient fable, we might grow into one. Mixed like the crystal water and the ruby wine, till every globule and atom is combined, body and soul, heart and mind, for ever and ever—united, amalgamated, blended, intermixed, so that no force could separate us, no art divide us, no chemical analysis dissolve the mystic union—I would wish that we might thus live together, my Isabelle, through all eternity in yonder star!"

Bazancourt was in earnest, and he spoke with exaggerated energy, till his sublime almost passed into the burlesque. Jeannette's quick sense of the ridiculous caught this, and she said, "But I have often thought that this would be very pleasant before, and if you could arrange the matter amicably for all parties, nothing could be more delightful; but I fear if you wanted to keep me all to yourself, and I consented to share with you your imprisonment in the star, first of all my husband would come and join us—then Pisatelli would be knocking

at the door—next a hundred and fifty other old admirers, French, English, and Italian——; so that we should either be obliged to submit to a horrible crowd, or else to lock them out, which would be very hard, as they have just as much right to be happy through all eternity as we have—except, indeed, my husband; for, as far as he is concerned, I think the worst place mentioned in Dante's Inferno would be too good for him."

The gray sky was already purpling with the orient dawn. The loud blackbird was awake, and the linnet and the lark sung out with piercing notes their matin hymn. All night had been occupied with this strange and varied dialogue:—and still Bazancourt was sad. He drew his Isabelle closer to him, and a long and pensive kiss told that they were parting for the first dark time. No tear was shed—no sob was heard—no adieu even was spoken while yet they lingered together. Bazancourt strode away from the cottage, and turned not back his head. His path was now to Paris. Jeannette Isabelle flung herself on the couch and wept.

CHAPTER XIX.

MEANWHILE the scenes, which were alluded to in Lord Fletcher's letter as passing at Paris, and indicating a more and more discontented feeling and spirit of revolt on the part of the people, developed from day to day their portentous and alarming character. We have, up to the present period, acted but ill the part of historians:—we have been content rather to glean a cursory and general view of passing events from our own memory, and the imperfect memoirs which have formed the basis of the present work, than to confine ourselves strictly to the dates and particularities which must necessarily be imposed upon the faithful annalist. We have at length, however, arrived at a time, which of itself stands out in so strong relief from the page of eventful history, that it becomes essential to our plan to assign its proper position to the memorable epoch.

The month of June, in the year 1832, was destined to be remembered beyond even all the other

corresponding passages in recent French history, as a season of riot, insubordination, and civic blood-shedding. The republican party, who from the beginning had submitted with a very ill grace to the necessity which imposed upon them the yoke of Louis Philippe's government, seemed now justified in their acts of open resistance by the imprudent severity adopted by the law officers, in their continued prosecutions of the press. The pacific policy, which was obstinately adhered to in all the foreign relations of the country, was another grievance, which supplied them with a not less plausible pretext for clamour. They demanded loudly that Poland should be protected; that armies should be sent to Italy, to support the rebels of Lombardy and Romagna; that all the treaties of 1814 and 1815 should be at once annulled and disregarded, as having been concluded under the Bourbon dynasty, which they had disowned; that Belgium should be incorporated as an integral part of France, and the frontier of the kingdom once more extended to its legitimate and natural boundary of the Rhine. It was argued, that as England had acceded to the treaties of Luneville and Amiens, which secured the union of the Belgic provinces with the French empire under Napoleon, the assistance, or at least consent of that country, with its present Whig admi-

nistration, might be calculated on under the auspices of Louis Philippe.

A universal republican federation of Europe was openly avowed as the object held in view by numerous societies—who boasted of their principles of fraternization, and talked publicly of concerted revolutions which were to éclater at Francfort, at Milan, at Paris, and many other places, on the same day. Of these obnoxious clubs, the most formidable, because supported by several members of the Chamber of Deputies itself, was the Society of the Rights of Man. Not satisfied with propagandism abroad, they meditated the most organic ulterior changes in the constitution of France itself, and openly published in the Tribune a document subscribed with the most influential of their names; in which they insisted loudly on the same terms which had been formerly proposed by the incorruptible Robespierre to the National Convention—such as equality, fraternity, universal suffrage, a single legislative assembly, an executive or central power, elective—temporary—responsible, and a rigid economy in finance and taxation, which appeared to the Tory side of the French chamber the very means of taking all dignity from authority, and forfeiting all respect from the people. Already M. de Montalivet had been forced to apologize to the Chamber for speaking in his

ministerial capacity of the "*subjects*" of the king of the French. Already minor demonstrations of popular feeling had been made in various parts of the country, and the voice of insubordination thrown out by "a species of political ventriloquism," as Canning said on a parallel occasion, at once from Lyons, from Grenoble, from St. Etienne, and from Marseilles.

In the course of the preceding year numerous ebullitions of this impatience of restraint had taken place in Paris itself. The anniversary of the assassination of the Duc de Berri, which had imprudently been allowed by the police to be observed with great solemnity in the church of St. Germain l'Auxerrois, had been seized on by the demagogues, as the occasion of uproar and insurrection. The funeral catafalque had been torn down; the ornamental architecture of the building injured or destroyed; the palace of the Archbishop of Paris had been sacked, and his furniture thrown into the Seine, before the popular tumult could be appeased by the military; and, even then, such was the concession of a weak government to the will of the people, that, not only the fleurs-de-lys, but the very crosses themselves, were ordered to be taken down from the churches, because a cry had been raised in the streets of à bas les Jesuits.

On the fourteenth of July again, in the foregoing year, another warning had been given to the government, in commemoration of the taking of the Bastille; trees of liberty had been planted in various central parts of the town, and nothing less than the intervention of the regular troops had been found necessary to quell the disturbances.

In September of the same year 1831, the news reached Paris of the taking of Warsaw; and then, indeed, uprose to heaven, with something like a true appeal to justice, the remonstrance of the liberal party in France:—the arrival of the poor refugees from their long pedestrian journey to the land of their exile fanned into a flame the sympathizing indignation of the populace. They were greeted as brothers in the streets; the fraternal kiss was given them; they were invited to partake, in many instances, the bed and board of the republicans of Paris. The most extraordinary and most generous acts of kindness have come to our own personal knowledge, as having been performed by the Parisian liberals at this period towards the half-naked and suffering Poles. The journey of these patriots across the North of Germany, indeed, had all along resembled more a triumphal march than a flight into exile. Arches of flowers had been erected for them to pass under as they entered or left the small liberal

cities of those half-constitutionalized districts; garlands were flung to them by fair hands from the windows; bands of music accompanied them; tears were shed over them; and a general enthusiasm was kindled in favour of those brave defenders of their country, which will not easily be forgotten by those who have witnessed its operation.

Arrived at Paris, these men were naturally soon associated with levelling clubs, and fraternizing societies of the place. Russia, and Austria, and the Italian governments do little good to the cause they wish to support, by driving from their frontiers the men whom they suspect of being too partial to freedom. The result is, that they flock to Paris, where they become initiated as disciples in all the mysteries of the revolutionary school; from disciples they become themselves apostles and teachers; and the train of propagandism is laid from one country to another, ready to explode at the first application of the torch. A correspondence and communication is kept up with their own countries, which not all the douanes and guardhouses in the world can prevent; and the blowing up of some of the rotten old thrones of Europe may thus take place a few years sooner than it otherwise would, through the very means which have been so anxiously taken to avoid such a consummation.

In Paris, through the early months of the year 1832, which is the time we write of, every day seemed to threaten more and more some terrible result. Every day the sedulous ferretting of the police was continued with redoubled assiduity; and each hour they were obliged to confess that some dark conspiracy lingered in the back-ground, which they were unable to discover.

It was then just at the period we have described, while the clouds yet hung ominously round the peaks of the mountains, ere they burst upon the plain below, that our respected legal friend, Mr. Snuffles, arrived in the coupé of the Calais diligence at the outskirts of the metropolis of France. By the merest accident in the world, it happened that the bland and courteous Mr. Toe Barlow was one of his fellow-travellers on the occasion. The latter had little or no difficulty in making the acquaintance of the man of Lincoln's Inn; and, in a short time, had drawn from him the object of his journey, the history of his connection with the Furstenroy family, and even a great many particulars respecting that family itself which the lawyer had no business to reveal; for, as Toe Barlow always said, he infinitely preferred travelling in a public conveyance to his own carriage, because it enabled him to make so many more acquaintances, and to acquire so much more information.

Not being aware of the low position which Lord Fletcher had lately occupied in Paris society, and fully impressed with the vulgar English notion, that to know a lord intimately must be a very fine thing, Toe Barlow, on finding that the lawyer was come over expressly to see Lord Fletcher, resolved to stick to him like a leech, in order to promote his own self-aggrandizement by such means. As the diligence approached the barrière of the capital, bands of idle workmen, and fierce determined-looking fellows were observed promenading or conversing in the streets. The diligence itself was stopped, and in spite of the remonstrances and sacré bleus of M. Le Conducteur, was not allowed to proceed till a tri-coloured cockade had been attached to the head-tackle of each of the horses.

Snuffles, full of the importance of his own visit to Paris, was delighted. He imagined it to be a special compliment intended for the English, as the acknowledged head of the Liberal party in Europe; if not, indeed, individually for himself. As the mob shouted their "Vive la liberté," he took off his hat, and, waving it round his head, joined most heartily in their huzzas.

"Really," he exclaimed to Toe Barlow, "this is most enchantingly pleasant, and most agreeably delightful!" so true is it that nine Englishmen out of

ten, when they get on to the continent, contrive to make some exposure of themselves or other.

We remember a few years ago, during the time that the Crown Prince of Prussia was making his tour through the Rhenish Provinces, with a view to conciliate and cajole them a little after the dangerous example of the late French Revolution, we found ourselves in a hôtel at Coblentz on the same day that the arrival of the prince was expected. Two Englishmen were just arrived in a chaise de poste, which was loaded with "Views of the Rhine," "Bubbles from the Brunnen," "Tours through Belgium and Western Germany," and such sort of books, and the travellers, pre-determined to find everything delightful on their trip, were sitting down to a dinner of rind-fleisch and saur-kraut with as much approbation and as many eulogies as if it had been a haunch of venison at Ibbotson's. Suddenly a band in the court-yard below began playing "God save the King," which, being translated into the German "Heil unser kaiser heil," is commonly sung and played on all public occasions, especially in Austria, on which it is considered proper to make such a demonstration of loyalty. Our two countrymen, however, took it as a compliment to England on the event of their arrival, and immediately, adding the more pardonable but equally characteristic fault of

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prodigality to that of egotism, sent down by the waiter a couple of louis as a present for the musicians. The waiter presently remounted the staircase, and returned them the money; but, as they were unfortunately not sufficiently good Germans to understand his explanation of the circumstance, this only threw them into still greater ecstasies than before. "Not only," they said, "were they welcomed in this hospitable and enthusiastic manner, but the generous, noble-minded people, unlike a company of sordid English fiddlers at home, would not even accept a trifling but just remuneration for their services." As these words were spoken, the carriage of the crown prince drove into the yard, and explained to their great confusion the whole of the mistake they had committed.

Snuffles, in like manner, was determined to see nothing but a cause for rejoicing in the somewhat formidable crowd which surrounded them. His mind was probably thawed by the excitement as the diligence proceeded; for, before they had advanced much further, he had communicated to Toe Barlow even the delicate and private nature of the affair which brought him immediately to Paris; and Toe Barlow, who had a much greater experience of the continent than the lawyer, suggested, in his turn, a plan for the concealment of Olympe's unfortunate

position, of which Lord Fletcher was ultimately successful in prevailing on her to avail herself.

It is well known that the business, which in our own country is performed by an accoucheur, in Paris is commonly intrusted to the hands of a sage femme. These are, of course, to be found of every grade of respectability and education. Almost all of them keep lodging-houses, and some of them are fitted up in the interior with every luxury and convenience which wealth or art can supply. Hence, many a gay widow and many a gallante governess are glad, under the pressure of circumstances, to avail themselves of such a hiding-place occasionally for a few months, and it is even whispered, by scandalous tongues, that instances have been known of young ladies from England, who have been supposed to be spending a short time in the country, being content to live as recluses for some weeks in one of these abodes—never issuing from their hiding-place, but amusing themselves with their novel and their pianoforte till they have disburthened their spirits of the weight which oppressed them, and gone forth again light-hearted into the world. Little Johnnie is dropped into the turning-box of the Enfans trouvés, and Mademoiselle la mère starts fresh again for Calais.

Old Snuffles, having seen Lord Fletcher, having

suggested this plan to him, which was instantly acceded to by the lady, and having deposited her safely in one of the best of the houses of this description in the Place du Louvre, sat down in his lodging in the evening and indited the following letter to his wife at home:

LETTER FROM MR. SNUFFLES TO MRS. SNUFFLES.

MY DEAR BETSY,

As I know you will be anxiously restless and solicitously unquiet unless I write, I take up my pen to give you a sketch of France. The state of the country is strongly corroborative and strenuously confirmatory of the accounts of previous travellers. The people are amusingly gay and divertingly entertaining. Their manners are unfeignedly unaffected and unpretendingly undisguised. The vegetation along the roads is most luxurious, and surpasses my most sanguinary expectations. A report has reached me, that, in the provinces, frogs are eaten, which is inexplicably unaccountable and strangely extraordinary. My own observations lead me to remark, that they pay great attentions to their women, and drink light wines. Perhaps the latter is the reason that I have enjoyed a bad state of health ever since I left the London stout, which is so strengtheningly invigorating and so fortifyingly nutritious. Lord Flet-

cher takes me to-morrow to the Chamber of Deputies, when some of the most populous speakers are expected to address the house. Last night, on my arrival, wishing to be economical, I took a lodging for a week, instead of going to a hôtel. Having engaged with the young lady of the house, the landlady's daughter, to give thirty francs for the week, the idea afterwards struck me that I might save some money by having my washing done at home, and perhaps might get it included in the bargain. I rung the bell, and, Mademoiselle appearing, I said to her in the best French that I could muster, " Est-ce que Madame votre mère pourra me donner mon lavement?" " Oh! oui, monsieur; mais je le vous donnerai moi-même avec bien du plaisir," said mademoiselle; and leaving the room, she returned presently with—oh! Betsy! such a machine! On looking in the dictionary I found that I ought to have said " *lavage*." God bless you, Betsy.

Your affectionate husband,

ROBERT SNUFFLES.

CHAPTER XX.

"When a king of Babylon, as we are told, would have punished a courtier of his for loving a young lady of the blood royal, and far above his fortunes, Apollonius in presence by all means persuaded to let him alone; for to love, and not enjoy, was a most unspeakable torment; no tyrant could invent a like punishment: as a gnat at a candle, in a short time he would consume himself."*—Of this position the unhappy Louis Boivin presented at the present time a most perfect illustration.

Convinced more and more every day, that his passion was despised and disregarded by the Comtesse de Hauteville, yet more and more attracted towards her by those very high qualities which seemed in his eyes almost to justify her pride, he had felt his health gradually fade away under the

* Philostratus—in vitâ ejus, as cited in Burton on Melancholy. Mem. 4. Subs. 1.



pensive melancholy tinge
features; and though he re
he could not help consider
own principles in having l
above him in rank, he n
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He meditated on the ill su
countess-dowager. He por
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melancholy on that bard for
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counsel either from admonitions or from experience? —poor Boivin continued to adore in secret and at a distance his heart's idol. Every evening, after leaving one of those republican meetings, which now demanded more than ever his attention, he was accustomed to walk round to the residence of his adored comtesse; and pacing up and down beneath her windows, to indulge the fervour of his reflections, and the hope that she might yet be one day his in a better and regenerated state of society.

One evening he had gone alone as usual to survey the building which contained her, before retiring to his own repose, when, contrary to the universal practice, he observed that there was no light in any of the apartments of the whole house. Her bedroom, her sitting-room, the hall, the staircase, all were alike involved in utter darkness. The idea struck him that she must have quitted Paris. Now although the young enthusiast had not seen the object of his passion face to face for many weeks, nor even addressed her with a single word since the interview which we have recorded in the foregoing volume, he could not at all bear the idea of her being absent without his knowledge.

After a sleepless night, he returned early the following morning to the spot, and ascertained from the sole remaining domestic, who was entrusted with

the care of the mansion, that he had been but too right in his conjecture. In reply to his inquiries he was informed, that the countess had in fact left her house for a period; but whither she had flown, what was to be the duration of her absence, or what its object, no inducement which he could offer to the servant could prevail on him to discover.

Boivin left the house in utter dismay, and in the deepest despair. He hastened home to his own small apartment in the Rue St. Denis, where his surgical instruments and chemical preparations were growing dusty on their shelves, having long since been abandoned for other and more serious occupations.

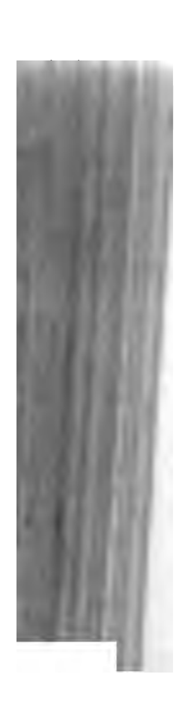
Arrived at the fourth story, he entered precipitately, took down a volume of the Girondist writer, Buzot, from his book-case, and flung himself exhausted on the bed. He could not read: his thoughts reverted perpetually to his love; his deep, true, ardent, and yet unrequited love; and from the subject of his love they wandered again to the mode of his revenge. He resolved to plunge deeper and deeper still into the tide of revolution, and to relax no effort or exertion, till not one stone should be left on another in the fabric of existing society. His belief in the purity, the virtues, and perfections of his countess were by no means staggered either by

[redacted]

her absence, or by any other circumstances which he had ever been able to collect respecting her. It is questionable even whether any proof, short of ocular demonstration itself would have been able to shake his faith in her high and unblemished character.

As the ardent disappointed lover now lay in restless fever upon his uncomfortable pallet, with an air of dejection and utter wretchedness about him, which was tenfold increased by the haggard emaciation of his frame, old Madame Boivin, his cross-grained and ill-tempered mother, entered the room; and, in her usual consolatory strain, began upbraiding him for all his own misfortunes, and attributing them, perhaps not entirely without justice, to his own fault. Instead, however, of laying the blame to his mistaken enthusiasm, and false, because too sanguine views, she did not scruple to find the origin of all his calamities in his habit of associating with the English.

"Eh! bien, Louis," she exclaimed as she entered, "tu es souffrant; et tu l'as bien mérité: did I not tell you that it would bring you into trouble? didn't I say all along that no good would come of your English lords and your English vagabonds? There's your work all neglected;—nothing done—nothing attended to! What good is it to have paid



any longer, and I've flung

"Diable! qu'est-ce qu

Boivin, in an agony of

cost me five francs, and

thrown away for the world.

"Well," continued the

the child in a bottle, wi

corked up properly long

I have been forced to pi

window after the others."

Boivin, who felt conse

guilty of inattention, in

sealed a preparation in spi

of a mother alluded, made n

"Well, after that," co

all your books, which are n

read them now; you've left

ing about the streets with

This was the finishing stroke of poor Louis Boivin's misery. The loss of the arm, the leg, and the embryo, he could have borne; but to find his private, his choice, and favourite collection of books taken from him, and worst of all, bartered for a tawdry trashy gown—this he could not bear; his Shelley and his Delphine; his Lettres à Sophie, and his feminine Memoirs; all his Epinays, and Espinasses; his Geoffrins, Deffands, and Châtelets, to be trucked for a piece of old woman's finery! There was horror in the idêa; but Louis had too much respect, and even too much affection left for his parent, to upbraid her; he made some sort of passing excuse for the apparent idleness of which he had been guilty, and raising himself with a sudden effort from the bed, hastened again to the door. He sallied forth once more, strung and prepared for any or every emergency; ready to wade through good or evil to upset all existing institutions, and bring about the performance of his favourite theory of regenerating the world. He knew that Paris was ripe for revolt. He was conscious of his own powers, and was well aware that he had his myrmidons ready, who, on the speaking of a single word of his, would be willing to meet death in the righteous cause. He took his course westward, intending to hear the current news of the

day; and should any sign present itself which seemed likely to offer an opportunity of letting loose the elements of civil commotion which he held in his control, he resolved to resort instantly to his club, and give the signal at once for general revolt. He had not proceeded far along the Boulevards, before he perceived at a slight distance from him Lord Fletcher, who was in deep consultation with our friend Mr. Snuffles, just at the moment that Toe Barlow advancing from the opposite direction happened to meet them. Barlow, of course, according to his custom, made a dead pause as he approached, and not taking his hat off his head, as George the Fourth said of somebody, but taking his head out of his hat, seemed to look to Snuffles for an introduction, on the spot, to his noble companion. In this wish he was presently gratified, and turning round he continued his walk by the side of the two others as far as the point at which Louis Boivin met them. Here there was again a pause, and the eyes of some police who were attentively reconnoitering the movements of, at least, two of the company, now were earnestly directed upon all four of the party, as they stood for many minutes conversing together upon the trottoir.

"And what news is there stirring to-day?" enquired at length Louis Boivin, who had been too

much occupied in thinking of his countess and his lost books, to take as yet any very prominent part in the conversation.

"General Lamarque is dead," replied Fletcher, "but of course *you* must have heard that already."

Boivin, however, amidst his other occupations of the morning, had not yet heard the rumour, and it now came upon him like a thunder clap. He smote his thigh with his right hand—"Now," said he to himself, "the time is come: now I have at length found the favourable moment which I have waited for so long in vain." Joy seemed to lighten over those features which had so lately been expressive only of suffering and chagrin, and hastily taking leave of his three companions, he turned quickly up a side street and disappeared.

"Now is the time," said he again when he found himself alone, "yes! it is come at last! The kindling of this great republican's funeral pile shall make a blaze, by the light of which despots shall read in bloody characters the just doom that awaits them! hah! said I in bloody characters? I fear that it must come to that. Willingly would I renounce the imperious necessity which is imposed upon me. Willingly would I save the shedding of a single drop of my fellow creatures' gore; but it cannot be! The people will not enter into my views.

The populace must be pleased. We must throw his sop to Cerberus, the many-headed monster, whose favourite morsel is the head of an aristocrat; for them, 'tout sentiment généreux est de l'enfantillage!'* 'Tis in vain that I seek to cajole them. 'Tis worse than useless my attempting to reason with them; force, brute force, alone comes into play, and it is brute force which is now necessary for my purposes. Even the honest and well-meaning Sansargent, even the unflinching and determined Boucher, my two aidecamps in my designs, the two men whose influence approaches nearest my own with the people, even they do not understand me. I tell them that politics include the morality, the religion, the literature, and the education of a nation, and they answer me with demanding the life of Louis Philippe. I talk to them of compassion, of mercy, of patience, and of temporizing measures, and they remind me of the speech of Baron de Senneci to the States General some forty years ago, when he declared that the Tiers Etat could not be called the brethren of the other two orders, nor even sit with them in the same chamber, for that they were made of the common dust of the earth, and not of the porcelain clay of the aristocrats. And I feel, here

* A remark of De Staël on Napoleon.

[redacted]

in my heart I feel, the truth of the words they utter, and I reproach myself for my timidity, even while I applaud the principles and scruples from which it proceeds. I feel the truth of what they say, because I know that my own happiness is prevented by this very distinction of ranks. To-day, yes, this very day, the fearful reality has been brought home to me with a tenfold force; she is gone—she has left Paris—she has avoided me—she spurns, and despises, and rejects me—because, forsooth, I am not born a noble! O wise Boucher! O excellent Sansargent! would that I had but your nerve, your unscrupulous energy, your untemporizing courage! If it arise even from stupidity, welcome rather stupidity itself, than that I should now fail in the execution of my well-laid plans. Why! if I recede myself, others will step into my place, and the same results will happen, while others shall reap the glory. Sansargent himself is now waiting to supplant me—he is a favourite—he has many friends—no! I will play the demagogue through unto the end for once, and then, welcome the quiet domestic hearth, and the kind kiss of conjugal affection! welcome, then, the stern republican virtues, and the blessings of total equality! To-night, or never, we must strike the blow;" and thus saying, Boivin hurried to Boucher's lodgings, where he presently indited upwards of a dozen

simultaneous risings in diffe
the country.



CHAPTER XXI.

The morning of the 5th of June had been fixed upon for the celebration of the funeral ceremony, which was to consign to earth the remains of Lamarque, that well-known leader of the republican party in Paris; who, after sharing the brilliant fortunes of Napoleon in some of his most fortunate campaigns, became, after the restoration of the Bourbons, no less distinguished for his hatred of their government than he had previously been for his military successes. It was impossible that a more favourable opportunity should arise for the outbreaking of that plot which had so long been secretly preparing, with the connivance, indeed, and the cognizance of far loftier and more illustrious names, but under the more immediate superintendance of Louis Boivin. It was he who was entrusted with the minor arrangements and details of the manner in which the revolt should be first declared and afterwards carried on. The custom of addressing to the populace funeral orations in

bonour of the deceased, was to be taken advantage of in the first place, to excite by the most inflammatory addresses the minds of the people, and the bridge of Austerlitz had been fixed upon as the most convenient spot for this purpose, associated as it was with the recollection of Napoleon's glory and offering therefore a striking contrast to the timid and pacific policy which was pursued by the present government. In the course of the two or three days preceding the 5th, Boivin had carefully distributed to each of the minor leaders of the conspiracy their allotted parts. He had caused to be made and given to the people numerous suits of the uniform of the national guard, in order that they might thus carry arms with less suspicion, and mingling with the crowd at certain fixed and important posts, dictate what measures were to be pursued as occasion might arise. The letters which he had sent to the provinces had been promptly answered, and bands of strangers and vagabonds,—men of wild, haggard, and ferocious appearance, whose persons the still watchful police of Paris were unacquainted with, began to be seen in the metropolis, like those obscene and ill-omened birds which are seldom visible except before a storm: ruffians and bludgeon-men from all quarters had flocked like ravens to the spoil. To these, the lowest but not least efficient agents in a scheme like this, bags of stones

and other missiles, stakes loaded with iron, and a few pikes were distributed; others were entrusted with fire-arms, which they were enjoined carefully to conceal till the word was given, and the gunpowder which had been secretly manufactured for so long a time by the exertions of Sansargent, and under the directions of Boivin himself, was now given out in small quantities, to be used as soon as the curtain should be withdrawn from the stage. The evening before the bursting of the gathered storm, was a season of unceasing exertion and unmitigated anxiety to the ringleaders of the plot:—each of them taking a separate quarter of Paris, they traversed the whole city, and visited every one of the innumerable clubs and associations, which were all leagued under different names, and with various ostensible and specious objects in this one grand design. There harangues were made by the different orators, which would not have sounded out of character if delivered by even a Carrier or a Collot d'Herbois, in the greater revolution. There the insolence of the still undestroyed though weakened aristocracy; the intolerable despotism of the court; the attempts of the priests and Jesuits to regain their lost influence by the most contemptible and yet most insidious intrigues, was enlarged upon and exaggerated: even the assassination of a monarch was by some held up as the pinnacle of glory, and men were



that the subject was too lofty
who had subscribed himself, c
gentleman in ordinary to the ki
Alfieri, a foreigner and an aris
he dared to do in contempt of
call French plebeians,—if even
kindle with a noble enthusiasm
rious theme, what shall I, a
and a Frenchman, say of th
Cæsar? Can any word of min
rel to his imperishable chaplet
of ours make him more divine?
have read the pages of Fénélo
the pious, the prudent; himself
of priests, and the praiser of the
even this Fénélon scruples no
plus aveugles, et les plus mal
hommes.'* And if, my friends
call them so, by what ...

with that of kings and corruptness,—rather let them be included also in the same desolation—let the altar and the throne alike be trampled under foot, for they alike have exalted themselves over the liberties of a virtuous and industrious people, and let us take from the great Diderot, as our motto, the precept which he delivers to all free men:

'Que ses mains ourdiraient les entrailles du prêtre,
Au défaut d'un cordon, pour étrangler les rois.'"

Such were the strains which were addressed by some of the better read and better educated of the Cleons of Paris, on the eve of the memorable insurrection of June. Others, of course, such as Sansargent and Boucher, were less learned and less ornamental in their style, but far from being less decisive in the advice they communicated, or less acceptable to their hearers, from the coarseness and grossness with which they interlarded their harangues. Boivin himself spoke not at all. Whether it were that he really was too much occupied with the practical part of the plot, as in the distribution of arms and ammunition, or whether he availed himself of such excuse to avoid persuading the people to deeds of blood and acts of outrage, of which he could not but acknowledge the criminality, we know not: we are inclined to think the latter, for he still retained, amid all his

conviction of the possibility of a republic in France, and all the enthusiasm with which he prosecuted such project, sufficient knowledge of the value of human life, and sufficient abhorrence of all violence, as an evil in itself, to inspire him with a strong reluctance to be the open advocate of wrong. Certain it is that on the above-mentioned evening he retired earlier than usual to the solitude of his own chamber—and there, probably, in the silence and stillness of that dark hour, he laboured to convince himself of the propriety of such measures by representing their necessity. He recalled to his mind all the celebrated arguments of Joseph de Maistre in justification of what he calls the souffrances expiatoires of the early revolution, and perhaps he could not help confessing to himself, what he hardly would have allowed to others, that all these boasted reasonings are nothing but sophisms, and must fall to the ground before the touch of truth and plain good sense.

He revolved in his mind all those falsifying phrases and casuistical claptraps of that sanguinary epoch—the "juste sévérité," and the "salutaire massacre," and he asked himself if such severity had indeed been just, or such massacres really salutary. He recollected the affected appeals of the Terrorists to the "tombes de leurs plus chers

parens, saintement homicides," such maxims as "périsse l'univers, plutôt qu'un principe!" and above all, "la vertu, expiatrice de l'effusion du sang," and he felt dissatisfied with such false and flimsy arguments. He felt that it must ever be wrong to do evil that good may come. "Oh! if our natures could be perfectible!" he repeated to himself, "if I could but convince myself really, and inwardly, and truly, that prouder and better destinies are reserved for the human race, and that the world will not always creep on in the same slimy, miry track, one generation treading ever in the unholy footsteps of its predecessor, if I could but once convince myself of this, I haply should shudder less fearfully at the plunge I am about to take; and yet it is a bright and a glorious dream. It is sweet to have even imagined it. It is some poor consolation to have dared to hope such things. I am no Catiline, no Fiesco, no Thistlewood. I have not spent a riotous youth in spendthrift debauches, which render it necessary for me to bring on public ruin, in order to recruit my own impoverished finances. I have no desire to see the effusion of one drop of blood. My aim is virtue. My hope, my justification, my dream, and my glory, is only virtue: the establishment, the extension, and the encouragement of universal excellence, public

and private,—the creation of a state of society in which there shall no more be tyrants nor slaves, no longer saints and sinners, no longer rich and poor—no more the weak and the strong! And this shall come to pass. To-morrow, with the dawn of day, I will gird on my buckler with courage, and grasp the sword with confidence—and if I die upon the field, what then? I am already doomed and marked by death to be his prey ere long. I feel in me even now the seeds of dissolution. What so great difference is it, if I add my poor weak body to the number of those who to-morrow must be slain? It is the best, though an unworthy offering, that I can make to the liberty of my native land, and thinking thus I shall die content. Perchance, too, I may thus be spared bitter disappointment, and a long survivorship amid the still redoubled mockeries of life. I would not wish to live to see the despot's flag wave once more in scornful triumph over my prostrate principles—and worse still, over the cold corpses of those whom I shall lead onward to the fray. I would not stay to hear the insulting shout of victorious custom and conventionality, lording it once more with bacchanalian festival, like Philip among the carcases of his victims, over the fall of a nation's liberties, and a nation's hopes; and yet,"—and here he paused—"oh! if I could live to see,

but for one short space of time, the success of the cause in which I am embarked, if I could be spared only long enough to espouse without the blighting solemnities of a priest's parade, my own, my pure, my spotless bride, then indeed I could die contented after, and no lamentation or complaint should be heard from the lips of Louis Boivin, save that he has already wasted too much time, without having dared to strike."

Clear and bright in heaven the morning sun uprose with all the pomp and splendour of his summer beams, to look down upon a city which was presently to swim with blood. As soon as it was daylight, crowds of artizans and of the lowest populace of Paris were seen already grouped around the hôtel of the veteran general, in the Rue St. Honoré. Long before ten o'clock, which was the hour appointed for the starting of the funeral procession, the whole length of the street was entirely blockaded by an immense and countless multitude. The military escort, which had been commissioned to attend as a mark of honour to the deceased hero, as well as a protection against popular violence, were utterly inefficient, and could not even approach near the car on which the body had been laid. The soldiers seemed already marked out as the first and especial objects of the people's rage; they were

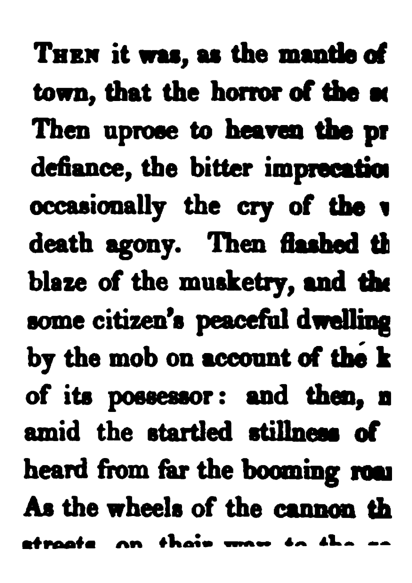
upbraided, pelted, and insulted, before even the march began. Seditious cries, the sound of the Carmagnoles, and the Marseillaise hymn, were heard from various points. Windows were broken, and lamps pulled down, the police were disarmed, and many of the shops openly plundered, as if to show the determined spirit of defiance, long before sufficient order was established to permit the moving of the procession.

It was noon before the horses were at last taken from the funeral car, and a number of the lowest rabble attaching themselves to it instead, dragged it along with shouts, and songs, and imprecations, resembling rather a bacchanalian orgy, than the sad and silent ceremonial of the dead.

Although the destined place of interment was to be Lamarque's native village of St. Sevèr, and consequently the proper route lay by the Place de la Bastile, and so out of Paris, it seemed arranged by a preconcerted plan, that the procession should be led through the Place Vendôme, in order, as they said, to salute the trophied column of Lamarque's great idol and master, Napoleon, in the centre of that noble square. Here no inconsiderable tumult was made in front of the hôtel, which forms the head-quarters of the staff of the garrison of Paris, on account of some hesitation which was displayed

before any military honours were paid to the body of the general as the procession passed. Thus the people were rendered every minute more irritable and excited: and from hence they were led round by the circuitous route of the Boulevards to the Place de la Bastile and the Pont d'Austerlitz, where, as soon as appropriate speeches had been delivered, and in spite of La Fayette's admonitions to disperse, the regular fray began. A preconcerted signal was given, a blood-red flag was unfolded, displaying in large characters the words "Liberty or death." Muskets and pistols became visible suddenly in a thousand hands. Sabres were brandished against the military, and the dragoons, who endeavoured to sweep the square, were met by a shout of determined resistance, and a volley of fire-arms. Barricades were instantly erected along the Boulevards, at intervals, and across every street. The paving stones were taken up, and carried to the tops of the houses. The gunsmiths' shops were ransacked, and the mob had already possession of a powder magazine. Boucher and Sansargent were covered with blood, and Boivin, still heading successive charges, vied with them in prowess beyond his strength, as the night closed in.





CHAPTER

THEN it was, as the mantle of
town, that the horror of the sc
Then uprose to heaven the pr
defiance, the bitter imprecatio
occasionally the cry of the v
death agony. Then flashed th
blaze of the musketry, and the
some citizen's peaceful dwelling
by the mob on account of the k
of its possessor: and then, n
amid the startled stillness of
heard from far the booming roa
As the wheels of the cannon th
streets, on their way to the

of stones and other obstacles, to arrest the fearful ruin which it scattered.

It was now that Boucher, having performed in the course of the day incredible feats of prowess, seeing on one spot the tide of the battle recede on the popular side, mounted on the side of a waggon which formed the very front of the principal barrière; and taking his hat from his head, waved it round on high to encourage the people, and boldly cheered them on.

"Courage! citoyens!"—were the words upon his lips—he knew no danger, and he felt no fear; when a ball from one of the cannon of the troops struck him on the left shoulder, and so shattered his arm, that it was left hanging almost by a single sinew. Wrenching his fractured arm off deliberately with his remaining one, he hurled it up on high into the air, shouted out once more—"Vive la république!"—and falling backwards, expired.

His death seemed to be a signal for fresh courage and a renewal of spirit on the part of the people. Once more they returned to the charge; and forcing the lines of the soldiery, compelled them to retire. Along the line of the boulevards the combat was kept up in various directions, and fresh barrières were formed. In the mean time fresh relays of military kept pouring on all sides into Paris, from

St. Germain, from Versailles, from St. Denis:—on, on they came, formed in the streets, and poured again and again their volleys into the people. The slaughter was terrific.

Not on the three celebrated days which expelled a dynasty, and placed the crown on the brows of Louis Philippe, had the carnage been so great as on this single evening. Upwards of three hundred of the regiments of the line alone were returned as killed or badly wounded, and the loss of the municipal and national guards was immense; but the people, who had no artillery, and were constantly mowed down by the incessant fire of their well-disciplined adversaries—the people suffered dreadfully.

It was past midnight, and they still sustained the unequal conflict manfully; when a single English chariot was observed approaching through one of the smaller streets in which the battle raged, just as the people were constructing a fresh barrier, which, had the carriage arrived but a few minutes later, would have stopped its further progress. Necessity seemed to lend a dim sort of justice to the measures of the people. The carriage was stopped, the horses taken out, and the vehicle itself immediately drawn up, along with all other passing conveyances of every description, to fill a vacant gap in the still half-formed barricade.

Just as a noble-looking young Englishman descended with a firm step from the voiture, and gazed around him on the scene, a cry arose of—

" Boivin! Boivin en avant!—Courage, camarades!—suivons le jeune Cimon!"—The ear of the Englishman seemed to catch the name with surprise, and to listen to it attentively; and then casting his eyes round with a still more searching survey than before, he appeared to scrutinize the faces of all the ferocious looking figures round him, as if seeking to identify some one:—it was Richard Bazancourt looking for his brother, Lord Fletcher.

Just arrived on his route from England, and entering Paris under all the imposing grandeur of this midnight scene, he had heard far off on the road the roar of the cannon, and marked the coruscations of light from a distance, as he advanced; but now, as he caught the name of Boivin, repeated by a hundred voices, as one of the leaders in this fearful fray, he dreaded lest his brother too, as the friend and patron of the young republican, might have been led to join the ranks of the insurrectionists. He left his carriage, from necessity, under the care of his servant; and making the best of his way through the blockaded and encumbered avenues, he arrived at last with difficulty at the Bedford Hôtel, and from thence proceeded again, with a quick and

anxious steps to the lodging of his brother. Here his apprehensions were not exactly confirmed, but diverted rather into a different channel. He found that his brother had been arrested on suspicion in the course of the eventful night.

On that evening the arrests in Paris were unnumbered and innumerable. Every person to whom a shadow of suspicion could in any way attach, from his associates or otherwise, was committed for the time to the charge of the police. Lord Fletcher had already sent a note to the concierge of his hôtel, mentioning the place where he had been confined, requesting to have his violin and some of De Beriot's last airs sent to him forthwith; and also desiring, that in case of his brother's arrival, he should instantly be made acquainted with his position.

In the mean time the combat, which had now for so many hours been unequally waged in the streets, could not much longer be continued. The people, among whom the men of July were eminently distinguished, were not this time destined to succeed. The superior discipline and disposition of the troops was the only impediment, however, to their repeating on this occasion the triumph of 1830. It was in vain that Boivin, hoarse, and faint, and exhausted with the too great fatigues of the eventful day, still called to the people to rally in the name

of liberty. It was in vain that the names of Aristides Dumont and Themistocles Crozier were repeated as spell-words to the champions of freedom. They began about three o'clock, in the morning of the sixth, to waver, and to disperse. The barricades had in numerous places been forced; and the rabble, retreating from one post to another, as fresh troops poured in upon them, became scattered far and wide over the town.

It was broad daylight already, when Louis Boivin, convinced that the cause was now entirely desperate, found himself with a small body of brave supporters, who had gradually receded, and yet kept up a constant fire upon a party of military in pursuit, in the vicinity of the Place du Louvre. A sudden thought struck him, for he knew well the vicinity; and although he feared not death, yet, at a moment like the present, the hope of defeating the object of his pursuers seemed of more importance than any other point.

It may be necessary to remark, that in Paris the houses of the sage-femmes, to which we have already made allusion, are universally exempted from the domiciliary visits of the police. This is in some measure requisite from the nature of the lodgings which they supply; their inmates are women, and only women, who resort thither for the purpose of

secresy, and for whom, therefore, the government only shows a very delicate consideration, in thus extending over them the shield and shelter of the law. True it is, however, that even in the stormiest times, when houses that would seem the least open to suspicion in Paris, have been subjected to the severest scrutiny, the habitations of the sage-femmes have been altogether spared from search, and as Boivin recollected that he was in the immediate vicinity of one of these, he made a sudden rush round the neighbouring corner, darted through the open porte cochère, and up the stairs of the lodging-house, and ringing violently at the bell, was presently admitted by the kind-hearted and charitable old lady of the house, who, with all the other households of the metropolis, was wide awake on that night of panic and alarm. Here then Louis Boivin staggered into a room, and fell, exhausted and faint with fatigue, and still more with disappointment, upon a sofa, which was ready to receive him. The soldiers in pursuit either had lost sight of him, or were led in another direction by the course taken by his less fortunate companions: or, perhaps, respecting the sanctity of the house, which was like a city of refuge to the Israelites of old, they passed on without venturing to assail so sacred a retreat.

Be this as it may, we must leave our friend Louis Boivin for a few short hours, in order to relate what had occurred in the mean time to the no less suspected, though far less implicated, Lord Fletcher. The first thing, as soon as it was day, that Richard Bazancourt did, was to visit the British embassy, seek an interview with the ambassador himself, and cause the instant release of Lord Fletcher in the name of the British government, as an English subject, to be demanded. This was without much difficulty conceded, as, at an early hour on the morning of the sixth, the streets had assumed a tolerably tranquil appearance, and there seemed no further danger to be apprehended from the ebullitions of the beaten republicans. Lord Fletcher was released from his captivity, and accompanied his brother and deliverer to his lodgings, where, before they had time to enter into any further explanations on either side, he found two notes already waiting his perusal from the two unfortunate Englishmen, Mr. Snuffles and Mr. Toe Barlow, who had both of them been arrested by reason of their having been seen in company with such suspected characters as Lord Fletcher and Louis Boivin, on the Boulevards, a few days back.

This was bad enough, even for poor Snuffles, who declared, " that it was most nefariously wicked,

and most scandalously abominable; that it would be most detrimentally injurious, and most hurtfully destructive to his professional reputation and practice;" and who was only consoled by the reflection, that he had at any rate been kept out of danger by arrest, and perhaps saved from being shot by a Jacobin; but Toe Barlow never forgave it:—it appeared to wound him more deeply than can be conceived—to have thus been entrapped, forsooth, by his acquaintance with a lord! He never spoke to Mr. Snuffles again, and even to Lord Fletcher he maintained a greater coolness than he had ever yet been known to exhibit towards any member of the aristocracy. He seemed to think himself ruined and undone for ever; first, by the contamination of having been locked up in a prison, and secondly, by having been suspected of republicanism. He hung his head—his spirits were gone—he left Paris for change of scene, and he is believed to have died shortly after of an illness brought on by his chagrin.

But one other visit remained for Lord Fletcher to make in company with his brother—this was to Louis Boivin, who, considering it would be dangerous for him to appear till the storm had more blown over, wrote to Fletcher to specify the place of his retreat, and to request that he would pay him a

visit. Lord Fletcher, considerably amused by the coincidence of his friend's hiding-place being in the same house which contained his own favourite Olympe, during the continuance of her present delicate situation, told Richard Bazancourt that he was delighted, as he should now have an opportunity of presenting him, both to the lady of his love, and the friend of his bosom, at once. The two brothers accordingly repaired together to the Place du Louvre: they ascended the staircase, and were admitted. Louis Boivin, looking paler and more delicate than ever, advanced with a quick and feverish step to proffer them his hand. Just at that very moment, whilst they were yet upon the landing, on which the doors of all the apartments opened in common, Lord Fletcher, eager to display the beauty of his conquest to his brother, and acting in defiance of the established rules of the house, according to which female lodgers are secreted with the utmost precaution, opened the door of her room, and taking her by the hand, led her out into the passage, to be presented to Richard Bazancourt.— "Here is my Olympe," he exclaimed, as he led her triumphantly forth, "old Snuffles has already settled a fortune on the little Olympe in prospect, and I hope she will be une vraie fille de sa belle maman." Louis Boivin looked wildly on the fea-

tures of the lady that entered, glanced but once upon the too visible outline of her figure, and exclaiming franticly the words "C'est elle! c'est ma Comtesse!" sunk utterly insensible and apparently lifeless on the floor.

END OF VOL. II.

C. Whittingham, Tooks Court, Chancery Lane.

JEANNETTE ISABELLE.



[redacted]

JEANNETTE ISABELLE:

A NOVEL.

———— "And yet I find
Most vain all hope but love; and *thou* art far,
————! who, when my spirit overflow'd,
Wert like the golden chalice to bright wine,
Which else had sunk into the thirsty dust!"

PROMETHEUS UNBOUND.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. III.

LONDON:
JOHN RICHARDSON,
25, SOUTH AUDLEY STREET.
M.DCCC.XXXVII.



C. WEST

[redacted]

JEANNETTE ISABELLE.

CHAPTER I.

The word "désenchantement" is a sorrowfully-sounding word. I know not why it has been coined and incorporated in the French language sooner than in our own, unless it be that that nation have arrived at the melancholy crisis sooner than the English. A recent writer in Paris, contrasting the times in which we live with those of past history, has pronounced this to be emphatically "le siècle des désenchantements." The romance of chivalry, the enthusiastic devotion of religious zeal, the prestige of aristocracy, the inviolable sanctity of the throne,—all are probed if not penetrated, discussed if not destroyed by the

cold and cutting weapons of reason. And oh! if in the history of nations, and even of worlds, there seems to be indeed some inevitable point at which this melancholy process is destined to commence, how forcibly and how painfully true is the observation as applied to the individual biographies of each of us! Few have lived to attain the maturity of man's estate without perceiving that the work of disenchantment is begun within them. The thoughts, the feelings, the hopes, the joys, the generous confidence, and the open candour of youth,—above all, the disinterested love which blended and softened passion with the serenest and kindliest affections of the heart, "and made a glory in a shady place,"—all these are fled. And it is well, perhaps, for the business and the practical affairs of life that it should be so. It is well even in the ordinary and every-day preferences which we are led to form by the attractions of beauty or the fascinations of manner, that the work of "désenchantement" should be almost as easily accomplished as the prepossession conceived.

How many a love-match has been spoiled by the mis-spelling of a single word, or badly turning of a single phrase in the first letter of the heroine! How

many an incipient flame has been entirely quenched by the simple discovery of the lady's having corns on her toes! Disenchantment again! How many a heart-sick lover has been cured in a country walk by seeing the awkwardness and want of elegance with which the adored one has got over a stile! Disenchantment the third! But it is endless to enumerate instances;—a look, a laugh, a remark, a gesture, a pimple, a freckle, may do the business. We allude, of course, only to the lighter and more superficial preferences which we are led sometimes to conceive, even at first sight, for one person over another.

Poor Louis Boivin had loved with no common devotedness,—his "désenchantement" was destined to be proportionably bitter. From the moment at which he made the fatal discovery which we have recorded in the last chapter, his health visibly declined with increasing rapidity. The defeat of his political schemes, the slaughter of some of his friends, and the imprisonment and impending trial of others, all these things contributed, indeed, their share to his disquiet, but were weak in the effect which they produced upon him in comparison with the shock which his heart had received. He became absent



bear up against the severe
delicacy ; for he felt that
consciously, had been the
his present unhappiness.
man once discovers, like
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circumstances, perhaps, hav
mission.

A party at Mrs. Mac-R
these opportunities of

Here figured in all his glory Mr. Earthstopper Brush Fivebars, who was pronounced, upon some occasion, by George Grainger to resemble nothing but a lump of animated mangel-wurzel garnished with gilt spurs. It has been said by Helvetius, that if men had only horses' hoofs instead of hands, a man would have no more ideas than a horse. Mr. Earthstopper Brush Fivebars, having lived more than half his life upon horseback and the remainder in the stable, could not be expected to have a much more extended range of imagination. Being asked on the occasion of a recent steeple-chase, whether he was going to the "course au clocher," he had taken "clocher" for the name of the village where the race was to come off, and, mounting his horse, he had ridden round to all the barrières, inquiring of people if they could tell him the road to Clocher.

By the side of Mr. Fivebars stood his promising young friend and imitator, Bob Tracy, who, having now completed his university education, had come over to Paris for one fortnight in the middle of summer, as if on purpose to be able to say that he had had the benefit of foreign travel, before subsiding into holy orders in a country parish for the rest of his life. He had brought in his pocket the

last new caricature of the day, which, being classical in its allusion, had particularly tickled his fancy. It represented Louis Philippe as Philip of Macedon, and the Duc d'Orleans as Alexander; around the king's head were displayed on a banner the names of Jemappes and Valmy, while Alexander was weeping that his father Philip would leave him no more worlds to conquer.

Next came the celebrated beauty, Madame La Motte, to whom a French wit was making love in a corner.

"Ah! que la vie me pèse!" said the Frenchman; "que je voudrais bien mourir!"

"Comment mourir?" inquired the lady.

"Comme l'alouette," replied the Frenchman, "sur la motte."

There was a young Spaniard present, who was so exceedingly active a person that he could not remain still in his seat for two minutes together. He was always getting up to exhibit some absurd piece of agility or other. He could imitate excellently well a dog running after his tail; showed how an English sailor could run up a rope-ladder on board ship; and concluded his performances by a regular imitation of a Spanish bull-fight, in which

he took by turns the part of the bull, the matadore, and the ladies who bestowed on them their applause.

Miss Barbara Scraggs was also present on this occasion, having been sent over the water by her prudent and honourable mamma, to get her out of the way of the Kilkenny cat. Miss Barbara, to amuse her mind during the long uncertainty of her protracted love affair, had taken up, while in London, the study of the slang dictionary. She could now talk Whitechapel with as great ease and fluency as Mr. Fivebars or Bob Tracy himself. She defended her favourite pursuit with great ingenuity and great enthusiasm, observing that other young ladies learnt German, Italian, and Spanish, and she really did not see why she should not learn Whitechapel, if it pleased her, instead; and she accordingly kept on talking rather clever and very broad nonsense with Bob Tracy in a corner.

Tracy knew Fitz-Waterton, having lately met him at the University during his stay there; and this excuse was made available, as it is too often by fickle and fair young ladies, for a downright flirtation with the common friend. Under the pretence of talking over Fitz-Waterton, Tracy and Barbara

Scraggs soon began making love to each other, and from making love to each other, they got on by degrees to quizzing and laughing at the poor Kilkenny cat, in his absence.

Tracy narrated that a man in town, in allusion to Fitz-Waterton's *mongrel* sort of claim to move in the society of which he had constituted himself a member, had called him "that hybrid Irish gentleman"—which Fitz-Waterton, with his Irish ear, taking "hybrid" for "high-bred," had repeated all over London as a great compliment to himself. To which anecdote Miss Barbara added another, not less cutting in its way:—that Fitz-Waterton, on his late return from Paris, had assured her he had smuggled over "a vast quantity of *eau* de Cologne *water*;" and that he had talked about going to a "soirée" before dinner.

In another part of the salon, calembourgs and charades were the order of the day. Most of these had a political tendency; and it was only when some happy point told well against the arbitrary Louis Philippe, that the eye of young Boivin glistened with any interest.

The morning which succeeded the insurrection of Lamarque's funeral had been signalized by

proclaiming Paris in a state of siege, and the establishment of martial law in the capital. As it was thought that this rash and too despotic measure might eventually upset ministers on the opening of the Chambers, the construction of a new administration was already talked about as a thing inevitable. The embarrassment, likewise, in which the king had been placed only a month or two back, on the event of Casimir Perier's decease, had given occasion to a great many similar witticisms; and every name, which afforded an opportunity of a "double entente," had been converted, by the ingenuity of the Parisian punsters, into a calembourg. It had been said, that the king was unwilling to appear in the streets, through a dread of assassination, and Marshal Maison had also been named as one of the most probable successors of M. Perier. Hence it was said—"Que de peur d'être tué, le roi serait trop content de conduire le gouvernement à la *maison.*"

"Louis Philippe est un grand architect à Versailles," said another, in allusion to his splendid improvements in that palace; "mais à Paris, il ne sait pas faire même un petit cabinet."

Another individual cited it as a mark of Napo-

[illegible]'s good taste, that he had never lived at Versailles; or, if he went thither, that he had contented himself with putting up at one of the Trianons: because Versailles was so identified with the memory of another great man, Louis Quatorze, that he felt it to be presumptuous to put his fame and that of the Grand Monarque in unnecessary contrast, by inhabiting the palace which is the finest monument to the latter's praise. This remark was immediately applied invidiously to Louis Philippe, who although spending a vast quantity of his own private fortune upon the repairs which are actually requisite for the immortal structure, has not succeeded in increasing his popularity by the sacrifice. One object, however, is attained by it, viz. the employment of a vast body of workmen, who otherwise might be troublesome in Paris.

Baron Molé next came in for his share of witticism, being also one of the most likely men to be appointed to form a new administration; and it was said, "Que ce ministère seul serait assez ferme sur ses pieds, qui aurait pour son fondement, un bon et brave Molé (mollet)."

A great deal of amusement was caused at the expense of poor M. Lafitte, the ex-minister, whose

affairs as a banker had lately become so notoriously deranged. At a recent ballot for the presidency of the Chamber of Deputies, it had been found that his name was written on one of the billets M. J. Faillitte, instead of M. J. Lafitte, in allusion to his commercial misfortunes.

A great many other calembourgs were cited in the course of the evening, as—

> " De vingt-quatre soldats le capitaine je suis,
> Sans moi Paris serait pris"—

which was discovered by Miss Barbara to mean the letter A; and she remarked at the same time, that taking away the letter L would, in the same way, make *London, undone.*

" Napoléon après la bataille de Leipsic"—demanded the little witty man, who had been talking to Madame La Motte—" Napoléon après la bataille de Leipsic, pourquoi ressemble-t-il à l'homme dans la lune ?"

" Parcequ'il se trouvait dans les plus grands desastres (le plus grand des astres)"—answered the Spaniard who had acted the bull-fight.

" Why did the French nation submit so tamely to Napoleon's tyranny?" asked Mrs. Mac-Rubber.

"Parceque l'arbre de la liberté était flétri, et il n'en restait que l'écorce (le Corse)."

"And why is it that one can never get a wild duck for supper at the bal de l'opéra?" said Fletcher, thinking of la belle Olympe.

"Parcequ'on laisse les cannes à la porte," replied Miss Barbara Scraggs.

"And have you no question to propose, or no witticism to relate?" asked the lady of the house, approaching the silent and melancholy Boivin.

"No new witticism," replied the dying republican; "but it was not a bad joke which Danton made, on his way to the scaffold, to the poet, Fabre d'Eglantine, who seemed somewhat cast down at his approaching execution:—'Courage, camarade! suivons notre métier! nous allons faire des *vers*.'"

So pensive a smile wreathed the ashy lip of the young and enthusiastic student as he spoke, that a visible interest was excited for him in the whole of the party present; but he hastened to quit the assembly as soon as he found himself an object of remark; and hastening home, through the pale moonlight, to his dark and dismal little cottage, he threw himself on his comfortless pallet, while his old mother, knowing that he had been to a



party in the house of an Englishwoman, told him, that she did not in the least pity him for his sufferings, his illness, or his misfortunes, for he had most deservedly brought them all upon himself through associating with those "sacrés chiens d'Anglais."

CHAPTER II.

"Il faut étudier les plaisirs de Paris," says the inimitable Balzac; yes, *étudier* is the word: and the author of Père Goriot himself never made a truer or more sensible observation. The pleasures of Paris are not to be learnt in a day. The diversions of Tivoli—the dances in the Champs Elysées—the dinners at the Café de Paris and the Trois Frères—the cheap and intellectual recreations of the Opèra Comique and the Vaudevilles—even for once in a way the lowlived buffooneries of Musard, or of the Café des Aveugles itself—each afford a peculiar and characteristic subject for study of their own. To learn the character of a nation it is necessary to mix deeply in its popular amusements. After the unsuccessful attempt of the republicans on the event of Lamarque's funeral, the government, while it appointed courts-martial, in direct defiance of the spirit of the

constitution, to try the prisoners which it had made, exerted itself at the same time, with more than its usual liberality, to divert the minds of the rest of the people, by supplying them with a continual round of amusements. Fireworks and balloons, distributions of meat and bread, and a judicious admixture of music and gallopades, were the means successfully resorted to for the time, for appeasing, in some degree, the feverish excitement which had seized possession of the public mind. It was curious to remark the different way in which these things were regarded, by the different personages of our history, and the various effect which such gaieties around them produced.

Lord Arthur Mullingham and George Grainger, being at Paris only "pour se distraire," went everywhere, laughed everywhere, and enjoyed themselves everywhere. An occasional ride, on the part of Mullingham, over to Montmorency, for the purpose of dining and talking Conservatism with Lord Furstenroy, and a still more constant attendance of Grainger at the dinner table of the Comte de Carbonell, varied for each of these two insouciants the monotony of their epicurean existence.

Richard Bazancourt, our hero, having delivered

his brother from his immediate troubles in Paris, tarried not a moment longer in the capital. Could he dance or smile, or listen to the voice of singing men and singing women, while his heart was far away! One sole object still haunted his thoughts; and anxious to secure, as soon as possible, a new retreat for his Jeannette Isabelle, he hastened his departure to Fontainebleau, on the afternoon of the sixth, at the same time that the citizen king was parading Paris, now tranquillized after the storm of the yesternight, and occasionally setting his foot in a puddle of some soldier's or republican's life-blood.

Mr. Snuffles, who was very "dolorously doleful, and unhappily melancholy," as he said, "after the late occurrences," had already returned to London.

Louis Boivin, who, on many accounts, felt the same reluctance as Richard Bazancourt to entering upon a career of gaiety in the present state of circumstances, only mixed in any society at all, when he found it impossible to evade or resist the solicitations of Lord Fletcher; who, feeling the same interest in his young enthusiastic companion as ever, was anxious to lead him into forgetfulness of his misfortunes, by distracting his mind with more

amusing objects. His thoughts, nevertheless, reverted frequently to Sansargent, who, with many other of his late confederates, was now subjected to the closest imprisonment; and as Sansargent had been seen firing repeatedly on the soldiery, and the impending trials were to be conducted before a military tribunal, there seemed little probability of the sturdy republican escaping with his life. The secret object, too, which, perhaps even unknown to himself, had, more than any other, influenced Boivin's political views, was now taken from him. His sense of justice, or his universal philanthropy, might still induce him to wish for a state of general equality; but the hope which constituted the crowning glory of the whole, the fond trust that he was to be repaid for all his laborious efforts, by the rewarding smile of his noble bride, existed no longer for him. This it was that had supported him, beyond his strength, up to the present crisis, and lent a preternatural energy to his exertions; but when he once had found that his goddess was made of clay,—when he once had been convinced that she, whom his warm fancy had invested with every virtue, and endowed with every mental grace, had basely deceived him, from the moment of that discovery, the spell which

bound him to life seemed broken, and he pined rapidly away. Lord Fletcher, however, on the morning after Mrs. Mac-Rubbers' party, had made an engagement, purposely to amuse him, to go and call upon Mr. Earthstopper Brush Fivebars, and although the morning visit did not even profess any more inviting ostensible object, than the tasting a new box of old Havannahs, and looking over a collection of horse-whips and dog-whips, Fletcher was positively determined that Boivin should accompany him, in order to kill the ennui of the long summer's morning.

Mr. Earthstopper Brush Fivebars, being a bachelor, and not having yet attained his thirtieth year, might have been appropriately designated, from the confusion and muddle of all his domestic arrangements, "the uncomfortable man." Although a person of considerable property, and sparing no expense to gratify the most trivial whim which he might happen to take into his head, nothing could exceed the apparent discomfort and disorder that reigned in his apartments. He had a first rate lodging, au premier, in the Rue de Rivoli, a quartier so respectable, that Balzac has decided that a femme honnête may live there even au quatrième, without risking the loss of her character. The furniture of

the rooms, and the general detail of his equipment, displayed a degree of ornament and embellishment, which only wealth could command. Nevertheless, either his natural indolence of character, or an innate love of untidiness, had managed to convert his apartments into a sort of promiscuous wilderness of disorder. He was, indeed, of so lazy a disposition, that, like Thomson the poet, he could have stood in his garden, with his hands in his pockets, and eaten the peaches off the boughs where they hung, to save himself the trouble of gathering them. It is needless to say, however, that this was the only point of resemblance between him and the poet. He was the very antipode to the old English principle of having a place for every thing, and having every thing in its place. He had a strong antipathy to married women and maid servants; because, as he said, they were always setting things to rights, by reason of which, whenever one came into his room, he was sure to lose every thing: gloves, whip, dog-whistle, cigar-case, everything was certain to be missing directly his room was set to rights; and he had consequently issued peremptory orders to his landlady, that no maid, who entered his lodging with broom or duster, should ever be allowed to

touch or move anything. He had dozens of new boots lying about his room; but no boot-hooks were visible, either because he fancied he was too poor to buy a pair, or because he had been too lazy to order such articles since his arrival in Paris; hence his middle fingers constantly displayed a red and nearly raw mark, produced by the exertion of pulling his boots on by the efforts of unassisted nature. He had dozens of new books scattered over his table; but the same reasons which had prevented his buying the boot-hooks, had apparently deterred him from purchasing a paper-cutter: and the leaves of the books consequently, of those few, at least, which he had opened, gave evidence, by their roughly serrated edges, that they, too, had been cut by the same natural process, that is to say, with his finger. Strewed amongst the books lay here and there the extinct stump of many a stale cigar, and ashes shaken from a pipe deformed the cover of numerous goodly octavos. A profusion of whips, of all sorts and sizes, were dispersed over the room, and they all bore the name of Crowther, for owing to the publication of a correspondence in Galignani, some time previously, in which one gentleman had threatened "to lay across the back of the other his double-thonged

Crowther," that whip-maker had obtained an enormous increase of custom on the Continent, and French, English, Germans, and Belgians, could content themselves with whips of no other manufactory. Mr. Fivebars never had a purse to keep his money in, but left it lying about loose in his linen-drawer. His drawers were full of stockings and five-franc pieces, and when he wanted any money, his custom was to put on a clean shirt, and sundry coins were sure to tumble out of the folds of the linen in the course of the operation. He was so habitually careless in all his movements, that having lately had occasion to write down with his pencil on the back of one of his cards the addresses of a great many houses and pretty women in Paris, which he would have especially wished to conceal, he had inadvertently slipped it into his card-case with the rest, and actually left the guilty card, with his own name on one side of it, and all these addresses on the other, at the door of a very strict old English dowager in the Champs Elysées. But what annoyed him more than the loss of his character was the loss of the addresses. Mr. Fivebars never spoke of ladies in other terms than those which are used in discussing the merits of a horse. He talked of one woman being "in good condition;"

another was "full of beans," if she was gay and lively; and a third had "grand action and easy paces." If you told Mr. Fivebars that you had been to a very agreeable party, he immediately asked you "how much wine was there drunk?" as this was his criterion of what was agreeable; and he was in the habit of complaining bitterly that modern wine-glasses were so small "that he always tired his arm before he filled his stomach." Yet there was a touch of romance in Mr. Fivebars, as there is in every body, if you can discover the true chord of sympathy, and he had once been known to say that he should like to be married "if he could only get a little girl to sit upon a stool and love him all day long." He was wont to ridicule severely the want of equestrian skill amongst the French, and was of opinion that the reason there are no turnpikes in France, is because the men turn out their toes so much on horseback that they would never be able to get through them. This was the most witty thing that he had ever said, and being perfectly aware of its merit, he was perpetually repeating it, especially in the presence of Frenchmen. If ever he said a good thing at other times, it was by accident, and as it were in spite of himself; and when Fletcher entered his room with

young Boivin, and accosted him with "Well, Five-bars, my dear fellow, how have you been spending your day?" he replied—

"I have been sitting four or five hours in a warm bath, with the window open, smoking a cigar, counting the flies on the ceiling, and listening to a hand-organ in the street;" but he said this innocently, and was not in the least aware that he had committed anything amusing.

Amid the heaps of books, whips, and cigar-ashes on the table, lay also interspersed with the other articles, a profusion of notes, written by fair hands, for he was never at the pains to conceal even his most private correspondence, and the concerns of his family, the necessities of his creditors, and the miscellaneous nature of his amours, all lay open for the perusal at will of any one who chose to take the trouble to read them. The commencements of sundry of these billets-doux were plainly enough visible on the top of the page, as they lay half open on the table.

"Je suis enchantée, cher ami, de votre joli cadeau;" or "Vous êtes si bon et si aimable, mon brave Earthstopper;" or "Ayez donc la complaisance de me prêter cent francs, mon joli petit Brush;" these were the ominous beginnings of half-a-dozen of the



of the correspondence
superior tact and style
on that account exhibit
less satisfaction to Flet
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whose judgment was o
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coup in the first instan
lows:—

"MY DEAR LITTLE

I am determined to n
pray send me word when
see you.—Most impatientl

To this effusion the followin

"

perfectly mistaken in the character of the person whom you had the honour to address. I therefore beg leave most distinctly and explicitly to declare, that I neither have nor wish to have the pleasure of your acquaintance; neither should I have vouchsafed any other answer to your insulting proposal than the silent contempt it merited, had I not had reason to fear the treachery of my femme de chambre, whom no persuasions on my part could induce to deliver my message as I desired it should be conveyed. For the rest, as I have never yet met the Englishman who would persecute an unprotected and unoffending female, I should be sorry to find that the air of Paris had so far influenced Mr. Fivebars' nature, as to induce him to pursue an ungentlemanly line of conduct towards one who has pleasure in subscribing herself,

An Englishwoman."

Rue Lepelletier, Thursday, 10 A.M.

This answer Fivebars considered as "a complete floorer," as he expressed it, and he would have given the thing up in despair, imagining that he had received a severe rap on the knuckles. Not so, however, the more experienced and discriminating Robert

Tracy. *He* remarked at once that the letter was too unnecessarily long to be intended for an absolute repulse. In the first place, why need she have written at all? In the next place, why take such pains to let him know that she was unprotected? It appeared to the sagacious Tracy that the best plan was to let the thing drop for two or three days, (it never answers to appear too impetuous at first), and after the expiration of that time, to send her the following letter, which he indited obligingly for his friend. It was now necessary to entirely change the tone:

"MADAM,

I have the honour to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 10th instant. Severe indisposition, the result of anxiety of mind, combined with a natural, and I hope, pardonable reluctance to execute the thankless and suicidal task of renouncing my own happiness for ever, have prevented me up to this moment wearying you with even a farewell. In order not to distress you by one moment's apprehension to the contrary, I will now in the first place give you my promise, in answer to your request, that when I shall have signed and sealed this writing, I will never pre-

sume to worship you, except in silence and at a distance, again. Having thus relieved your distrust of my discretion in this particular, I hope I am not trespassing, if I consider it due to you and to myself, to give a short history of a sentiment, whose power you have only augmented by prohibiting its future expression. It is a week since I had, in the Rue Rivoli, the happiness or misfortune first to see you. The presence of a friend, and the delicate regard with which you filled me, prevented my tracing you at that time to your home, which however I determined to do should I be alone when we were next destined to meet. The only remark then made, either by my companion or by me, related to that expression of talent which you so singularly unite with a most noble beauty, and which shines even through the severity of your few lines of yesterday. This was my earliest knowledge of you. On Monday I was unaccompanied when I overtook you on the Boulevards, and I don't think any obstacle on earth could then have arrested my resolution to ascertain your name and habitation. With this view, after you had entered your door, I very unjustifiably took the liberty of applying at the conciergerie, where I plead guilty to having procured a sight of your passport, and the

conveyance of the offending letter. Further than this I know nothing. I have mentioned your existence to no one. I have asked of your position from no one. Your answer, which I retain in your own handwriting, will be preserved religiously ever, as the monument at once of my best hope's destruction, and the proof of that excellence, to the possession of which they were once so vainly ambitious as to aspire. I now take my leave of you very sorrowfully for all time to come, and shall pass you like a stranger in the street, and perhaps regarded by you without either pardon or pity. This will give me pain; yet still, like the man of a forbidden creed, I shall at least pay my adorations in secret, and offer up my heart's incense seven times a day in silence and solitude upon your altar. May I hope that if at any future day, an opportunity should arise which may enable me to be presented to you in the society which you are created to adorn, and with the respect and consideration which you merit, you will so far forget the present as not to banish me utterly for the future, and allow me in some sort to redeem my character, by imposing on me any task, which, however difficult and dangerous, may conduce, in the remotest degree, to serve you? —I have, Madam, the honour to be, with the pro-

foundest humility and the deepest respect, your most obedient and most humble servant,

E. B. FIVEBARS."

This time Tracy had not been deceived in his calculation; the insidious epistle produced exactly the intended effect, and within three hours after it had been dispatched Mr. Fivebars was surprised by a tap at the door of his apartment. "Entrez," cried out the impatient sportsman, and a neatly dressed femme de chambre walked in, bearing the compliments of the English lady, with expressions of deep regret that Mr. Fivebars had been indisposed, hoping that his health was by this time restored, and inviting him to pay her a visit in the Rue Lepelletier, as soon as her brother should have quitted Paris, which she expected would be in a few days.

Exultingly Mr. Earthstopper Brush Fivebars set out immediately for Tracy's lodgings, to whom he reported the tempting answer with an air of triumph. "Now I shall be a happy man at last," exclaimed Mr. Fivebars.

"Oh, no; you must be no such thing," replied Tracy, "you must stand more on your dignity;—your object in obtaining the lady's consent, by your

eloquent note, was to have your revenge for the contempt with which you were treated by her in the first instance."

"What would you have me do then?" enquired Fivebars, who submitted himself implicitly in all these matters to the superior experience of Tracy.

"Why, cut her dead, and laugh in her face the first time you meet her in the street, to be sure," answered Bob, "and that will teach her to behave herself better on the next occasion."

The simple Mr. Fivebars obeyed Tracy's instructions, and Tracy himself had in the meantime taken good care to avail himself of the useful information thus conveyed to him by his catspaw, the confiding and unsuspicious Mr. Fivebars.

We do not mean to say that the whole of this story, as we have here given it, was told by Fivebars to his visitors, Boivin and Lord Fletcher, for of course he was unacquainted with the treachery which his kind friend Tracy had exhibited towards him; but we have told the story at length, in hopes that its moral may do some little good, if the reading of it may hereafter prevent any man from giving up in despair that which only requires a little knowledge of women and a little perseverance to secure its attain-

ment; or, on the other hand, restrain even one weak woman from placing confidence in the false professions and lying protestations of that arch-deceiver man!

Women are accused by the stronger sex of insincerity and deception; they are reproached for dissimulation and cheating; are called heartless hypocrites, and faithless flirts, and designing traitresses: and let us ask who is to blame, even if they be so? Whose fault is it that their confiding and credulous bosoms are first taught suspicion and distrust, but that of men who awake that suspicion, and merit that distrust by deceiving them? And if, when they are once made aware, by painful experience, of the fraud and falsity of others, they mask themselves afterwards in lies; if they too have recourse to the shield of concealment, and arm themselves with the weapons of deception, are they not in some measure justified for this, by the necessity of coming on equal terms into the field? Of sincerity there is little enough in the world, God knows! but of what little there is, nineteen parts out of twenty lie on the side of woman.

CHAPTER III.

We shall be accused of making endless and unnecessary digressions; and, indeed, the present chapter and the preceding one are far from being an essential part, or connecting link in our general history. They are devoted to the sketches of two characters, Mr. Earthstopper Brush Fivebars, and Mr. Robert Tracy, who will not, we fear, possess any great interest for the generality of our readers; nevertheless, as they are, we believe, tolerably faithful copies of the manner in which many young Englishmen spend their time in Paris, after leaving their regiments, quitting the university, or coming into their fortunes, we have ventured to let them stand even as they were written, in the same way as two detached family portraits may occasionally be seen hanging by themselves apart in the midst of a gallery devoted to historical paintings.

As Tracy had been the cotemporary of Lord Fletcher's brother at college, and had been introduced to him the preceding evening by Fivebars as his most intimate friend, he was naturally one of the persons to whose lodging the young nobleman conducted his companion, Louis Boivin, in his vain attempt to cure him of his melancholy, by amusing his mind. We have seen enough of Bob Tracy, during his college career, to perceive that he was not a person very likely to make both ends meet, except in the way of "brulant la chandelle aux deux bouts," even had he possessed twenty thousand per annum. He still contrived to spend a great deal more than his income, and having added the propensity of gambling to his other habits of expenditure, since coming to Paris, he became more and more involved in pecuniary difficulties every day. He always had been given to the god of the grape, and being led by his feverish state of mind to drink still deeper than usual, he had rapidly lost his good looks; for though he had come originally to Paris only to pass a fortnight, he had prolonged the time indefinitely beyond that period, on account of his utter inability to pay the nume-

rous debts, which must nevertheless be discharged before leaving the French capital. Not contented, like Shallow, with "hearing the chimes at midnight, a little too often," he frequently extended his potations till he heard the birds chirp in the morning, and his only chance of ever seeing the sun rise, was by sitting up all night over the bottle. The principal difference between him and Fivebars, independently of the disparity of their talents, was, that Fivebars was rich, and Tracy was poor; but then Fivebars would never have known how to spend his money, if he had not been schooled by Tracy. The luxury of a clean pair of kid gloves every time of smoking a cigar, was unknown to Fivebars, till Tracy taught him.

Tracy said, that his own greatest misfortune was to possess gentlemanly tastes, to have contracted gentlemanly habits and ideas, and to have always kept company with gentlemen. A gentleman has been defined to be a person who has no ostensible means of getting a livelihood, and in such sense Tracy's claim to the title was indisputable. He considered that there was no intervening medium between the character and the expenditure of a gentleman of three thousand a

year, and those of the common day-labourers in the fields. He did not at all like the path which had been chalked out for him in life—the prospect of taking a curacy, and keeping one hog-maned cob on grass and grave-stones in a church-yard; and he talked, as soon as he had quite exhausted all his resources, and could positively keep the game going no longer, of putting on a blouse, taking a cottage, and working as a common ouvrier for wages. This, he said, would be much better than living, like Dr. O'Toole, in the Irish Tutor, on two hundred a year, and the run of the small-beer barrel.

No animal is so pitiable in the world as a very poor gentleman; and Sheridan, when he said that he liked staying in people's houses very well till the last day of the fortnight arrived, and he found he had not five shillings in his pocket to give the servants, was in a miserable though not uncommon case.

Bob Tracy, now beginning to economize for the first time in his life, did not know at which end to begin, and whilst he affected to retrench in his shoe-strings, or his snuff, continued risking twenty or thirty pounds every night at Frascati's, as if

it were nothing at all. He afforded the most perfect illustration of the old proverb—"being penny wise, and pound foolish," and had been literally known, in former days, one morning, after winning a large sum, to wrap up three pennyworth of halfpence in a five pound note, in order to fling them out of the window to a beggar. No lesson is harder for a young man than to learn the value of money.

Bob Tracy had a good heart at bottom, an excellent disposition, and very strong feelings; but, from a long-indulged habit of disregarding the future, "living from hand to mouth," as it were, and pursuing a system of selfish gratification, his feelings had long since ceased to have any practical connection with his actions. He could almost weep at a tragedy; the tears would absolutely come into his eyes at the catastrophe of a romantic tale; but his heart did not work upon his practice. He was become like an old clock, of which the springs continue to go indeed, but, owing to some internal defect in the connection of the wheels of the machinery, they do not produce the proper effect upon the hands. He grew gradually more and more sarcastic, as he advanced in years, and because he had selected for himself associates who were un-

principled and insincere, he had taught himself to believe that all men are without principle and without sincerity. Whenever, in the midst of his difficulties, he applied to one of his late companions to assist him, he found himself met by rebuffs and estrangement. Dr. Johnson, in his Life of the unfortunate Otway, has said, "As he who desires no virtue in his companion, has no virtue in himself, those whose society he frequented had no purpose of doing more for him than to pay his reckoning. They desired only to drink and laugh. Their fondness was without benevolence; and their familiarity without friendship:" and these words poor Bob Tracy was frequently reminded of, when he came to review his own position.

We have given, in our last chapter, a few specimens of the general tone of Mr. Fivebar's correspondence. Tracy, who was equally careless, let his letters lie about his table just in the same manner, but their contents were generally of a far less agreeable nature. Some of them were as follows:

"My dear Sir,—I regret extremely that great arrears of tythe, and the necessity of making con-

siderable repairs in my glebe-house this year, prevent my making you the advances which you request. At the same time that I am obliged to deny you this, I would anxiously impress upon your mind the advisability of settling all your responsibilities without delay, and coming home to fulfil your clerical duties in England."

"And how the devil," asked Bob Tracy, indignantly throwing down the letter, "how the devil am I to settle my responsibilities, unless my guardian will send me the money?"

The next was as follows:

"Dear Bob,—I would send you the money I owe you directly, with much pleasure, but I really have it not by me, and I know you would be sorry to inconvenience me. Damn it, old fellow, you must be turning saint, or something—talking of taking orders, and dunning for an old college gambling debt, are decided symptoms of a man thinking of making up his accounts with this world, and with the next too. I must, however, beg you to let me avail myself of your kind offer of paying this sum, at my own convenience.—Adieu."

"The ungrateful blackguard!" exclaimed Tracy, when this letter arrived, "I desired him to pay

the money, which he has owed me these two years, at his earliest convenience, thinking I could not use a stronger expression, and he coolly thanks me for my kindness, in saying he may pay me whenever it suits him! Go on to the next."

"Mr. Doubleyou presents his compliments to Mr. Tracy, and begs to return him the enclosed letter, which probably was sent him by mistake, as he has no recollection of having the honour of Mr. Tracy's acquaintance."

"Very well, indeed!" said Tracy, "extremely satisfactory, upon my word—this is from a man, who is indebted to my father and my family for every farthing, and every luxury, which he at present possesses. Tempora si fuerint nubila, solus eris. Go on to the next."

"Dear Sir,—I was considerably surprised at the tenor of a letter I lately received from you, requesting the loan of a hundred pounds. The respect I bear to the memory of your late excellent father would alone be sufficient to deter me from complying with your unreasonable petition; but, independently of this powerful motive, I have another reason, more influential still; it is, that I made a vow on a recent occasion, in which my

mistaken liberality had induced me to relieve a poor acquaintance, by whom I was eventually taken in, that I never would, for the future, subject myself to a similar loss. I cannot conscientiously break my vow, and I hope you will believe that it is with a view to your own good, and with a firm assurance that it is best for you, that I now refuse to comply with the request in your letter."

"Dulcis inexpertis cultura potentis amici," quoted Tracy again, as he laid down the letter. "This is a man out of whose pocket a hundred pounds would be no more missed than a drop of water from the Atlantic."

Another was from a tradesman:

"Sir,—It has been my custom occasionally to oblige, with advances of small sums of money, gentlemen who have dealt with me for a period of many years, and who can give me good security on mortgage. As I fear these terms will not be applicable to your present case, I must beg to decline acceding to the proposition you make to me, and request at the same time your speedy attention to a small account left standing in my book, and which, I am sure, you must have forgotten."

The sole remaining letter on the same subject

was from a near relation, who made a proposal so iniquitously usurious in its terms, that there is not a Jew in all Monmouth Street but would have been scandalized at its enormity.

"Quid fœnerari?" said Tracy to himself. "Tum Cato, quid hominem inquit occidere? And this," continued he, as he turned over the discouraging sheets of paper on the table before him, "this is experience;—it is worth learning certainly; but it is pleasanter to be taught by the experience of others than by one's own. The ultimate result will be, that I shall be driven from necessity into the hands of the forty per cent. and eighty per cent. money-lenders; I shall get into St. Pelagie, from which place either I must be delivered by my guardians and relations paying ten times the sum which is now requisite to get me out of my difficulties, or else I must be carried out in my coffin, with my toes turned up and my throat cut in despair."

It was at this period of his history that our friend Bob, one night having got into bed rather earlier than usual, and being in a meditative mood, committed to paper the following rules of action, from which may be, perhaps, gleaned a few useful hints by our readers:

Rule 1.—Τι τελος, as my old Oxford friend Aristotle says, ought to be proposed to every action.

Remark.—When I came to Paris I was a fool, for I had no other object in view than just to amuse myself and go back again.

Rule 2.—A man should always be punctual in answering letters.

Remark.—I have lost more good friends by apparent neglect in this way, than I shall ever gain in any other.

Rule 3.—A wise man will never accept a bill for any body under any circumstances.

Remark.—This is an excellent rule; but I feel myself to be too good a fellow, or too weak a fool, to refuse any acquaintance who asked me; and if Fivebars wanted me to accept a bill for five hundred for him to-morrow, I would do it with pleasure, though I have not a farthing in the world.

Rule 4.—Aristotle was right in placing happiness *εν μεσοτητι.*

Remark.—My fault in life has ever been excess; too much wine—too much love—too much good-nature—too much vanity;—Sol was right in his advice to Phaeton—medio tutissimus ibis; yet damn all mediocrity, say I.

Rule 5.—A man should keep his friends who are high in station for the sake of introductions, and for the purposes of society; and should only use those who are below him in position for the sake of more solid assistance, if he requires it.

Illustration.—If you want to borrow money, don't go to Lord Listless, but to your tailor: every time you ask an acquaintance for money, you make an enemy; which is the reason that I have not attacked Fivebars.

Rule 6.—If any one comes to borrow money of you, even though you are detected with a pile of gold on the table, tell him that you have to pay it all away in the course of six hours, and don't lend him a farthing.

Remark.—A capital rule this, if I can make up resolution enough to abide by it.

Illustration.—I have more promises to pay lying in the bottom of my trunk for money lent, than would settle all the bills which I owe in Paris.

Rule 7.—Always keep some ready money in your pocket: it is better to come to the last extremities with your duns than to be without half-a-crown in your purse.

Remark.—Very true.

Rule 8.—If you want pecuniary assistance from your *friends*, you must sue for it "in formâ pauperis;" if you prefer going to a *money-lender*, you must demand it "in formâ divitis."

Illustration.—It won't do to drive up to a gentleman's door to borrow his money in your own tilbury, covered with gold chains, rings, and new kid-gloves; but these are just the sort of things to make a grand impression on the tender mercies of the *snob*, and will convince him that you are a man of credit, and do him a great favour by using his money.

Rule 9.—Whenever you arrive afresh in a place where you have formerly resided and left many creditors, call on them all the very first morning after your arrival.

Remark.—Whenever I go back to Oxford I shall have a great many calls to make.

Rule 10.—Deal only at first-rate shops, and you will be sure to be treated like a gentleman.

Illustration.—Herbault never dunned me yet in his life, though half the women in Paris have had new hats from his shop at my expense, or rather at his.

Rule 11.—Never make any promise which you are not certain of being able to fulfil; and if you

happen to receive any money, or win any considerable sum at play, pay off a bill with it the very next morning.

Rule 12.—Adopt as a rule the precept of certain ancient philosophers,—always to treat your friends as if they may one day become your enemies, and your enemies as if they may one day become your friends.

Remark.—Too cold and cautious for me, but wise, especially the first part of it. I never could learn the maxim by heart of treating every one as a knave till I know he is an honest man.

Rule 13.—In your transactions with other men, always calculate on their interests, and never on their good feeling or affection.

Query.—Is it not Cicero who says, that he is a lucky man who in his journey through life finds a single friend; but he that finds two friends experiences a good fortune which is perfectly extraordinary?

Rule 14.—Never waste money on eatables or drinkables, or other things which leave nothing to show for your expenditure.

Remark.—There is a vast difference between spending and buying; you cannot be far wrong in

buying a good thing cheap, as it is always money's worth, and may be disposed of again; but I must give up cabs and cigars; as for the latter, it is literally, as Fivebars facetiously calls it, silver-(Silva)-smoking.

Rule 15.—Endeavour to act in everything *εξ προαιρεσεως*, as Aristotle says; "de proposito," according to Cicero; or *on principle,* in the language of plain English.

Remark.—I trust I shall never give up reading the classics: old Horace alone is worth all your modern moralists put together.

Rule 16.—Percunctatorem fugito.

Remark.—Nam garrulus idem est.

Rule 17.—Lord Chesterfield tells his son, that it is better to establish an intrigue with a married woman than to frequent the society of courtezans. If a man *must* do either one or the other, this may be true; do not, however, let economy be one of your motives for this, as you will be mistaken; it is sure to cost you more.

Illustration.—The Countess d'Almaine made me take twenty tickets, at ten francs each, the other day, for a concert given by one of her protegés.

Rule 18.—Entertain the greatest possible con-

tempt for the opinion of the world, and exhibit towards it the greatest possible deference.

Rule 19.—Wherever the utile and the honestum are placed in opposition to each other, choose the honestum in preference to the utile.

Query.—If, in driving on a country road at night, you find a turnpike-gate left open in your way, ought you to go through without paying, or to knock up the toll-keeper out of his sleep in order to give him a halfpenny, and break his night's rest?

Rule 20.—If you don't like these rules, consult those which Polonius gives his son Laertes in Hamlet, which will do quite as well.

Remark.—It has been the fashion, amongst late critics, to consider the speech of Polonius as "the commonplace and barren prosing of a garrulous old gentleman," and such is represented as having been the intention of the poet. I don't believe that Shakspeare designed so much finesse. In Germany, so far from its being generally regarded as a piece of inane and superficial dogmatism, it is in everybody's mouth as a complete manual of worldly wisdom, and I never found a German student yet who did not know it by heart.

[redacted]

Such were some of the rules of action, with their appropriate annotations, which Bob Tracy had laid down for himself in his solitary moments of reflection; and, trite and universally obvious as they may appear to be to some people, Tracy attached no inconsiderable importance to some of the brilliant discoveries therein made. Entering life with a warm heart and generous feelings, it was not till very late that Tracy had learnt to appreciate men as they are and the world as it is. In some senses he might be said to know the world young; but it was only that he knew how to hunt, to drink, to conduct an intrigue with a woman, or to say a sharp thing better and at an earlier age than most men. Of the real practical affairs of life he knew little or nothing; and, too late, he was led to acknowledge that plain practical common sense is worth all the Latin and Greek in the world in a child's education. With regard to a knowledge of the world, great and incalculable advantage results from the mere circumstance of being born in an elevated station. The nobleman is, as it were, placed on an eminence, from which he has a commanding and extended view of the country wide around him; he can distinguish the bearings and relative positions of ob-

jects, of which the man placed in the valley can only see one at a time: the man of high birth, from his very position, and even from the experience of business which the management and expenditure of his own fortune naturally afford him, must necessarily hear subjects discussed, follies ridiculed, and facts mentioned in his very childhood, which come to the knowledge of one of humbler condition only by chance, and in the course of the experience of his after-life. Tracy was the son of a country clergyman. His knowledge of the world he had to earn entirely for himself, by the efforts of his own labour and his own individual observation,

CHAPTER IV.

It was not always that Bob Tracy gave way to such fits of despondency, as that which gave rise to the above train of reflections. Whatever his difficulties or his embarrassments might be, his temper was too elastic, and his spirits too buoyant, to be cast down by adversity long together. One day he was agreeably surprised in walking down the Rue de la Paix, to find his arm suddenly seized by a strong, but friendly grasp, and looking round, he recognized, with the most unfeigned joy, the well known old Christchurch face of Richard Bazancourt. Our hero was on his way back from Fontainebleau, where he had arranged every thing satisfactorily for the reception of Jeannette Isabelle, and his purpose was to leave Paris again for Calais early the following morning. Many and long were the greetings between these old college friends, who, although they

had never been remarkably or exclusively intimate during their university career, now found a thousand topics of conversation, which only themselves could understand or enjoy in common.

"Do you remember the night of the town and gown row," asked Tracy, "and the fight which little Crackjaw, of Corpus, had with Simon barge-owner (Barjona), as he facetiously called the big boatman?"

"Or the way in which five-and-thirty of us were obliged to retreat into the Roebuck," continued Bazancourt, "by the untimely arrival of the proctor. He drove us all into the front room on the ground floor, I remember, and turned the key in the door whilst he went to call for a pen and ink. He thought us no doubt all very secure; but, in the meantime, young Crackjaw flung up the sash-window, and one after the other we all jumped out into the street, so that when the proctor unlocked the door to take down our names, we were all fighting again outside, and not a soul to be found in the room."

"How well I remember it!" said Bob Tracy, "and don't you recollect, Bazancourt, Tom Harris getting over the back wall at Christchurch one night, because he was afraid to knock in after

twelve, and his sliding down the long blue spout into one of the canon's rain-water tubs, where we heard him splashing about up to his neck in water, and endeavouring in vain to scramble up its slippery sides?"

"Perfectly," replied Bazancourt, "and I have not forgotten either the trick you played upon the unfortunate wine-merchant, who sold you the bad black-strap at sixty shillings a dozen. I went to meet him in your rooms at luncheon, and perfectly remember the gravity with which you told him that you had been taken in, you were afraid, by a London dealer; and the air with which you poured him out a glass of his own wine, assuring him it came from London, and desiring him to taste it, and give his opinion—and the importance and self-satisfaction with which he smacked his lips and made a wry face, and pronounced it to be no better than Warren's blacking, and not worth thirty shillings a dozen—and the roar of laughter with which his impartial opinion was greeted, by a party assembled on purpose to witness his self-condemnation."

"Ah! my dear fellow," said Tracy, with more than half a sigh, "those were the days of the sunshine of the heart; but they are gone—

'Optima quæque dies miseris mortalibus ævi
Prima fugit; subeunt morbi, tristisque senectus
Et Labor, et duri rapit inclementia victûs.'

How I should laugh if I could only now see our revered and reverend tutor, little Circumflex, come hopping round the corner with the air of affected dignity, and assumed importance, with which he used to walk every day into hall."

Scarcely had Tracy made the observation, when the two young men were startled by hearing behind them the following sounds, issuing from the door of a bookseller's shop which they had just past: "Oratores Attici—very good—très bon, Mr.—Monsieur—What do you call yourself—cheap edition—Lycurgus, Andocides, Dinarchus—combien? call again to-morrow—Isæus, Lysias, Demosthenes—very good indeed—very good—" and looking round, the two Oxonians recognized their ancient tutor at the entrance of the bibliopole's shop, whereupon Bazancourt wished his companion good bye for the present, and left him to amuse himself alone at the tutor's expense, as he was not anxious to have any nearer meeting with one to whom he had so just and so powerful motives of enmity, as towards Mr. Circumflex.

"Hah!" exclaimed the little dignitary, as his late pupil approached and saluted him, "you have graduated, have you not, Mr. Tracy? your bachelor's of arts degree, I mean?" and his conscience having been relieved by this precautionary question being answered in the affirmative, he no longer hesitated to accept the proffered arm of Robert Tracy, which he would have considered himself obliged to decline, had his pupil still remained an undergraduate.

The Rev. Mr. Circumflex was, in fact, sadly in want of an interpreter, for though he had officiated as Tracy's tutor in the classical languages of Greek and Latin, he was by no means a match for him in his knowledge of French, and only that very morning he had lamentably committed himself in his hôtel, in a dialogue with the femme-de-chambre; for wishing to call for some hot water, and having rung the bell, he found himself unable to proceed further in his sentence than "Mademoiselle, voulez-vous?" and "voulez-vous, Mademoiselle?" Whilst he was looking out the verb "to bring," and the adjective and substantive "hot water," in the dictionary, Mademoiselle, by no means prepossessed with his appearance, and not at all liking his equi-

vocal overtures of "voulez-vous, Mademoiselle," descended again the stair-case, and left him alone to the enjoyment of his jug of cold water and his pocket dictionnaire.

It was just the beginning of the University Long Vacation, when Mr. Circumflex had set out on his tour; and being asked if there were any news, instead of adverting to the proceedings of the courts martial and the Court of Cassation, which then occupied every mind at Paris, he began narrating the success or failure of his several pupils at the recent Christchurch collections. At last, Tracy, much amused with his "originalité," which struck him more forcibly at Paris than ever it had done before, determined to play him one good trick, at least, before he parted with him, and, accordingly, offered to procure him an introduction for that evening to a splendid ball, to be given in the house of an elderly French lady. Every body recollects the innocent simplicity with which the good Vicar of Wakefield admitted the town ladies into the bosom of his family; we advert to it less as an illustration of the somewhat parallel position in which Mr. Circumflex was placed, by the lamentable wickedness of Bob Tracy, than as a species of precedent, and, therefore,

justification of ourselves; and with a view to shew those critics, who may be censorious, and accuse us of introducing improper topics into our book, that the errors of our grandfathers have been more leniently regarded. A brilliant salon, engaged for the purpose in the Champs Elysées, was lighted up in the evening, and a first rate band attended for the purpose of the guests weaving the merry dance. The ball was given as a speculation, by an old lady of great convenience in Paris, who had contrived to assemble there some of the prettiest faces, and finest figures, ever seen, and not a few of the first figurantes at the opera were distinguishable in the crowd. Tickets were disposed of at a napoleon a-piece; but Tracy, afraid of awakening Circumflex's suspicions, and resolved to have his joke, however it might reduce his own extremely impoverished finances, had paid for his tutor's ticket, so that he was not at all aware that it was a public ball. The old lady was put up to the thing beforehand, and as Bob Tracy led his tutor into the room on his arm, and presented him to the Duchesse de Liaisons, the scene around him was so fascinating, and the manner with which he was accueilli so polite and agreeable, that it was im-

possible the least idea of anything improper should be started in his mind. In fact, these scenes are conducted generally with so much decency and propriety, with so much even of elegance and good-breeding, in Paris, as compared with our own country, that half its sting seems taken from the shame of vice, and the severest stoic might be almost won to forgiveness; so little apparent reason is there for censure or reproach.

Mr. Circumflex, who fancied himself all the while in the best society, and was quite elated at being the guest of a duchess, paraded like a peacock up and down the room; and, at last, it being hinted to him by Tracy that the ease of French manners did not make it necessary for him to wait for the ceremony of a formal introduction, he ventured to address one of the ladies in the best French which he could muster up for the occasion. The lady not understanding one word of his gibberish, but imagining that he had asked for her address, drew quietly a satin card with her printed name from her gold-embroidered reticule, and placed it in his hand. Finding presently another Englishman in the room, and being ashamed to expose his ignorance, by applying for information to Tracy, Circumflex shewed

the card, and inquiring the meaning, asked what compliment he ought to pay the lady in return for her civility.

"Oh!" said the Englishman, "I should think five napoleons would be ample."

Mr. Circumflex put his hat under his arm, and walked away as fast as he could. The following morning he quitted Paris, and Bob Tracy had the satisfaction of telling the story all over the capital.

Richard Bazancourt was not of a disposition to be much amused at this story: he had little or no humour in his composition; he had strong feelings, but little fun; and he could hate to excess, although nothing would have induced him to play a trick upon the object of his hatred. He lived, and moved, and had his being, not in the farce but in the tragedy of life. He was in earnest in whatever he did, and he meant whatever he said. The light and playful merriment of Tracy, perhaps in him carried rather to the excess of boisterous raillery at times, found no echo in the serious temperament of Bazancourt. Accordingly, when he and Tracy, together with Lord Fletcher and Louis Boivin, met by agreement at the supper table in Fletcher's lodgings, late on the same evening after the eventful ball, Bazan-

court scarcely smiled when he was told the success of Tracy's practical joke; and, adverting to other topics, continued the conversation in a different and more general strain.

Most of the persons present had some secret theme of sorrow, which their thoughts would have dwelt upon, had they been alone: Bazancourt had his lady of Stonesfield; Boivin, his faithless countess; Tracy, his pecuniary embarrassments; and Lord Fletcher, his ill reception in society, and his father, Lord Furstenroy's displeasure to reflect upon. As these subjects, however, could be interesting to none but themselves, each made an effort for the sake of prolonging the agreeable harmony of the evening; and the state of the drama, and the condition of the public theatres was adverted to, as a common topic which was equally open to the discussion and animadversions of them all.

" I love to see little Esther at the Ambigu," said Tracy; " there's not a prettier or livelier brunette in all Paris; and she, together with Mademoiselle Mayer, at the Vaudevilles, as a belle blonde, might be grouped well, like the lily and the tulip, side by side, in a gallery of painted beauties. Each affords a contrast to the other; for the blonde is

as soft and languishing as the brunette is piquante, and they afford an apt illustration of Byron's couplet, which, after all, perhaps, is a little forced in the idea:

> " They both are fair: the difference in them
> Is what we see between the flower and gem."

" Is it intended as a particular compliment to Lord Clanelly?" inquired Fletcher, " that they are now playing the character of Lord Dog, as I see by the papers, every night at the Palais Royal with immense applause?"

Our hero, on whom this mention of Clanelly's name cut deeper than it was intended, generalized his reply, by observing that he thought all the French imitations of English character complete failures, ill conceived, and worse executed. " The want of knowledge of England which exists in France," said he, " is I think generally greater even than our own ignorance of France in England. L'Hèrie is considered the best John Bull on the Parisian stage; but if he were to go to London, he would not be successful in that line of character; for although a most talented man, extremely witty as a writer, and extremely clever as an actor, his top boots and buckskins are the only points of resemblance that he bears to an Englishman."

"There is not a more talented or humorous actor on our stage," said young Boivin, "something in the style, as I have heard, of Dowton in London, than old Bernard Léon, at the Gymnase. If you saw him, in a piece called Frogères et Loupin, lately brought out, you would split your sides with laughing; but, nevertheless, he is considered somewhat gone by in his reputation, I know not why, for although old age is come upon him, it is a most green old age."

"I wish they would have over Signor Santini to London, at the Italian Opera," exclaimed Lord Fletcher; "he is considered the best Leporello upon any stage in Europe: he swallows the macaroni in Don Giovanni even better than Lablache; and, although he has a sort of annual summer engagement at Munich, I should think the superiority of English prices might well tempt him to go and shew his most laughable physiognomy, for once in a way, to the London audience. You can't walk down the Boulevards at Paris without seeing his picture stuck up at the print shops, and I'm sure you can't look even at his picture without laughing."

"I was amused this morning," said Richard

Bazancourt to Boivin, "in walking along the Boulevards, to observe the numerous representations of the Battle of Waterloo exhibited in all the windows. You Frenchmen are, perhaps, the only nation in the world who can bear to be gay at your own expense; but that again is, perhaps, because, in a military point of view, you can afford it better than the rest of us."

"Did you never see," said Boivin, "Le Pensionât de Montereau, a celebrated piece at the Ambigu Comique, in which the scene lies during the stay of the Cossacks in Paris, in 1814, which would be a delicate subject, one would think, to be treated of by the hands of a French play-wright. Not at all in Paris. Il faut se moquer de tout. Il faut s'amuser en tout cas. A number of boarding-school girls of sixteen, dressed up in soldiers' uniforms, go through the manual exercise, discharge their muskets, and ultimately make prisoners of all the soldiers; so that the laugh, in the end, turns not against the French, but the Russians."

"Something in the style of dear little Vestris' celebrated Invincibles," observed Bazancourt. "On the whole, I should say, that the French are certainly the most dramatic nation in the world: not that

they have produced so many good tragedies as many other countries, but because they know so well how to manage effect. Their plots are good; their positions are admirable; the getting up is always effective.* No contrast can be greater than between the French and Germans, in respect of theatricals. The Germans sit through the long speeches and endless soliloquies of the Piccolomini or Wallenstein, without a murmur; on the contrary, so deeply is their attention riveted, that you might hear a pin drop while Madame Schroëder, or even the pretty Madame Dahn are reciting their parts. In Paris I believe the Piccolomini would be hissed off the stage as a tedious nuisance, unless the speeches were half of them curtailed. Even the English are more practical and effective on the stage than the Germans, although it is a nice and difficult question to decide which is right. In Germany, Shakespeare is played as Shakespeare wrote

* Highly as we may appreciate the aptness and ability displayed by the French nation in the plots and developement of their light theatrical pieces and vaudevilles, we cannot applaud the determination of a learned and literary society in that country, which, in a late election of a new member into their own body, gave the palm to the talents of M. Scribe, over the genius of Victor Hugo.

it: in London, it is thought that he was improved by the scissors and paste of the Dramatic Committee. Myself I should prefer King Lear as I have seen it played at Berlin, and as we read it in the book, to all the imagined improvements which have been conferred upon it by what is called poetical justice; and yet it is tiresome, on the other side of the case, to hear Goëtz von Berlingen, after he has been properly killed, declaim for nearly twenty minutes a long last dying speech and confession, when the dramatic interest of the play is of course completely past and finished.—Your good health, Boivin!"—

But Bazancourt's oration had been so long, that the weak and exhausted Boivin had sunk fast asleep upon his chair.

CHAPTER V.

CHAINED to the wall of a dungeon in the dark and dismal prison of La Force, at once to prevent his escape, and to frustrate his desperate and repeated attempts at self-destruction, the bold and determined Sansargent had all this time been lying in anxious expectation of his final doom. Since his capture and imprisonment on the eventful night of the sixth, he had submitted to his fate with a surly and dogged resolution, without any audible remonstrance, or visible sign of pain; but he gnashed his teeth in silence, and brooded over his hard destiny in the solitude of the dreary night. We have already mentioned the fact of the insurrection having been completely put down on the morning of the sixth, and the King having greeted his subjects on the seventh with an ordinance, which exceeded in severity any of those

issued by the exiled Charles the tenth, proclaiming Paris in a state of siege, and instituting martial law. The printing offices were entered by agents of the police; the journals were stopped, and the presses sealed up; and, in the mean time, the courts-martial proceeded without delay to award such punishments as might be found just or expedient to the unfortunate prisoners, who were brought up in rapid succession for trial.

One or two of the accused had already been acquitted, on account of such a deficiency of evidence, that even military tribunals could not condemn them in the face of it; and one unlucky operative, who had been seen piling the stones of a barricade, had been sentenced to twenty years' imprisonment with hard labour, when Sansargent was brought into court, and placed for trial at the bar. Whatever course might have been pursued by others, he, at least, seemed resolved that no humble plea, no unworthy evasion, no paltry denial, no vain defence, should escape him. He maintained a sullen silence towards all the interrogatories of the court, and as witness after witness came forward to swear that they had seen him heading the charges on the soldiery, cutting

down the troops with his sabre, or discharging at them fire-arms, he only frowned an indignant menace, as a fit reply. The auditors in the court seemed to sympathize with the stern republican, and cheered him. The court was ordered to be cleared, but in vain—it was found that it would be dangerous to attempt it, and the trial was hastened to an end. After listening to a long detail of accusations, some true, some false, and all exaggerated, against the prisoner at the bar, the court, without further deliberation, pronounced at once the sentence of death upon him; and desiring the guards to conduct him back to his prison, and put him under strict surveillance till the time of his execution, adjourned the sitting, and went to talk over their day's sport at the dinner-table.

But the bread and water, which was to be that day the fare of Sansargent, relished as it was with the prospect of the guillotine at a distance, and the savage and rude treatment of the gaoler, brought no comfortable reflections to his mind. He did not flinch from death, because he was afraid to die. Few Frenchmen are afraid of death. The absence of that fear is quite charac-

teristic of the nation, and the coolness with which even a young girl in Paris lights a charcoal pan, in order to "asphyxia" herself, is unrivalled in any other country in the world. Sansargent, of all others, was not likely to be afraid of death: and yet, for a day or two after his condemnation, a ray of hope clung to him, and he seemed to expect that either another and a successful revolt would end in opening all the gaols, and delivering him, or that his sentence would be revised by the court, and reversed, or at least mitigated. He had confidence, also, in the exertions of his friends; he had reason to think Louis Boivin had escaped capture, and he was sure that he would do all in his power to procure his release; and, perhaps, he calculated not a little on the influence and good will of Lord Fletcher. But when day after day passed away without bringing any intimation of a change, when his hardy limbs began to grow stiff and cramped with the weight of his irons, and his spirits were worn out and dejected by the monotony and tedium of his solitary confinement, then, indeed, he found it necessary to summon up all his courage, to stand firm against his hard lot, and he envied the fate of Boucher, who had

fallen in the street, by a ball from the guns of the enemy.

One night, before the double irons were put upon him, Sansargent had nearly escaped from his cell. Having contrived to secrete the broken end of an old iron hoop, of about four inches' length, he had, by the help of a nail, and by long perseverance, worked its edges into teeth, like a saw: and with this, having placed his bedstead upright against the wall, he had mounted to the ceiling, and actually cut away a square in the strong timber panelling, big enough to admit the passage of his body. Owing to the indifferent nature of his tool, he was necessarily employed several nights in cutting his way through, and to conceal his operations, as the walls and ceiling of his cell were entirely whitewashed, he had pasted regularly a strip of white paper over the crease which he had made, and he had made the paste with a portion of the bread and water which constituted his daily fare. On the night that he had completed his labours, he had, by exerting immense agility and muscular strength, raised himself through the aperture which he had cut, and he found himself beneath the roof of

the prison. Having [illegible] some [illegible] in a work-manlike manner, without causing any noise, he proceeded to advance along the roof on his hands and knees, like a cat, and carrying with him a sort of rope which he had twisted out of the [illegible] of his [illegible], he continued to proceed along a dangerous and high party-wall of the prison. Taking out a dozen loose bricks from the top of the wall, and fastening them to one end of his rope, he managed to secure them under the coping of the wall, in such a manner as to prevent their being seen upon the other side, and to avoid any noise from the falling of the bricks, he secured the end of the rope to a tree which stood in the yard. Only one more outer wall, which would be comparatively easy to scale, remained, when he was arrested by the keeper, in the act of crossing the court-yard, not through any fault of his own, but by the unusual chance of the man's having risen at that strange hour for some other cause.

Brought back thus once more to his cell, to experience with tenfold aggravation the curse of confinement, which must be ever so doubly bitter to a soul enamoured like his of liberty, Sansargent

now gave himself up to death with greater resignation than before. He folded his arms, and sate down on the clay floor of his dungeon, and awaited the hour when he should be led forth to execution as the moment of deliverance. He looked upon the grave as his refuge, and upon the bloody axe as his friend. "Have I not seen," he would say to himself, "the villanous cold-blooded felon, the hired assassin, and the vilest reprobate, look with unshaken nerves, and a firm eye, on the machine of death? and shall I,—I that have entertained loftier notions, and far higher and nobler aspirations,—I that have dared to stand forth as the foe to tyrants, and the champion of a nation's rights,—shall I tremble? And yet it is a fearful thing to stand by and see one's comrades, one's brave, undaunted comrades, led forward one after the other—and there will, doubtless, be many of us to glut the despot's vengeance—one after another strapped down upon the fatal plank—to see the knife descend with horrid rapidity—and the quivering, gasping head roll upon the gory platform—to behold the careless executioner seize it with callous indifference by the mangled and disfigured hair, and depositing it in the well-filled basket,



draw up the cursed instrument once more to fall alike upon the neck of each successive victim. I have seen this—I have marked the red, wet streak of blood upon the steel, where it had plunged into the flesh of what was but two instants back a living man—and my blood has curdled and crept, and I have shuddered as I stood a mere spectator of the scene; and now, perhaps, to-morrow's dawn may announce the same termination to my own sufferings—and what I have pitied and trembled at for others, I shall hail as a succour and a mercy to myself. To-morrow, when the turnkey's hand shall grate upon the rusty lock, I shall welcome his words, if they announce to me that I am that day to die!"

Sansargent was not the only prisoner on this occasion who had been condemned by the courts-martial to atone for his revolutionary zeal with his life upon the scaffold. All of them had refused, like Sansargent, to recognize the legality of the tribunal appointed to try them, and all had appealed from its decision to the final judgment of the Court of Cassation, which is the supreme court of judicature in Paris; little hope, however, was entertained by any of them that this attempt would be successful. It

was not likely, under all existing circumstances, that pardon or acquittal should be obtained for convicted republicans, against all the intrigues and influence of court bribery and court patronage. Locked up, too, and secluded as the prisoners were, they were not aware of all the exertions made in their behalf by their friends without, nor of the pre-eminent power of public opinion in their favour. Already M. Mauguin and about thirty other of the chief ornaments of the bar, had delivered their deliberate opinions, that the ordinance being issued only by the executive power, and never having been authorized by the legislative, must be illegal; and, moreover, even granting its legality, could not possibly have a retrospective action upon the prisoners which it was intended to punish. M. Dupin, who as procureur-general of the Court of Cassation, ought to have stood forward as the defender of the acts of government, feigned indisposition, and would not come forward in its behalf. Odillon Barrot, on the other hand, had undertaken the support of the prisoners' appeal, and all the power of his wonderful eloquence was exerted for them before the august tribunal.

First came on the causes of several newspaper editors, and the Journal du Commerce, the Messager



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> "Doth oft attain
> To something of prophetic strain."

"Foolish and mistaken rulers, who imagine because they triumph for a little day, that their moments are not yet numbered! Again and again the voice of the people, which is the voice of God, shall echo through the land, and the greater the number of victims which are left to rot and fester on the ground of Paris, the richer will be the soil for the ultimate production of that glorious harvest which shall wave with the ripened fruit of liberty! Resistance, forsooth! Yes! again and again that truth shall be thundered through the earth, divine as when it came first of the lips of your eloquent but half-converted Burke, that the right of resistance is a doctrine which it behoves kings never to forget, and the people often to remember:—often!—it behoves them *ever* to remember it! Instruction is gone abroad among all lands: knowledge wafts power on his pinions, which he is waving o'er the newly-wakened world. It is what one of our great writers has called the plénitude du mérite du tiers état:—it is this which renders it impossible for kings to play their cheating, swindling, tricking game

much longer. Oh! that I could live a little while, —but a few, a very few years more, to behold my visions realized, and the reign of liberty, the golden age, revived upon the earth: that it were in my destiny to see the gathering tempest burst with desolation in its train upon the thrones of the mighty ones: that I might for a while sit in that whirlwind and direct that storm! But this is not reserved for me: I am weak and faint;—yet the people need no guidance; they are awake and strong; they have been taught; and if they commit crimes in their awakening into freedom, it is because they have not been taught more. The giant of Israel for a time may be the laughing-stock of his coward tormentors, because they have put out his eyes; but if once he grope about and bow himself upon the pillars of the temple, then woe unto the Philistines that made a mockery of him in his blindness, and compelled him to grind in their mill! Where is now all the pomp and pride of the haughty chivalry of France? Where is the boast of the Bourbons, and the loud note of defiance sung so lately by a dynasty of eight hundred years? Gone, like the lighthouse on the deep, which its architect vainly imagined should endure for ever, and challenged, in his self-conceit, the winds and

waves to do their worst upon his mighty fabric. The night descended and the tempest came, and when the morning dawned upon the world, nothing was seen upon that spot but the white curling foam of the receding billows—nothing heard but the far-off shriek of the wild seamew. Oh! Turgot! oh! Condorcet! glorious instances of the energy of philosophical enthusiasm; mighty possessors of an intellectual heroism, unrivalled in its boldness, and boundless in its scope! as your humblest disciple I bow my head with submission to my fate, but the races that come after me shall see the fulfilment of your dazzling hopes! Yes, man is yet perfectible. Man, made in God's own image, shall be as God himself. Illimitable improvement shall advance with beautiful feet, bearing good tidings to all living things; vice shall cease, and suffering shall be no more; truth shall bud out of the earth, and righteousness look down from Heaven; the disproportions of civil communities shall have an end; noble and heroic friendship shall assert its heavenly reign; and then ——" but nature was faint within him, and he could no more. Just as he had uttered these words, however, the door of his apartment opened, and a shout of joy was heard

beneath his windows, in the street, and upon the staircase.

Attended by a few of his chosen republican friends, Sansargent entered, and approached the bed; for, on the afternoon of the 29th instant, the decision of the Court of Cassation had been proclaimed to delighted Paris, and all the prisoners had been acquitted. Released from his chains by what he considered little less than a miracle, Sansargent had hastened from his prison to his friend, and rushing up to the side of his bed, flung himself into his arms. A smile lightened over the dying man's features, as he was made to comprehend the acquittal of his friend and the triumph of the republican cause. He pressed affectionately the hand of his late comrade, and retaining that of Lord Fletcher in his grasp, on the other side, as long as nature permitted, he gradually sunk back on his pillow, and slowly relaxed the pressure of his damp and bony fingers. His friends spoke not:—the shout of joy was succeeded by an awful silence, for death was among them. Once more the young enthusiast spoke:—"I die in the faith of Manuel, Benjamin Constant, and liberty." These were his latest words, and as he languidly

breathed those faltering accents out, he closed his eyes, as if in sleep;—death looked amiable mirrored in his pale but happy face; and the stern Sansargent, as he gazed on him, wept like an orphan child. On dressing the corpse the ivory miniature of the Comtesse de Hauteville was found on the dead man's bosom.

CHAPTER VI.

But it is time to return once more to the proper object of our narrative, the history and fortunes of our hero and, as we hope, our interesting heroine. We have said that Richard Bazancourt had visited Fontainebleau, and that on his return from that place he had waited but one day in his passage through Paris. Ever amiable and bent upon doing good to his fellow-creatures, he had considered himself fortunate on this occasion, and in some measure repaid for the trouble and tedium of his journey, by the number of opportunities which had presented themselves of benefitting those who required his assistance. His very first arrival in the French capital had been signalized by the deliverance of his brother from his arrest, a work which would certainly have been less easy to accomplish, had not his timely presence afforded the ready means of

effecting it. On his old acquaintance, Bob Tracy, he had also conferred such solid and useful assistance as might have at once relieved him from all the more pressing of his difficulties, if Bob had had sufficient resolution to tear himself away at once from the scene of his ruin.

But it was at Fontainebleau that his success had been most gratifying to his own feelings; for it affected the fate of her who alone outweighed every other thought or claim which found place in his bosom. At that place, he had sought and found an interview with the mysterious old lady, who had first of all been instrumental in rescuing Jeannette Isabelle from the custody of her barbarous husband. Still unacquainted with her real name or rank, for even at Fontainebleau she appeared to maintain a strict incognito, he had obtained access to her by means of an address which she had communicated to our heroine. Nothing could exceed the graciousness of her manner, or the readiness with which she acceded to Bazancourt's proposal that an immediate asylum should be prepared for Jeannette Isabelle, under her superintending eye, at Fontainebleau. There was something so amiable and so interesting in this quiet and unobtrusive person, who seemed

to live upon actions of benevolence and the practice of that Gospel which was ever in her mouth, that no one could help loving her.

Fontainebleau itself is a beautiful spot. The huge forest with which it is surrounded, gives a savage and picturesque effect to the scenery, interspersed as it is with enormous masses of rock which look like cliffs of the sea, and even Salvator Rosa might have studied here with advantage. The town itself is possessed of one property, which, although a less poetical, is not a less useful feature than the forest; it is built upon a stratum of stone so porous that the streets are constantly dry, and however severe the rain which may have fallen in the night, it is all completely absorbed within a few minutes after the ceasing of the storm, and you may walk throughout Fontainebleau the next morning and scarcely be aware that any water has fallen.

A small but well-built stone house, which was the habitation of the ancient lady herself, was offered to Bazancourt to be shared with her by Jeannette Isabelle; and Bazancourt himself, seeing for the time no more advisable arrangement, aware that he could not now as formerly continue to be the daily visitor of our heroine, and prepossessed

not a little by the goodness of heart displayed by the inhabitant of the house, accepted thankfully her offer, and, bidding adieu to Fontainebleau, hastened his return to England, in order to bring back with him the two objects which were as dear to him as a wife and child.

Few hearts are so susceptible of the passion of love—we should rather, perhaps, say retentive of it to the same excess—as that of Richard Bazancourt. By his affection for Isabelle his whole character had been changed. It had worked a revolution in his nature. He had passed, on a sudden, from the boy to the man; from the light-hearted levity of the one to the serious solidity of the other. Whatever might be the future fate of his passion, his whole life and being was to receive its impress from it. The hue of his existence was to take its colouring of joy or sorrow from no other source. There was a melancholy even now observable in his manner; for, however he might be happy in his love, in loving, and in being loved, he felt that his position, as well as hers, was false; that so long as society is constituted as it is at present, a shade and a cloud must hang over those who dare to differ from its rules. Not a little, too, was he moved to sadness



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tions, she, without whom any sort of existence appeared devoid of happiness, must be eternally condemned to suffering, and punishment, and agony. He had striven in vain to lift her mind to participate with his own the hope of a future state of joy immortal, to be shared together in some happier world; and yet, if she could not believe this, the dreadful alternative flashed upon his mind that she must be miserable for ever and ever. He revolved in his own bosom, various means by which he might be able to awaken her to a sense of her danger, and to convert her to safer and more religious views. Throughout his journey home this image haunted his ideas; he reflected only on the possibility of bringing home his lost lamb into the fold.

It was night when he arrived at Stonesfield; and, unwilling to disturb her repose at such an hour, he deposited his luggage in the little inn, and sallying forth in the moonlight, continued pacing up and down before the door of her peaceful dwelling till the pink streaky light of morning was visible in the glowing east. He breathed prayers enough to weary the ear of heaven. He felt wild with the excitement of feeling which he experienced within him. So fond, so true, so ardent, he even advanced on

tiptoe to the threshold, and imprinted a warm and passionate kiss upon the door-post; for there within dwelt his own beloved—there was harboured the vessel in which his all was freighted—there was garnered the rich treasure of his heart—there was sleeping, in her pride of beauty, the fairest woman of God's creation, or of man's love. Shield her, good angels! guard her, gentle sylphs! bring her glad visions, ye attendant spirits! seal her eyes in slumber tranquilly, soft-gliding star-beams!

That night Richard Bazancourt slept not at all. It is needless for us to describe—it is impossible for us to describe faithfully—the meeting which ensued; love is too holy, too beautiful, too impalpable to be painted.

We have not recorded the history of our heroine during the absence of Bazancourt, because it was unvaried by events, and undiversified in its circumstances. She had passed her time in one sweet dream of desire, one longing anticipation of his return; and haply, while he was pacing anxiously that night beneath her windows, she was weaving visions in her sleep, of which he formed ever the leading character and the inspiring charm. Happy even yet in their fullness of affection, they had not,

up to this period, attained to that desart and dreary waste of the barren heart, which is consequent upon such excess of love! The time was not yet come, when tears were to wash out the crime they were committing, in having loved, "not wisely, but too well!"

It may seem strange to our readers, that we have described Bazancourt as a sincere and believing Christian, and yet that we should represent him as engaged in a connexion like the present, which must be reprobated by all good Christians, as it is provided against by the regulations of all Christian sects. It may be remarked, as still more objectionable, that we should portray this young man, who certainly was deeply imbued with the principles of piety, as nourishing in his heart the seeds of an almost demoniac revenge against Lord Clanelly. Gentle readers! ask yourselves once more—is there anything contrary to human nature in this? Should we not have been much more to blame in our capacity of artists, if we had endowed our hero with universal and incompatible virtues, made him at once energetic and meek, firm and submissive, tender yet constant, sensitive yet unbeguiled?—We do not justify what we undertake to describe: we humbly

attempt to draw a natural character, but we are by no means responsible for the defects which nature may have imparted to her handiworks. The greater the errors a man commits, the greater, surely, is the individual necessity that he must feel in his own mind of a Redeemer; and, although Christians are not more free to commit crimes than other men, the conviction that they cannot help being criminals, must confirm them considerably in their faith as Christians.

It was one of Bazancourt's own replies to Isabelle, when she had one day quoted the celebrated couplet of Pope:

> "For modes of faith let jarring bigots fight!
> He can't be wrong whose life is in the right."

"This is very true, my Isabelle, for those who can strictly say that their life *is* in the right; but where, in this boasted maxim, is the consolation for the sinner whose life is in the wrong?—and are we not all sinners?"

Bazancourt was a professing member of the Church of England, but he had too enlarged a mind to enter with animosity into any of the much agitated divisions between different sects of Christians.



That the little Florence had been christened a Catholic did not trouble his mind for a moment: to him a Catholic was as good as a Protestant, and an English Protestant no better than a German Calvinist. He was wont to quote that delightfully satirical exclamation of an old gentleman in Otway to his son:—"Here's an atheistical rogue! thinks he has religion enough, if he can but call himself a Christian!"—But between revelation and no revelation, the question was awfully different in its aspect; and since the fatal discovery of his Jeannette's views on this subject, he could scarcely look into her face without a mixture of some feeling of pain.

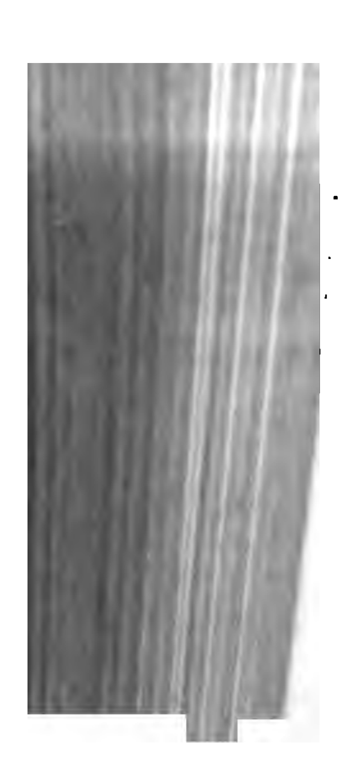
"Well, darling," said she, as arrayed in one of the prettiest morning caps in the world, she ran forward to announce to our hero that breakfast was awaiting him, "I am so glad you are returned! I have been tormenting myself with the most dreadful apprehensions, and groundless, I trust, as dreadful, for us both since you left me. I have pictured to myself, with woman's characteristic timidity, the thousand and one accidents you must have met with, the hair-breadth 'scapes you must have experienced, the battles you have fought with wandering pala-

dins; and jealousy has, perhaps, whispered the damsels which you have delivered, as a true knight errant, from their ruthless arms. You see, dearest, I have never forgotten you: you have not once been out of my mind. Fugge il tempo; ma la memoria resta."

"Isabelle, my own, my beloved Isabelle!" replied Bazancourt, taking affectionately her hand; "truly grateful am I to return, and find you here in safety. I, too, have suffered much during my absence on your account: I have fancied that I had done wrong, in leaving you exposed to the chance visits of your worst enemies; but I knew your courage, and I pictured to myself, if any invaders came, how you would repulse them, by discharging a brace of horse-pistols which I left here, from the window. Joking apart, I am seriously rejoiced that your husband has found no means of molesting you here. From what I heard yesterday in London, I have reason to think he has again left the kingdom, and is on his way to Italy. At any rate, as my residence is now to be for some time to come in France, I trust the knowledge of his being on the continent will not alter your resolution of going to Fontainebleau; for, I assure you, it is the very place of all

others, after this, which I would choose for your residence."

"Whither you go, my beloved," answered our heroine, "thither I will go also. If your path is to France, in France only can I hope to find repose; but trust not too much, I forewarn you, to my physical courage. Moral courage I may have, and I believe I do possess it to a higher degree than most other people; but physical courage is a totally different qualification, and one with which but few poor women are endowed. At the same time moral courage is of the higher order of the two. The celebrated Madame de la Roche-Jaquelin has attained her immortal renown entirely by her moral courage; for, although a number of anecdotes are related of her, which shew her to have possessed physical courage also to a great degree, she herself denies it; and she said to a friend of mine, 'Quelle différence de moi à Catan, cette paysanne Vendéenne, qui défendait sa maison, la hâche à la main, et qui immolait tous ceux, qui osaiant franchir le seuil de sa porte!'—Dearest, should my husband ever—mark my words—should he ever discover where I am, so great is my dread of him, that I should die or go mad that very instant. I trust this will never be;—but again I repeat it, I should die!"



...eparture
and, without
Dover, on the



CHAPTER VII.

There is in nature a being, which occupies the extremest verge between animate and inanimate existence, to which the name of "monas terminus" has been given, as an appropriate appellation for that which has neither motion, nor visible organization, nor perceptible senses. How often had Jeannette Isabelle envied the lot of this motionless, senseless creature! How often had she wished that she, too, had been born without any feelings to agitate, any reflections to distract her—without the jealousies, the angers, the bitter griefs, and even the tumultuous joys of human existence! Her delicate frame was so frail and so feeble, that strong emotion seemed to tear her to pieces: she appeared convulsed with feelings, which to others would have produced no such violent shock. She sighed only for repose. The attachment which she had formed for Bazancourt

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had been to her like a pleasant dream: it had come upon her like an agreeable interlude in the drama of life; she had embarked in it with all her heart and soul, and, so far as the return of affection which she experienced could go, she had not been disappointed; but to her, there was ever a gnawing, rankling, unceasing cause of disquiet and apprehension in the background. She dreaded her husband even more than she loved Bazancourt: she had never forgotten that she had received blows from her husband's hand; and that he had starved her, imprisoned her, and insulted her. The risk of falling into his hands seemed to her more dreadful than any other possible affliction; and if she appeared absent and abstracted to Richard Bazancourt, on their journey from Stonesfield, it was partly that she was regretting the vine-mantled cottage, with its fragrant jasmine, and its bowering roses, and still more, that she was shrinking from an encounter with her husband on the road, such as had already once caused her so much terror on her previous journey from Woodstock.

The day was bright, and the breeze was favourable on the morning, when, leaving Wright's Hôtel, at Dover, our heroine embarked on board the packet, for the purpose of returning to France with Richard

Bazancourt. The beams of the sun glanced on the ripple of the waves, and the scene was gay and exhilarating. The countenances of all the passengers were merry and happy, pleased at the prospect of so favourable a passage, and many of them, haply, starting for a tour of pleasure on the continent; but Jeannette Isabelle entered the boat with a presentiment of evil: she had first set foot in England with no happy auguries, and she quitted it with darker forebodings still. She looked timidly round her, as she stepped on to the deck, narrowly scrutinizing the face of each person near her, to ascertain if there were any one that she knew.

It is a dreadful position for a woman to be placed in, when even a journey or a voyage cannot be undertaken without a feeling of shame, and the fear of being seen. Yet Bazancourt's presence, and the relative position in which he stood to her, was so inexplicable, save in one way, so incapable of all construction but a guilty one, that she shrunk into herself with fear. It was now that the whole extent of the step she had taken, in connecting herself with our hero, became, for the first time fully evident to herself.

Whilst she had been confined to her solitary

cottage in a retired village, where no eyes, save those of the respectful peasantry, encountered her, she had not been so deeply aware, as she now suddenly became, of the shame, if not sin, of her position. As to the sin, independently of her own peculiar and philosophical notions on this subject, the almost universal practice of her own country, in the adoption of cavalieri serventi, would have been sufficient to prevent her looking upon it intrinsically in the same light as it would be regarded in this country; but although she viewed the criminality of her position less severely, her acquaintance with the manners and customs of the English did not allow her to feel indifference towards its shame: as the wife of an Englishman, especially, she was virtually bound to an observance of English customs, habits, and even prejudices: and this it was that made her tremble, as she stepped down the ladder into the crowded packet-boat.

It was probably from this circumstance, of his being now, for the first time, connected with the feeling of shame in her mind, that our hero fancied ever afterwards that there was something of distance, some slight and scarcely perceptible shade of coldness, and of incipient estrangement traceable in the



manner of our heroine, on this occasion, towards him. It was, as we have said, scarcely perceptible; but lovers' eyes are awake to the slightest changes: nothing can escape them. This is surely conceivable. Up to to-day he had been associated in her mind only with pleasing ideas—with the thoughts of love and of protection; and it is very probable, that when the feeling of shame came upon her now, for the first time in her life, and she felt that it was owing to his presence, some sort of irritability might have become visible in her manner. The very nervousness produced by the unusual excitement of the voyage, might have caused this irritation; the sight of so many people, and the consequent embarrassment of her manner, might have increased the appearance even beyond the reality; and the sensitiveness of Bazancourt might have construed as serious what was in itself casual, momentary, and accidental; but true it is, that for the first time since they had known each other, something like asperity was traceable in the manner of Isabelle towards her lover. The conversation on that eventful night, when he had first discovered her religious creed, had startled him; and there had been tones in her voice, which had appeared, even then, to his ear harsh and un-

musical—such as man does not love to hear in woman;—but no—not till this moment had there been anything like asperity, personal asperity, towards himself—nothing like peevishness, or pettishness, or frowardness—and Bazancourt did not understand it.

It was but for a moment:—for Isabelle adored him still as a god; but yet—it *was* there for a moment!—and these moments are sent to us, to remind us that the best are not perfect; to teach us, that in all the sweets of life there is a bitter; that coiled round all its flowers there is a serpent; that

——"medio de fonte leporum
Surgit amari aliquid, quod in ipsis floribus angat."

Little Florence was sitting on her nurse's lap, looking up with laughing eyes to the sailors, who were setting the sail of the vessel, and babbling the thousand pretty nonsenses which children lisp; Richard Bazancourt took her in his arms, and without making any remark on the manner which he had observed in his Isabelle, placed the infant in silence on its mother's knees. Jeannette Isabelle caressed her child, and the soft unutterable look which she cast on Bazancourt, seemed to say that

she had understood his meaning, that she confessed that something more than himself had been necessary to make her cheerful. She felt the tacit reproof: and the imploring look for forgiveness, the soul-speaking eloquence which she threw into her eyes, as she gazed up into Bazancourt's face, said volumes of reconciliation.

It is, in fact, a circumstance which redounds to Isabelle's praise, that she did feel this sensation of shame in entering a crowd of people in company with, and, as it were, under the protection of, our hero. How many gay, laughing women are there, even, in society, whose characters are worthless as their hearts are light, and who would have embarked on this voyage, if thrown into similar circumstances, with a boldness which could arise only from levity, and an outward callousness, betraying too evidently, insensibility within! The little Florence laughed again in her mother's lap, and our heroine, willing to start some topic which should be interesting to Bazancourt in common with herself, and to relieve the unpleasant impression which she saw was still left upon his mind, said, "Dearest, what is the boon which you would ask for our darling, if a fairy were to appear suddenly before us,

as they used to do of old, and offer to grant any wish which you might make for her? Myself, I would choose neither beauty, nor riches, nor rank, nor genius, nor power—but I would pray that my Florence might be endowed with what the Scotch call, if I mistake not, 'sweet blood;' that is to say, the habit of taking every thing for the best—the gentle, amiable nature, which looks upon all things with benevolence—the disposition which has no rancour, the kind-heartedness which knows no evil."

"This would be a good wish," replied Bazancourt, "if we were all to be endowed with it alike, or if little Florence's life were to be passed in the Millennium; but in this world I would not ask it; for it is but a little while that such a temper can endure. Such persons, my Isabelle, come into life with the kindest intentions, and the most glowing feelings of philanthropy; and in a short time the bitter experience that they reap turns all the sweet blood sour: the milk is acidulated; the honey turns to gall; till in a few short years, the very individuals who loved their fellow-men better than the rest, learn to curl the lip in disappointment, and to sneer in despair—and they are misnamed misanthropes, because they do not find the

same kind feeling in others ready to respond to their own."

"There is good sense in your remark," answered Isabelle, "and yet what endowment would you rather choose to pray for? The curse of what are ordinarily called blessings I have felt fatally myself. I was nobly born; I had wealth; men have praised my talent, and *you* have told me I had beauty: yet happiness was never yet mine; and you are the only person who have taught me that my nature is susceptible of it. With thee I might have been happy, dearest; but—we will not envisage any thing so dreary as the future."

Bazancourt replied with an earnestness which showed that he spoke from an inward conviction of what he said, "I would wish, my Isabelle, that a child of mine might be endowed with a love of truth, as the best boon to man! Amid this world of dissimulation and hypocrisy, in the midst of this scene in which an inspired writer said in his heart, that 'all men are liars,' one single drop of sincerity or honesty outweighs, in my estimation, every other endowment. Give me the man, who, with the ancient poet,

'Will hate the villain as the gates of hell,
Who thinks one thing, and can another tell,'

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and I will offer him my hand, my heart, my fortune, and my friendship, and go through fire and death itself to serve him."

"I fear," said Isabelle, looking archly in Bazancourt's face, as was her wont, whenever she played the sophist to amuse herself, "I fear your favourite Homer would be very unfashionable, if he came now-a-days to live amongst us in the world, with such sentiments as those; and above all, it would be very unmannerly in him to force such doctrines on us poor women, who hold the privilege of telling untruths to be one of the great articles of our sex's charter. Coleridge, you know, asserts somewhere that all women are naturally liars."

"He is right," replied Bazancourt again, taking up the light tone which our heroine had succeeded in imparting to the somewhat serious conversation; "at Paris I saw, the other day, a piece which they are playing at the Vaudevilles, entitled, 'L'Habit ne fait pas la moine," in which about a dozen young nuns come in one after the other to their father confessor:—'J'ai menti,' says the first—'J'ai menti,' says the second—'J'ai menti,' says the third—till at last there is not one left who does not confess that she has told untruths."

"Oh! at Paris it is allowable," replied our

heroine, "to tell as many stories as you please. Lies float there in the atmosphere. You inhale them, and breathe them forth again, as habitually as a diplomate. The street is paved with them. The houses are built of them. Little children eat them in their cradles, and grown-up people digest them at the table d'hôtes."

"A friend of mine," said Bazancourt, "got into such a habit of lying, when he was a boy, that at last he never was known to speak the truth at all. He was a midshipman in the navy, and on one occasion was the only person saved out of a crew of sixty persons in the wreck of a vessel in which he sailed. He wrote home immediately to his mother, to inform her of his safety; but his mother, who was an Irishwoman, and sometimes committed a bull by mistake, went round to all her acquaintance with her son's letter in his own hand-writing, exclaiming, 'Oh! my poor Charley! he must be drowned, for he writes to say that he is come safe to shore, and he never spoke a word of truth in his life yet.'"

"But some lies may be told without a breach of the truth," said Isabelle, who loved to quibble, when she was talking with Bazancourt. "I fully

agree with you, that loyalty and sincerity are the most valuable endowments of the human character; but there are many cases, as, for instance, in saying that you are not at home, when you prefer an entertaining book to a stupid morning-caller; where, although the words strictly express what is contrary to fact, the conventional meaning of them is generally received in the sense which they are intended to convey."

"This," replied our hero, "is worthy of the age when divines and logicians amused themselves with such questions as the following:—'If I say I lie, do I lie, or speak the truth? If I speak the truth I lie, and if I lie I speak the truth.' The fact is, that the intention to deceive in order to promote some evil end, constitutes the real criminality of lying. Certain it is, that the truth is not to be spoken at all times; and it is a curious speculation, how far lying, from amiable motives, may be justifiable. Again, embellishing a good story in conversation cannot be accounted criminal, or else Walter Scott, who only did the same thing by history in books, would be the greatest liar of the age, instead of the most entertaining novelist. In general, the greatest cowards are the worst liars.

I never told a lie yet, because I never yet felt fear. The devil, who is the father of lies, must be the father of cowardice also; and directly a son of mine told me a lie, I should know that he was a coward. I never told a lie yet to any one."

"What! never to a woman?" asked Isabelle. Our hero smiled; and, looking up, he perceived the harbour of Calais straight ahead of them. The passage had been quick and easy, and merriment was again visible on all faces. The cordage rattled, the steam was let off, the vessel was hauled to, and Jeannette Isabelle soon found herself once more a denizen of France, and on her road, by the side of Richard Bazancourt, to Fontainebleau.



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he gives of his first call on Lord Castlereagh. In the apartment into which he was shown to await the minister's presence, he found two grim-looking bull-dogs, couched comfortably on the rug before the fire; and though Canning's reception, which he afterwards describes, and his complimentary allusion to the rhododendron, as a native of America, is more characteristic of the man, it cannot be denied that the scene at the Tory secretary's fireside was more characteristic of the nation.

We do not mean in hazarding the above remarks, to be mistaken for the patrons of the combat des animaux, nor would we appear, because we are fond of bull-dogs, to stand up like Wyndham as the advocate either of fighting dogs or fighting men.

There is much truth in the satire of Ségur, where he says "pour éviter l'ennui, les Anglais font battre des coqs à mort, et paient très cher les boxeurs, qui se tuent;" and there is still more point in his irony when he says that the English, notwithstanding, are the people who of all others cry out loudest against the cruelty of a Spanish bull-fight, or the barbarous display of a Roman amphitheatre of gladiators. In England there must be cant in every thing; even a dog-fight could not go on without it; but then there

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is a kindness in our very cruelty, and a luxury even in our tortures. No dog is petted so tenderly or fed so well as the one which is to be tossed to-morrow on the horns of a bull; no cock is so highly pampered or so proudly arrayed with polished spurs, as the one which is to be lacerated and probably killed in the cock-pit: no bull is so bedecked with ribbands, and ornamented with garlands, as that which is to be chained to a ring, and galled and gored till he bellows with agony. We seem to have taken a hint out of Isaak Walton's book, who, in giving instructions to his pupils how to put a worm upon the hook, tells them "to take him tenderly, as though they loved him."

Lord Clanelly had, as we have said, a great many bad points in his character: we shall not surely be thought too lenient to him in bearing the faint testimony to his praise that he had loved his dogs. It was one of our old friend, Fanny Bazancourt's last good sayings, when some one had ventured to pity Lord Clanelly on account of his solitary wandering life, and his unpopularity in society, and had remarked in the phrase of the poet, that "his soul was like a star, and dwelt apart," that she was sure it could be no other than the dog-star.

Setting Lady Fanny's witticism on one side, we cannot contemplate any one, shewing humanity and affection to the brute creation, and pouring out upon a dumb animal that fund of tender feelings which might haply have been better bestowed elsewhere, had not the heart been soured, and the kindness embittered by some secret reason which we know not of; —we cannot, I say, contemplate such a person, without feeling for him both a degree of curiosity and of respect: of curiosity to know why the human race has been abandoned in his friendships for the society of less ungrateful objects of his benevolence; to know what plighted vows had been broken; what lavished devotion had been unappreciated or unreturned; what unhappy passion had arrested and thus turned aside from its proper channel the gushing floods of his young heart's tenderness; and of respect, because there is still so much of goodness left,—still so much of amiable feeling spared even in the shattered ruin of a broken heart, that some vent is still necessary to give scope to its operation, and to allow room for the ebullitions of natural humanity. Our thoughts revert to the venerable Jeremy Bentham and his pussies, and the superfluous attention which he shewed to the kittens, in having a small hole cut

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for them to run through, in all the doors of his house, besides a large one for the cats; and we cannot help loving the wilful doting of the good old man. In all other respects except this affectionate treatment of Tartar and Griffin, Lord Clanelly's character had deteriorated instead of improving, since we last had occasion to advert to him. He had grown more selfish, more careless of the happiness of others, more studiously attentive to the promotion of his own. Happiness, however, was not likely to flourish in such a soil, and every day that he continued to live, instead of growing happier, he became only more miserable and discontented. This must ever be the case with a man so utterly unprincipled, in every sense of the word, as Lord Clanelly. He had so bad an opinion of all mankind, both of women and men, that it was impossible to entertain a worse; and it may be laid down as a rule, that no man has a bad opinion of his fellows who is not a bad man himself. Lord Clanelly's principles were of such a nature, that he never hesitated at the commission of any villany, or breach of trust, or even honour, which he thought might be risked without an open exposure. If he were left alone in a room where there were private writings and confidential papers, Lord Clanelly would never have

forgiven himself, if he had omitted to read them. A letter which he had been asked to deliver in Paris, and which had been committed to him unsealed in London, he read through from beginning to end before his carriage had got further than Dartford. Lord Arthur Mullingham used to tell a story of his having met him at a party in town, in which a game of écarté, for very high stakes, was being waged between two very noted players. Lord Arthur could not help perceiving that a particular friend of one of the players had stationed himself behind the chair of his adversary, and was telegraphing with his fingers to his confederate the cards which were in his opponent's hand. This behaviour appeared so gross to Mullingham, that he thought it no less than his duty to give intimation to those who had bet upon the other side of what was going on. This coming to the knowledge of Lord Clanelly, he approached Mullingham, and said—

"Why, what a slow fellow you were, Mullingham, to mention the circumstance, when you found out that this person had a telegraphic assistance in the game!"

"A slow fellow!" retorted Mullingham; "why, what would you have done?"

"Bet upon him," said Clanelly; and, had he been in Mullingham's place, he would doubtless have been as good as his word, to the amount of a few thousands.

We have alluded elsewhere to a connexion which Lord Clanelly had maintained, even during the period of his marriage, with another woman. This lady having one day received a fifty pounds bank bill, inclosed in a letter containing the most insulting proposals, she instantly returned both the letter and the money, under another envelope, to the writer, with every expression of indignation, and reported the circumstance, some time afterwards, to Clanelly himself.

"Good gracious! how foolish of you!" exclaimed Clanelly, from whom she had expected, on the contrary, high terms of encomium upon her conduct.

"Why, what ought I to have done, my dear Clanelly?" said the disappointed danseuse.

"You were perfectly right in returning him his letter," said the earl; "but you might as well have bought yourself some diamonds with the fifty pounds!"

All these anecdotes, however, and we might enumerate many of them, do not make it a bit more

impossible that Lord Clanelly should have been fond of his dogs. The sanguinary Couthon, the confederate of Robespierre, at the time when he was cutting off the heads of his fellow men by hundreds, used to shed tears of affection over his favourite spaniel; and even on the day when the National Convention pronounced their final doom upon himself, Robespierre, St. Just, and Le Bas, he rose to speak in his own defence, still hugging the pet animal, which he always carried in his bosom, to vent upon it his overflowing sensibility.

With respect to Lord Furstenroy's family, the feelings which Lord Clanelly entertained towards them were by no means moderated or equivocal in their nature. He was aware that he had been spoken of by all the members of that family in depreciatory and disparaging terms; and the consciousness that he had deserved it, did not at all more reconcile him to the fact. The difficulty he felt in mixing in general society, for fear he should be thrown unexpectedly into the presence of old Lord Furstenroy himself, or of the Countess de Carbonelle, his daughter, to whom he had so basely broken his plighted engagement, annoyed and provoked him: he attributed, in part, the actual estrangement of his own wife, to

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her having discovered his previous ill conduct towards Lady Emily Bazancourt; and he knew not how this knowledge could ever have reached her, except through the unguarded manner in which the subject had been pretty generally talked about by the family itself in mixed society, and in places of public resort. Hence Lord Clanelly nourished in his mind a hatred of all the Furstenroy party, scarcely less deadly or less implacable than that entertained by Richard Bazancourt towards himself. It was, however, remarkable, that excepting the single rencontre at Landraven House, from which he had instantly retreated, he had never yet met face to face any one member of that family since the breaking off of the marriage engagement. He was naturally not particularly anxious to accelerate such meeting.

It was one evening, within a very short period after young Boivin's death, that Lord Fletcher, who had been to arrange that young man's papers, and look over some of the manuscripts which he had left in his lodging in the Rue St. Denis, was returning home along the Boulevards, still musing on some of the transcendental schemes of government, and plans for Utopian republics, which he had been perusing. His

brother, Richard Bazancourt, had passed through Paris only the preceding evening en route to Fontainebleau ; but, as he had not stayed in Paris longer than for the purpose of changing horses, and was not anxious to display the hoarded treasure of his Isabelle's beauty, even to his brother's eyes, Lord Fletcher was ignorant even of the fact of his having passed through, and imagined him to be still in England whither he knew that he had but lately returned.

It was past nine in the evening, and beginning to be dusk, when in proceeding along this distant part of the Boulevards, Lord Fletcher's ear was startled by the shrieks of an old woman near him; and at the same time distinguished clearly the growling of a dog, and the well-known syllables of "Sacrés chiens d'Anglais"—which appeared now to be more literally applied than usual by the easily recognizable voice of poor old Madame Boivin.

Fletcher, who happened to carry in his hand a huge knobbed stick, and who was indignant at any violence being offered, even accidentally, to the mother of his late friend, ran quickly to the spot, and beneath a lamp, he discovered the unfortunate old lady, still struggling with the thick-headed and ferocious animal, which had sprung upon her as she

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was walking quietly along, and still hung to her thigh, glaring round him with his savage eyes so fiercely that no one dared approach, and snarling threats of vengeance on whoever should venture to touch his brindled sides. His large, broad forehead, and the lankness of his greyhound tail, betrayed at once that it was an English bull-dog. Lord Fletcher raised his walking-stick, which happened to be charged with lead at the knob end; and wielding it with all his force round his head, struck the animal upon the left side, just in the region of the heart: several of his ribs broke, and the vessels of the heart probably burst beneath the blow; as he instantly relaxed his hold, and staggering back, fell dead upon the pavement. An English groom coming up, threatened Fletcher audibly with the vengeance of his master; but Fletcher paying no attention, and occupied with the old lady, hurried her, still screaming and swearing, into a fiacre, and left poor Griffin dead upon the pavement.

CHAPTER IX.

The following morning, about eleven o'clock, Lord Fletcher was sitting in his own apartments;—the breakfast was still upon the table. He was attired in deep mourning, which he had assumed ever since the death of poor Louis Boivin, out of the deep respect which he felt for his unhappy memory. His thoughts were wandering occasionally to the strange event of last night, from the occupation with which he was apparently engaged at the table. Spread before him, on his desk, were one or two essays on musical subjects, which he had some idea of preparing for the press. There was a dissertation on Rousseau's plan for a new notation and general reform of music: there was another treatise, in which he undertook to prove that all the great composers had taken their finest subjects from common popular melodies. He had proved that Bishop's "Come, love, to me," was iden-

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tical with a slow movement in one of Spohr's quartetts; that Haydn had borrowed "The heavens are telling," from "Sweet lass of Richmond Hill," and Moore's "Watchman," was an adagio version of "All round my hat." His violin and bow were lying on the table with the breakfast things, and the knobbed stick of the yesternight was deposited against one corner of the fireplace. A knock at the door was heard, and Mr. Earthstopper Brush Fivebars entered.

"Well, Fivebars, my dear fellow," exclaimed Fletcher, "if you are come for a cigar, I really don't think I have one left in the house, but I will send for some immediately."

Fivebars, however, looked serious, and appeared to hesitate as to the manner in which he should introduce the subject of his visit.

"I am not come," he replied, "Lord Fletcher, this morning, I am sorry to say, with any such agreeable object. I fear the message I have been requested to deliver to you, will cause you some trouble and some little uneasiness, but I have no doubt that the whole business can be arranged amicably. You are aware of the circumstances to which I allude?"

Lord Fletcher professed his entire ignorance of the object of this strange beginning.

"Well, then," continued Fivebars, "you remember, I suppose, your having struck and killed Lord Clanelly's favourite dog, Griffin, last night?"

"Lord Clanelly's dog!" exclaimed Fletcher in surprise—"I had no idea that it was Lord Clanelly's dog; but whether it were his or any other man's, I could not have done otherwise, and if the same circumstances were to recur to-night, I should feel myself obliged to do exactly the same thing."

"This is unpromising," replied Fivebars, "but nevertheless I trust that you will reconsider the subject. It is surely not worth while to make a serious quarrel about a dog."

"I should have thought not," answered Lord Fletcher, "but will you point out to me how it is to be avoided? I have certainly no reasons for wishing to avoid a quarrel with Lord Clanelly—rather the contrary; and if he be bent upon quarrelling, I am sure I don't see how it is possible for me to help it."

"Simply by allowing me to make any sort of apology to Lord Clanelly, in your name. I don't require any writing; merely commission me to deliver any expression of regret, which you like to adopt:—allow me to say for you that you are sorry that such an accident should have occurred. It is nothing more



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Lord Fletcher, whose great fault was weakness, and who had never been distinguished by a remarkable degree of moral courage, was beginning slightly to waver in his resolution.

"Do you really think, my dear sir," said he, addressing Fivebars as a private friend and counsellor, which was of course an error, considering the position in which Fivebars was then acting towards him—"do you really think, that without in any way compromising myself, or appearing to yield anything to Lord Clanelly, I might venture to follow your advice, and make some such sort of implied apology to him; for I really was not aware at the time that the dog was his property, and your mentioning this circumstance has put the matter quite in a different light."

Just as these words were spoken, and as Fivebars with all the humble diplomatic dexterity which his clumsy efforts could command, was about to complete his triumph by closing upon this proposal, the door of Lord Fletcher's room was flung open, and George

Grainger, accompanied by the Kilkenny cat, Fitz-Waterton himself, entered the room.

"Good morning to you both," he exclaimed. "I've brought you an old Irish acquaintance, just arrived in Paris, in the true spirit of Milesian independence, without a sixpence to bless himself with, and over head and ears in love into the bargain."

"Upon my honour and credit, but you're looking very serious about something this morning, gentlemen," exclaimed Fitz-Waterton, as soon as the first greetings were over, "What's the matter now? You both look as if you were walking to your own funerals, your faces are so long, and your answers so short, this fine day."

After a little hesitation on both sides, it seemed mutually agreed between Fivebars and Lord Fletcher, that the circumstances of this affair should be laid before Grainger, as a common friend of the two: and Fivebars hoped that his friendship for Fletcher would have induced Grainger to help him out of the scrape. George Grainger, however, who was better acquainted than Fivebars with all the previous causes of hostility between Lord Fletcher's family, and that of Lord Clanelly, and who, from his intimacy with the Comtesse de Carbonelle, had

imbibed from her, in a great measure, that desire of revenge upon Clanelly, which was ever the thought uppermost in her mind, and not unfrequently even made the subject of her private discourse with him, took immediately the very opposite view of the subject:—"Mr. Fivebars," said he, without a moment's hesitation, "I am sorry that you should have committed yourself personally so far in this business, because it is impossible that it should end otherwise than in the most hostile manner. You have only to communicate with me at any hour you wish to name, and if Lord Fletcher will allow me, I shall be most happy to officiate as his second in this unfortunate affair, and will arrange time, place, and the other preliminaries, as soon as is convenient to yourself."

Fivebars still hung back, and was going to temporize again; but it was peculiarly unfortunate for him that there was an Irishman in the room—"Impossible! not a word of it!" exclaimed Fitz-Waterton, "not a word of explanation! out of the question altogether, I assure you—quite impossible, and unheard of! At five o'clock to-morrow morning to the Bois de Boulogne! On my honour and credit, a pretty sort of thing it would be to make an apology indeed!"

Lord Fletcher, seeing all chance of accommodation at an end, placed himself entirely in the hands of his friend, George Grainger. Grainger, who had, in fact, been followed by Fitz-Waterton in the street quite against his good will, and who wanted much to get rid of him, now made the business of the approaching duel an excuse to disembarrass himself of his presence.

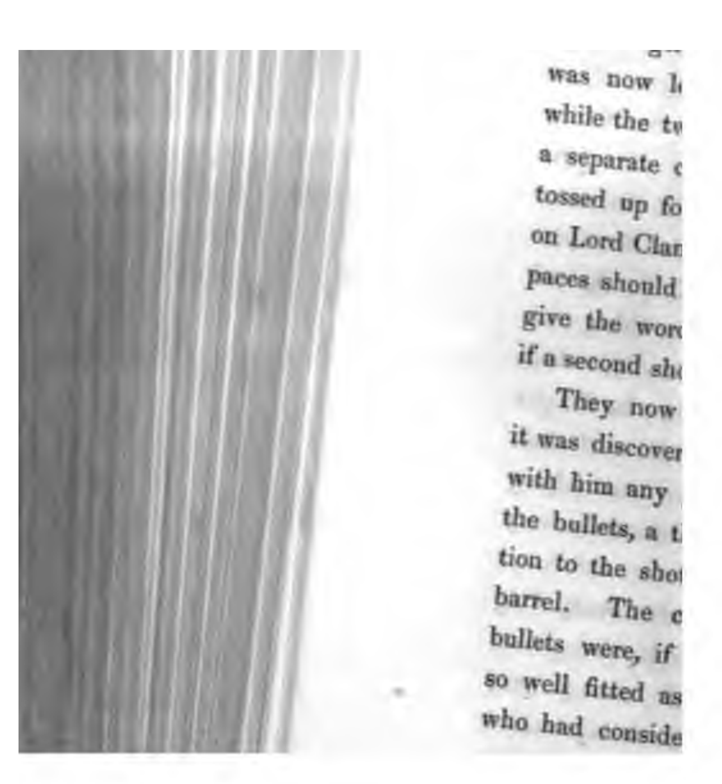
At three o'clock Fivebars called on Grainger to arrange all the necessary preliminary points. It was settled that the two carriages should wait for each other the following morning, at the barrière de l'Etoile, at five o'clock, and that the parties should then proceed together to a spot to be afterwards chosen, somewhere to the left hand side of the high road to St. Germain's.

A few minutes before the appointed hour, the carriage of Lord Fletcher, containing himself, George Grainger, and a surgeon, arrived at the Barrière, and drawing up on the road side a little beyond the archway, in order to avoid the inquisitive glances and surmises of the sentinels, awaited the arrival of Lord Clanelly and his party. Many moments had not passed, when the second equipage arrived, and George Grainger, having alighted

for a moment to communicate with Mr. Fivebars, all parties proceeded in silence to the place of Grainger's selecting; the carriage of Lord Fletcher continued to take the lead, and that of Lord Clanelly followed at a short interval behind it.

Lord Fletcher was pale, and spoke but little; but further than this he gave no sign of apprehension or nervousness: however weak his character might be, when he had to decide a point for himself, no sooner was a decision made, than he showed himself as capable of going through the thing with spirit as another man. As to Lord Clanelly, to him it was a matter of indifference whether he fought a duel or not, and he himself, Fivebars, and their medical attendant, kept on laughing and joking between the puffs of their cigars, the whole way down the road.

The morning was rather chilly, notwithstanding the time of year, and they were enveloped in their great coats and mackintoshes. It was a gray streaky sky, and one of those sort of days which depress unusually the spirits of nervous men. This, perhaps, was felt by Lord Fletcher more than by any other of the party, but he descended from the carriage with a firm step, and walked some distance



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The parties were now placed opposite each other. Lord Clanelly placed himself sideways to his opponent, so as to present the narrowest possible superficies of his body. His coat was close buttoned, and he kept his left arm close round his breast, pressing his left hand upon his right side close under the shoulder joint. Lord Fletcher, on the other hand, seemed reckless of such minor, and yet important points. His coat flapped open, thus helping to guide the eye of his adversary, by enlarging the object he aimed at; and he did not take the precaution of placing his hand and arm, as some sort of defence against the bullet, over the most vital parts. There was a moment's pause —"One—two—three—fire!" exclaimed Grainger, and both parties, having discharged their pistols, were perceived standing unharmed amidst the smoke —but the ball of Lord Clanelly had ploughed up the ground close by the feet of Fletcher. "We'll give them one more chance, and then they must be satisfied," said Grainger to Fivebars, as they drew aside to load the pistols a second time.

This time, however, the pistols were properly loaded, recourse having been had to Grainger's well-furnished case. He trembled for Fletcher, as he saw the coolness with which Clanelly took his aim. He had already seen that it was no fault of the marksman that he had missed last shot—"One—two—three—fire!" said Fivebars, and Lord Fletcher lay dead, with a bullet in his heart.

"Allons!" said Clanelly to Fivebars, "I'm damned hungry:—let's go to breakfast!"

CHAPTER X.

Thus fell in the flower of his age, by the hand of an unprincipled but successful ruffian, the amiable but too weak-minded Lord Fletcher. It was remarkable, that on the second fire he had not discharged his pistol; and, in consequence of this, a report was put in circulation by some of the enemies of Lord Clanelly, that he had fired before his time, and not a little prejudice was added to the already strong existing feeling against him on this account. He had also the bad taste to speak of his late antagonist, after his death, in terms so disparagingly, as well as so coarse, as to shock every feeling of decency, and good care was taken that these expressions should be repeated to the Bazancourt family. He was, however, one of those persons who had little to lose in the estimation of the public, neither himself nor his ill-fated opponent having

ever enjoyed to a great extent that capricious good called popularity.

Lord Fletcher's death had been instantaneous. It made just sufficient sensation in Paris to prevent one or two old ladies from pulling caps for want of something to talk about, and two or three coffee-house loungers from perishing of ennui. All the faults and follies that he had ever committed were, as usual, raked up from the memories of all the world, and recorded against him. A great many that he had never committed were added to the number, and Fitz-Waterton, with true Hibernian naïveté, remarked that "a man never knows how many friends he has till he is dead." 'Tis then that all the Cascas of society come forth, who love to stab their victims in the back. 'Tis then that long-cherished malice and secretly-indulged envy crawl out of their dark lairs, and hyæna-like maul, with foul mouths, the lately-buried tenant of the tomb. They drag him into light—they snarl, and growl, and howl over him—they tear him limb from limb—and then, glutted with their horrid meal, creep back again, grimly laughing, to their holes.

There were, however, two persons in the world who really regretted the loss of Lord Fletcher, but

from very different reasons, and with a grief expressed in very different ways.

One was the Comtesse de Hauteville—his beloved Olympe—who had very obvious and financial reasons for regretting his death. Although, since the dénouement described at the end of our second volume, Lord Fletcher had seen but little of her, and had not even visited her once, since young Boivin's fatal illness, which he considered as having been in great measure brought to such termination by the shock he had experienced in the Place du Louvre, the gallante lady continued to receive occasional presents from Fletcher; and on hearing of his death, notwithstanding her delicate situation, could not help ordering a carriage, and sallying forth to talk it over with an intimate acquaintance at the other end of the town.

We are assured by La Harpe, that on the evening when Madame de Deffand's first lover died, with whom she had lived on terms of intimacy for above twenty years, that lady came to a large party at Madame de Marchais', who naturally inquired after the invalid gentleman. Madame de Deffand replied, "Hélas ! il est mort ce soir à six heures ; sans cela vous ne me verriez pas ici !"

Such is the levity, in some instances, of Frenchwomen's love; and yet the Comtesse de Hauteville undeniably did feel for Lord Fletcher a considerable degree of partiality. There were points in his character that women generally love. The day of his funeral the countess new trimmed her best morning-cap with black satin ribband, and sitting down at her piano, played, in memory of him,—

> "Sing, sing, music was given
> To brighten the gay, and kindle the loving."

The other person, who was far more deeply affected by Lord Fletcher's death, was his sister, Lady Fanny Bazancourt. She alone of all his family had always retained for him a deep regard, a warm affection, and an indulgent partiality. She had recognised in him talents which had escaped other people. She had made allowances for his foibles, which had not been conceded to him by those who loved him less. She had as yet, unlike her sister, had no stronger passion of the heart, to eclipse and throw into the shade the tenderness which she felt for her brother, and she had, consequently, clung to his name with more than a sister's usual power of attachment.

We have dwelt so long upon the less amiable characters of our history, and so filled our pages with accounts of riot and debauchery, that we have dedicated less room than we could have wished to the simple virtues and unambitious goodness of such individuals as Lady Fanny Bazancourt.

We remember that when we were children, the stories of naughty boys and girls used to excite a much deeper interest in us than the descriptions of the good ones. We should never have learnt to read if all the stories in the spelling-book had been about good boys. In later years, even, we found the history of a Nero or Caligula's reign much more entertaining than that of a Nerva or a Trajan; and it is, perhaps, on this account that we have been induced to pay more attention, in this work, to the biographies of our wicked heroes and heroines, than to those of our virtuous characters. A Madonna by Raphael may be edifying, but a caricature of miserable sinners by Cruikshank is amusing; and although we are neither Raphaels nor Cruikshanks, amusement rather than instruction has been our object. If we have pursued wrong means for the attainment of this end, we are glad that the taste of the public is so virtuous, and we bow to its decision.

But the person who was most of all affected by Lord Fletcher's untimely death—not in the way of grief but of anger—was the Comtesse de Carbonnelle. With grief, of course, she was deeply afflicted also; but that her brother should have been killed by the hand of Clanelly made her furious with indignation. She cast up her eyes to the skies, and asked with Othello—

"Are there no bolts in heaven?"

"Is this man always," she exclaimed, "to wander over the earth, insulting whom he will with impunity, laughing at the ties and the laws that bind ordinary men, profaning everything that is sacred, trampling on everything that is good? Am I never to see the hour when his head shall be laid low in the dust, when his pride shall have a fall, when he shall be made to confess the justice of the bitter retribution that he shall suffer? Would that my younger brother were here! *his* hand would not have trembled in the face of the traitor—*his* eye would not have blanched as he took his aim! Even yet, Richard shall teach him that the name of Bazancourt is not to be trifled with for nothing, and that he who dares to laugh in the lion's face cannot do so long with impunity. Richard has sworn to

me that he will avenge my wrongs. Is he absolved from such an oath by the murder of his brother? Does not his brother's blood rather cry out to him from the ground for retribution on his dastardly assassin's head? Would that Richard were indeed at hand!"

But Richard Bazancourt, now become Lord Fletcher by the death of his elder brother, required no call on the part of his sister to inspire him with the most passionate feeling of resentment against Lord Clanelly, which was encreased a hundred-fold on his return to Paris from Fontainebleau the same evening, when he first received intelligence of the manner of the late Lord Fletcher's exit from the world. It seemed as if destiny had purposely built up, one stone after another, the pyramid of his enemy's monstrous iniquities, in order that he might be hurled at last with greater force, and deeper execration, from its summit.

> " Centum numerosa parabat
> Excelsæ turris tabulata, unde altior esset
> Casus, et impulsæ gravior casura ruinæ!"

The injury first offered to his sister was not enough. Thè atrocities heaped upon the undeserving head of the unfortunate Jeannette Isabelle had not



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passion; when absent, absence seemed to add fuel to the flames. Immediately after the fatal duel, Lord Clanelly had quitted Paris; but it was ascertained that he was not gone a long distance, and that he did not intend to be absent long, and our hero awaited his return with the impatience of the leopard, who lies with glaring eyes, and panting tongue in his ambush, ready to dart upon his prey.

Oh! what a strange, what a terrible, what an almighty power, is Love! How it triumphs over habit, and models anew nature, tramples down the firmest resolutions, sets at nought the pride of character, and warps the schooled lessons of education aside! How it abases religion, and humbles virtue, and scoffs at the strong, and gives mighty daring to the weak! It turns the meek and gentle-minded boy, into the determined and ungovernable man! It makes the believing Christian, in spite of all his creed, a homicide. It converts the pious thought, and the amiable charities of life, into vindictive hatred, and the implacable thirst of another's blood. Again, it binds to life the weary and the woe-begone, sheds a new charm over existence, and a ray of light upon this dark and dismal world. It calleth back to joy the stricken



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her own chamber; that day she did not even like to look upon her child—it was Clanelly's. She threw herself on her couch, and buried her face in her burning hands. Her dishevelled hair floated down her shoulders—the reading Magdalene of Corregio, with the zoneless bosom and the streaming eyes, never looked half so lovely by the marge of the purling fountain on the mossy grass. Good heavens! what sound was that? voices in the street beneath her window repeat in conversation the name of Clanelly. Again and again she hears the word distinctly uttered! The crowd encreases, terror fixes her to the spot. With difficulty she hears the confused murmur, and putting fragments together, she collects a report just brought from Paris by the mail, that a duel had taken place that morning between Lord Clanelly and Lord Furstenroy's son—and that the latter had been shot. Shot! killed perhaps! one man said, certainly, that he was dead. She thought only of Richard Bazancourt. And Clanelly so near her! She swooned away.



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unlawful lover, and she felt all the poignancy of anguish which a woman may be conceived to experience under the weight of such a position. The devoted love which she bore to the one; which she could not help bearing to him, in spite of its direct opposition to the laws of man and God, contrasted fearfully with her deep detestation of the other, whom she was bound by the ties of heaven and of earth to love, cherish, and obey. Love and duty were arrayed in the most contradictory opposition one against the other. She felt as if she had never truly loved our hero, or known his value until now. She almost went distracted. The uncertainty she felt, harrowed up her heart a hundred times more fearfully than the most agonizing conviction of the truth could have done. The certainty of the worst is better, far better, than the unconfirmed, unrefuted suspicion and fear of evil. She knew not what she did. On recovering from her fainting fit, she found herself surrounded by all the sedulous attentions and sympathizing care of the good old lady of the house, and of her own maid Victoire. The usual means resorted to in such cases had been applied, and so far as the renewed circulation of the blood, and the restoration of her bodily faculties availed, they had been success-



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be merciful unto you, and dispose, in his wisdom and goodness, all events for the best: but we must be submissive to his will, and bow with resignation to the trials to which we are subjected in this mortal state."

Our heroine hung down her head in silent abstraction, and answered not, except by sighs and tears, the consoling address of her amiable companion. The gray hairs of that old lady, neatly banded beneath her quiet cap, seemed to give her an additional title to respect, and as she proceeded with those themes of comfort, which never fail to fall like balm upon the believing ear, she kindled gradually into that eloquence in her exhortations, which only the fervour of true devotion can bestow.

"Blessed are the meek and lowly in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven! Blessed are ye, when men revile you and persecute you, for through tribulation and tears is the path to everlasting glory. Put your trust in higher things than those of this world, for they are vain and transitory; their splendour abideth not, and their beauty is soon gone. God giveth to them that are good in his sight, wisdom, and knowledge, and joy; and wisdom strengtheneth the wise more than ten mighty men which are in the city."

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"Alas!" replied Isabelle, when the voice ceased which had been endeavouring so kindly to kindle in her bosom a religious spirit, similar to that by which itself was dictated, "alas! I am not ignorant of the source from whence your beautiful words are borrowed. Night and day I have made my study in that book, but the more I have sought to fortify myself with learning, and reading, and the accumulated intelligence of all great thinking minds, since the world began, the more surely have I been obliged to revert to the conclusion of the same inspired writer whom you have so happily cited:—'and I gave my heart to know wisdom, and to know madness and folly. I perceived that this also is vexation of spirit; for in much wisdom is much grief, and he that increaseth knowledge, increaseth sorrow.'"

The old lady took the hand of our heroine and continued.

"It gives me pleasure indeed to find that my young friend is so well acquainted with the words of Holy Writ, more especially that she has made the peculiar study of her own choice one of my most favourite books:—I mean that preacher, who bids thee to "rejoice in thy youth, and let thy heart cheer thee in the days of thy youth; and walk in the ways of thy heart, and in the sight of thine eyes; but know

thou that for all these things God will bring thee into judgment. Therefore remove sorrow from thy heart, and put away evil from thy flesh; for childhood and youth are vanity.'"

"And yet," said Isabelle, thoughtfully and sadly, "is it not written in the same book, 'that the sons of men themselves are as the beasts; for that which befalleth the sons of men befalleth beasts—even one thing befalleth them:—as the one dieth, so dieth the other; yea, they have all one breath, so that a man hath no preeminence above a beast; for all is vanity. All go unto one place: all are of the dust, and all turn to dust again. Who knoweth the spirit of man which goeth upward, and the spirit of the beast which goeth downward to the earth?' It is true, as we are told by the poet, that 'every yesterday has lighted *fools* the way to dusty death.' Alas! has the wise man in his generation any exemption from the destination of the fool?"

"My friend," said the old lady, "there is an expression, if I mistake not, of doubt in the manner in which you have repeated these words. If I read your face aright, there is a questioning there of the ways of Providence, and a challenging of his wise purposes, which it is not for mortal minds to dare.

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Beware how you tempt the Most High, by perverse applications and wilful misconstructions, even of those passages of inspired writing which seem at first of singular, or even of equivocal meaning, but which, if considered in apposition with the general tenor of the texts with which they are surrounded, must only tend to direct our hearts with still greater force to that fountain of joy, of which we all hope to drink in the kingdom of heaven."

Our heroine's mind was in an agitated state. She could not now command that discretionary moderation of thought and language, which out of respect to the feelings of others, had on general occasions, and especially in all previous conversations with this kind old lady, prevented her from giving utterance to her real sentiments on these important points. Overpowered now almost to the loss of her reason, by the complication of troubles with which she was surrounded; stunned by the intelligence of the duel, and the mention of her dreaded husband's name, which she had just casually heard from the window, she could not help giving way to the bitter feelings which had taken possession of her soul.

"It is all a mockery and a farce," she cried aloud. "Tell not to me the ten-times repeated tale

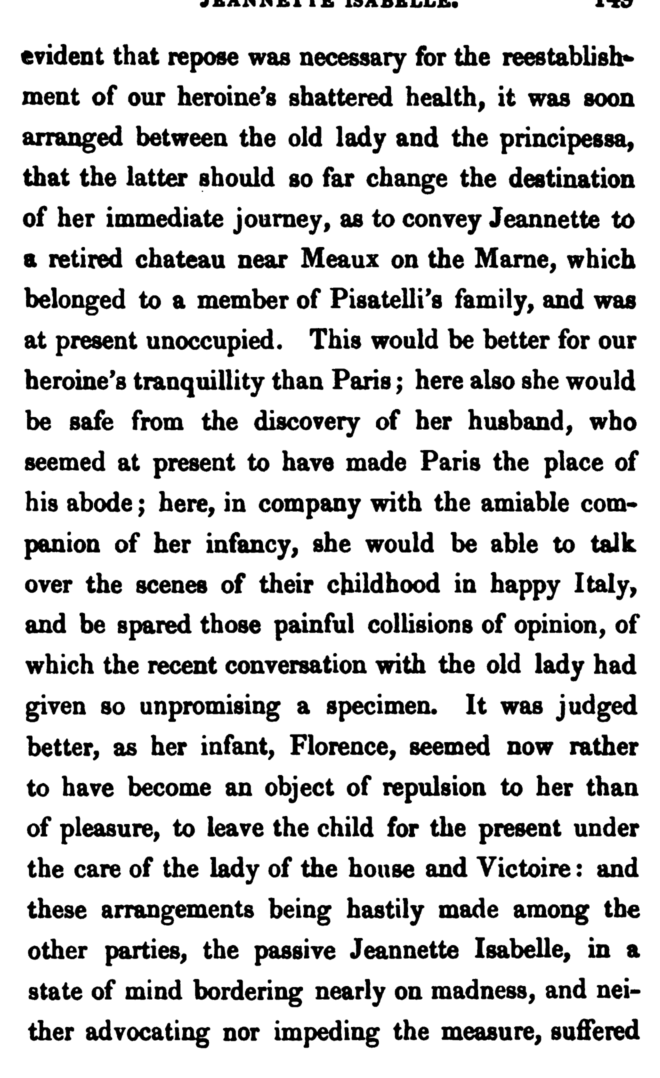
of spiritual consolations, and recompenses in another world!—Why do we suffer here? What caused these tears to flow? Why should there be evil on the earth?—Answer me that, and I will kneel and kiss the cross with a hundred times more than the zeal of the most credulous devotee! Recompenses in another world forsooth!—I need them not! I ask them not at the hand of him that made me! Too well contented should I be to obtain only eternal repose: too welcome were the boon of annihilation to one whose whole existence has been misery, and yet whose only effort has been to promote the happiness of others;—but in vain! My cheeks are channelled with perpetual tears; my eyes ache with weeping for the wickedness of man; my life is one protracted agony. Why was I ever born?—I never asked for existence from him that gave it!—I have sought to die, and my evil destiny has still arrested my design. We are born against our will, and we die against our will, and the events of our lives are fashioned in the mould of fate; and then we are told, in mockery, that we are free agents. We are put in, like cotton to the mill, at one end of the machinery of life, and sent out again at the other: the works go on, and the wheels run round, and dread changes

are wrought in us, and strange revolutions take place in our natures, and we learn to curse instead of bless, and find bitterness in what we took for bliss;—but it is a farce to tell us that our movements are the results of our own free will."

The old lady was consternated, and shocked: she remained an instant silent, as if doubting what course she should adopt, when the conversation was interrupted by the timely arrival of a travelling carriage, which stopped at the house-door in the street below.

The new arriver turned out happily to be none other than the friend of our heroine's youth, the fair and still faithful Principessa de Collini, who, with her husband, Pisatelli, had just returned from Italy; and in passing through Fontainebleau, which is on the high road from Lyons to Paris, had seized the opportunity of paying a visit to one whom she so much respected as the old lady of the mansion. Her appearance was a great relief to this excellent individual; and the idea immediately struck her, that she might convert her casual presence into a real and substantial good to Jeannette Isabelle.

Their views upon religious points being now discovered to be so essentially opposed, and it being



evident that repose was necessary for the reestablishment of our heroine's shattered health, it was soon arranged between the old lady and the principessa, that the latter should so far change the destination of her immediate journey, as to convey Jeannette to a retired chateau near Meaux on the Marne, which belonged to a member of Pisatelli's family, and was at present unoccupied. This would be better for our heroine's tranquillity than Paris; here also she would be safe from the discovery of her husband, who seemed at present to have made Paris the place of his abode; here, in company with the amiable companion of her infancy, she would be able to talk over the scenes of their childhood in happy Italy, and be spared those painful collisions of opinion, of which the recent conversation with the old lady had given so unpromising a specimen. It was judged better, as her infant, Florence, seemed now rather to have become an object of repulsion to her than of pleasure, to leave the child for the present under the care of the lady of the house and Victoire: and these arrangements being hastily made among the other parties, the passive Jeannette Isabelle, in a state of mind bordering nearly on madness, and neither advocating nor impeding the measure, suffered

herself to be put, without further delay, into her friend's carriage; and posting across the country, soon found herself shut up in an old Gothic room, with mullioned windows, looking down upon the yellow waters of the Marne, and commanding an extensive view of the champaign country wide around it.

CHAPTER XII.

All this had taken place on the evening of the eleventh of July. Only the afternoon previously our hero had quitted Fontainebleau to return to Paris, and the delay occasioned by his having slept upon the road, had caused him to arrive in the capital on the morning of the eleventh, just too late to impede the duel which ended so fatally, or to substitute himself in his brother's place as the principal.

The day of the twelfth was passed principally in making the necessary arrangements for the impending ceremony of the late Lord Fletcher's funeral, and in instituting some enquiries relative to the course which Lord Clanelly might have taken on quitting Paris; as it was our hero's fixed determination to let no longer time elapse, but to bring, by some means or other, the slayer of his brother immediately into the field.

On the morning of the thirteenth instant, the

sturdy old porter of the Bedford Hôtel, walked into our hero's apartment, and placed two letters in his hand, of which the following are copies. The first was from his Jeannette Isabelle, but so shaken and irregular was the writing, from the agitation of mind with which it had been penned, as to be scarcely recognizable:

LETTER FROM JEANNETTE ISABELLE.

"Oh! why did you leave me so far from you! It was cruel, it was selfish, it was ungenerous! Come to me, if you are yet alive, this very instant! write—write—write to say that you are coming, or you will be too late. I have left Fontainebleau, and am now with Pisatelli and his wife, at their chateau, on the Marne; but I am almost dead with terror. I know nothing. I am not sure even that you are not killed, and all my joy in life thus taken from me. Clanelly is near me, and I have no defence; my brain reels with the affright. My self-confidence abandons me; I cannot endure this agony of suspense much longer. I know you will come the instant that this reaches you. You shall, and must come, or Clanelly will murder me. God grant, my inexorable destiny grant, that he may not yet

have murdered you yourself! Relieve me from this tumult of terror, and come—come—come to these open arms, or I shall die.

"Your own darling ever,

"JEANNETTE ISABELLE."

It is needless to say, that this was the first letter of which our hero broke the seal. Nothing equals the impatience of a lover at receiving a letter from his mistress: but the melancholy contents caused more sensation of pain, than the first sight of the cover had produced of joy; and our hero read it over and over again many times, before he recovered from the almost stunning effect which its impetuous earnestness produced.

At length he found time, and recovered composure sufficient, to open the second letter, which was unhappily not calculated by its contents to relieve the disquiet which had been created by the first:

LETTER OF LADY FANNY BAZANCOURT.

"MY DEAR BROTHER,

"You must come immediately to Montmorency, I request, indeed, that you will not make one in-

stant's delay, except it be to call for our physician, in the Rue Neuve du Luxembourg, and bring him with you in the carriage. The sad event of yesterday morning, to which I cannot now bear to make further allusion, threatens not to terminate fatally to our lamented brother only. You will be shocked to hear that our dear father has been affected, partly, I fear, through the jar given to his system by that melancholy intelligence, with a most violent and dangerous attack. The gout has flown to his stomach, and notwithstanding all the skill and endeavours of our resident medical man, he has not yet experienced the least relief from the agony in which he is lying. I need not say one word more to bring you to us without waiting for anything, as, however much we must all hope for the best, it is impossible to be too apprehensive with regard to the course which so terrible a seizure may ultimately take.

"Yours affectionately, and in haste,

"FANNY BAZANCOURT."

The Roman Metius torn to pieces by the antagonist force of his own horses, was but an inadequate image of the mental distraction occasioned by these two letters. Which was to claim the pre-

cedence? Which was to be answered first? Should he direct his course to Meaux or to Montmorency? At either place his presence seemed equally required. Our hero reflected first, that at Montmorency Lord Furstenroy had all the benefit of his sister's incessant attention, and the advantage of the vicinity of Paris, and the easy access to the best medical advice. The gout, too, was so uncertain and capricious a disease, that he did not, at first, incline to attach so much importance to this attack, as Lady Fanny appeared to do in her letter. These were the first thoughts that struck him, for the wish was parent to the thought, and his own personal inclination would not have hesitated long, if nothing but inclination had been called in question; but Richard Bazancourt, or Lord Fletcher as we must now call him, was not insensible to the claims of duty. He felt that his sick and, perhaps, dying father had a paramount title to his care and attention, with which no other possible call upon him could come into competition. He recollected that his Jeannette Isabelle was, at least, attended and soignée by the affectionate services of Pisatelli and his Italian wife.

Much as he was embarrassed by the circum-

stance of our heroine's sudden change of abode from the comfortable and well-selected spot where he had placed her, the presence of these friends from Italy seemed in some measure to account for it. He reflected, too, on the nervous and excitable natures of women, and their habitual disposition to exaggerate danger, to strongly colour circumstance, and to represent everything as they see it through the distempered medium of their own hasty impressions. He said to himself, "My poor Jeannette! she is tormenting herself in vain for nothing; as if her real misfortunes were not enough, her imagination conjures up endless chimeras to terrify and disquiet her. I will hasten to her afterwards; but I must first discharge the positive duty which I owe to the author of my being, by driving over to Montmorency and seeing with my own eyes the real state in which my father lies."

Our hero accordingly, having definitively made up his mind as to the line of conduct which it was incumbent on him to adopt, rung the bell, ordered his carriage, called for the physician in the Rue Neuve du Luxembourg, and was presently far on his road to Montmorency. Arrived at the rural residence which was, during the present summer, te-

nanted by his family, our hero found that the violence of his father's malady had not been at all exaggerated by the description of his sister. It appeared likely that but few hours would be spared to the old earl, and the physician who had accompanied our hero shook his head as he felt the pulse and observed the other symptoms of the noble invalid. His favourite daughter, Lady Fanny Bazancourt, was incessant and indefatigable in the kind offices which she supplied at the bedside of the patient, and soon after our hero's arrival, she took an opportunity of acquainting his father with his presence.

The good old Tory nobleman, who had been in a panic of consternation ever since the intelligence of his eldest son's death had reached him, and who was, perhaps, even more afflicted at his having, as he termed it, died in his sins, without having renounced or recanted his heretical views of politics or his radical doctrines, than by the simple circumstance of his loss, revived a little on being made to understand that his son Richard was arrived. He stretched out his shrivelled and feverish hand from beneath the bed-clothes to greet his son, and was for a moment silent, as if overpowered by the

intensity of his feelings. At last he spoke. "Thank God that you are spared to me still, my son!" he gasped forth faintly, and asked languidly for water to refresh his parched lips; "thank God that you, at least, are left to keep up and perpetuate the honourable race and name of Bazancourt. The title has been bequeathed to me by my ancestors untarnished, and it will be your duty, as well as your pride, to transmit it untarnished to your posterity. As to my poor boy Fletcher—overweening conceit—unfortunate end—premature catastrophe—reprehensible politics—good of his country—respectability of family—however disgraced—much to be deplored."

These were the indistinct sounds and unfinished sentences which fell upon the ear of the attendants round the sick man's bed. After a few moments' respite, he again continued in the same strain: "You, my dear boy, will feel it soon to be your duty to seek for an alliance with a daughter of some other noble house, equal to our own in estimation and in descent." Here our hero, unable to contain his emotion, sighed audibly. "Perhaps," continued the dying earl, observing his son's excitement, "perhaps you may have already made such choice,

and happy in yourself, happy in the partner of your wedded bliss, happy in the progeny which will succeed to their father and their grandfather when we both, my dear Richard, shall be mouldering in the dust, you already foresee in prospect a long life of prosperity and peace—conjugal felicity—your poor dear mother—first and heaviest affliction—only equalled by the mistaken views of my eldest son - tell me—comfort me, Richard, by communicating to me on whom your matrimonial preference may be likely to alight."

Our hero was shocked, grieved, and completely overpowered by this appeal. The thought of Jeannette Isabelle came over him, and he felt that for him no such domestic happiness was reserved; he acknowledged to himself that he had built his bowers elsewhere—far away in the lone desart was his home: no social harmony—no family delights—no recognised intercourse with the world's charities—no wife that he could proudly call his own—no children to bless him for being their father. The tears came involuntarily to our hero's eyes; but the trying interview was not destined to be protracted long.

"Happy am I," continued the old earl, "truly

[redacted]

happy am I—oh! this horrible pain!—oh! it is too much for me!—truly happy, I say, to leave my title and my lands to one whose political bias coincides so entirely with my own, as yours, my son;—oh! I can stand this no longer—my moments are numbered, Richard—the agony is too great for me."

Our hero smoothed the pillow of his expiring father, and overcome, as all must be by the moving trial of so sad a scene, professed himself willing and ready to fulfil whatever views Lord Furstenroy might have entertained for him in relation to politics.

"French revolution—cursed philosophers—" pursued the old gentleman again at intervals of a longer and longer continuance; and, as he spoke, the film of death already glazed his lurid eyes, and his hands continued incessantly plucking the bed-clothes, with that wild and mysterious motion which is the sure forerunner of dissolution;—"political economy—mistaken views—theorists—practical men—the family borough—had intended—next dissolution—large majority—House of Peers now—take my place—maintain constitution—no innovations—turn out the Whigs."

The chaplain, who was in attendance, having

been left alone with the old earl for some time, his family were once more admitted. The Countess de Carbonnelle and her husband had arrived from Paris, and hastened with her brother and sister to the bedside of her father to receive his parting benediction. This was the first time that they all had met since the untoward event of Lord Fletcher's death, and it was a sad meeting. Nevertheless, even at the bedside of the dying man, our hero's eldest sister could not all forget the haughty bearing of her nature, nor lay aside that thirsting for revenge which had burnt with two-fold fury in her bosom since the event of the fatal eleventh. She looked deeply into her brother's eyes, as she pressed his proffered hand, and said, sternly and impressively in his ear, the single word "Remember."

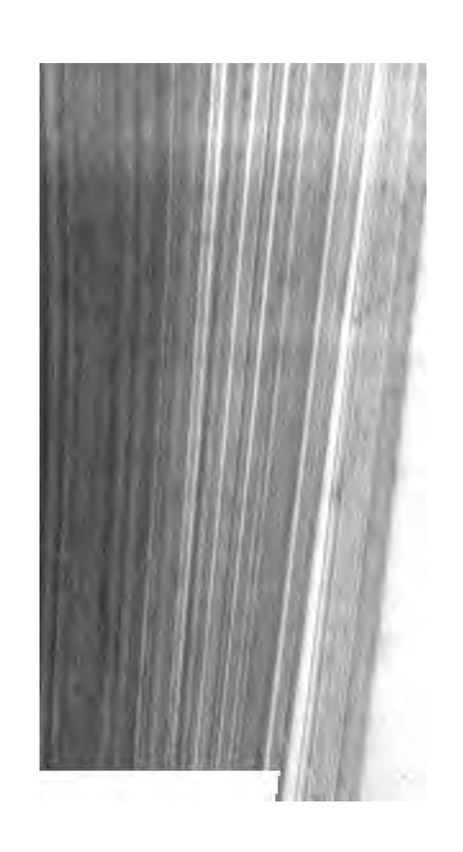
Meanwhile, the sands of the hour-glass were fleeting rapidly away, and but little strength remained in the old man's veins. "Settlement of my affairs is given—" he muttered almost inaudibly—"Lord Carmansdale—jointly with—legacies not numerous—happy in another world—oh! my left side—horrible! Mr. Snuffles—body in family vault—consolidate party—agricultural interests—oh!

the pain again—conservative measures—God bless you all!—oh!——conser—va—tive mea——"

The old man's voice was still—his family left the room in tears—the attendant nurse closed his eyes—it was late in the evening.

CHAPTER XIII.

Thus in the short space of two days our hero found himself, by the strange and uncontrollable power of destiny, advanced from the simple condition of Richard Bazancourt to be, first of all, heir-apparent to the earldom, and now himself the sole proprietor, and lord of all. The rapidly consecutive deaths of his elder brother, and of his father, had placed him, all unprepared and unexpecting, on a pinnacle. The public gaze was on him—he was no longer an obscure and humble individual, whose actions and whose conduct may escape reprehension because they escape notice. He had become a peer of England. He was placed in a position which, oh! how many in this warring world would regard as the highest reward of their ambition—as the loftiest triumph of their hopes! Wealth, rank, station, public esteem, the affection



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the merry dance? No excitement which he might hereafter meet with, could by any possibility compete in its effect with the violence of the passion which he had experienced. After this, all other joys must pall upon his sense—all other emotions must be dead to his bosom—all other triumphs seem unworthy of his aim. To have once loved to this terrible excess, violent though the passion may be while the indulgence of the appetite remains, is yet still more appalling in the ravages it leaves behind. The Canaan of the heart is laid waste. The wild boar's tusks have rooted up the vines; from Dan to Beersheba it is barren. Oh! if one boon might, indeed, be in mercy given by all-pitying heaven to such victims of unutterable anguish, and insatiable desire—if the feeble wish of man had but the power to influence, in some faint degree, the dispensations of mysterious providence—well might it be directed in obtaining that those who love like our hero should die in their youth, and in their loves—while the evil days come not, and the joy of their hearts is new! Well might the prayer be offered, and the sigh preferred, that they might be spared the painful passage through

that wilderness, which waits them on the shore beyond—the dead drear flat—the weary waste of uninteresting and unlovely existence!

The chamber of our hero was on the lower floor, and the long casements opening to the ground, which let in the mellowing light of evening to his apartment, led to a long and shady avenue of limes; the gravel was covered with moss; by the side of the limes was an extensive and gradually sloping lawn, and at the extremity of the garden a high gray massive wall, which, with its loop-holes and bastions, seemed to have been formerly the defence of the house which it surrounded; but now the ivy wove its green pall over the mouldering battlements, and lent a beauty and a freshness to decay, like the smile of friendship, welcome to the broken heart.

Our hero could not remain quiet in his room; the melancholy scene, which he had just witnessed in the apartment above, remained in his vision, and was re-acted over and over again in fancy's eye. His father's dying accents rung in his ear, and his uncertainty and apprehension regarding Jeannette Isabelle perplexed him. Unable to com-

pose his thoughts, he flung open the long window, and advanced into the avenue, where he continued pacing up and down in the cool evening air, musing on a thousand themes—the fleeting littleness of power—the vanity of earthly pomp—the worthlessness of worldly fame. The long drooping branches of the limes scarcely moved, for there was little wind. Our hero pored and pondered on the last wishes expressed to him by his dying father, that he would devote himself to political pursuits. "Vain, false, unsatisfying shadow," he exclaimed; "cheating semblance of that which had no substance in reality! idol of ambition—fame! how deeply I despise you! What profit is it to me that ages after me should treasure up my name in their dusty annals, as one of those poor individual worms, whose aggregate makes up the paltry pageant of the passing day? What good is it that I should be misrepresented on the lying page of history, my motives misinterpreted, my words misreported, my feelings misunderstood? Happier, far happier, should I be, if, with my Isabelle, it were my fate to live beneath the shade of these o'erhanging limes! She should cite to me the epitaph from the tomb of the old bard in her own bright sunny land:

‘ Virgilii ad tumulum divini præmia vatis
Extendit viridem laurea densa comam.
Quid tibi defuncto hæc prosit ?—Felicior olim
Sub patulæ fagi tegmine vivus eras ! ’

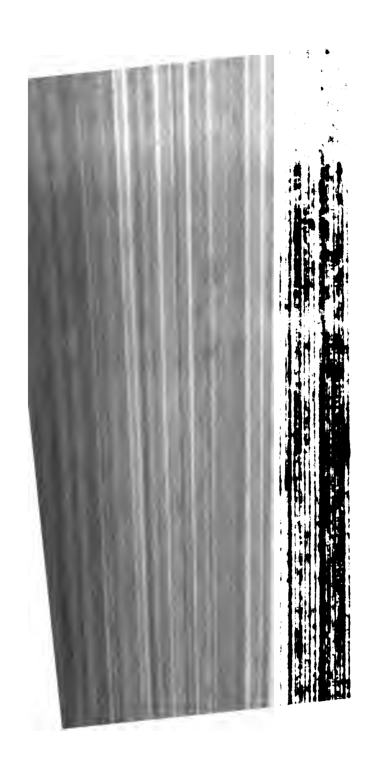
Fame ! What is it ? A few years pass by, and the notes of its clarion are forgotten—a few short miles are traversed, and the echo of its shouts is no more heard. Ambition woos it, and mortification is the child of their union : and Goldsmith's Chinese Philosopher, seeking in vain among the London book-stalls the works of the immortal Illixifou, is only a common instance of the vanity of their religion, who make their idol, glory."

As our hero meditated in this mood, and looked up, at each alternate turn, as he paced up and down the avenue, to the illuminated windows of that chamber, where the tapers burnt by the side of the dead, he was startled by hearing near him the sound of a light step, and in an instant, his sister, the Comtesse de Carbonelle, stood before him. " Richard," said she, as she approached, and laid her finger on his arm, " Do you remember ?"

Her brother took her hand, and pressed it to his heart. " My sister," he replied, " the blood beats quick and hotly here—feel you not its pul-

sation? 'Tis well;—every drop of this blood is devoted to the cause. Never shall you have reason to say that I have forgotten that which I have, alas! too many motives, which even you know not of, to bitterly remember!"

"I trust you," rejoined his sister; "I knew your strength of purpose even when you were a child. I marked the stern determination of your character, and your unbending dignity of resolve. You are my brother — you are not unworthy of me. Revenge on Clanelly has been the secret purpose, the darling object of my soul for years; for this I have demeaned myself by espousing a man, for whom—no matter—Carbonelle was not my earliest choice—but Clanelly did not like to see him wed me, and I am content. For this I have never failed, even since your childhood, to stimulate you to punish the base traitor as he deserves. He has now aggravated his insult to myself, by becoming the slayer of my eldest brother,—and even my poor lamented father's death may be attributed to the shock he received at the intelligence of the fatal duel: consequently, you are doubly and trebly bound to punish and humble the wickedness and pride of Clanelly. You have sworn to me already



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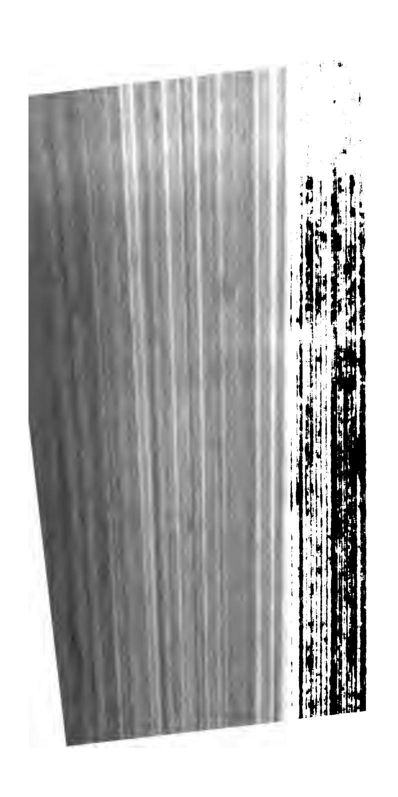
retired, that even the chirping of the cricket, or the whirring of the cock-chafer's wings, seemed loud and harsh, and our hero started at hearing near him the hooting of a solitary owl.

There is something so sad and solemn in the house of death, that even the stoutest and bravest have trembled, and felt their flesh creep involuntarily as they have entered it alone; and our hero, as he at length stole quietly back to his chamber, and closed after him the long narrow casement, as he advanced towards the table, and found there the two candles which he had left, now nearly half consumed, and casting a dismal and shadowy light, through the length of their unsnuffed wicks—even our hero felt a strange unearthly feeling steal over him; one of those indescribable sensations which seem to speak to us sometimes of the other world—one of those snatches of the future—those glimpses of the dark abyss, which make us tremble, we know not why, in solitude, and silence, and darkness—which make us quiver, although without fear; and sad, even though we have no immediate cause for sorrow.

Our hero approached the casement, which he had only partially closed, in order to secure it by the fastening. It was now past midnight, and the moon

was high. There, gazing at him, face to face, through the glass, he saw distinctly and clearly the figure of his Jeannette Isabelle! There could be no mistake, for it was close to him ;—nothing but the intervention of the pane of glass prevented him from touching it; and he continued gazing on it long, by an unaccountable sort of fascination, unable to move or to turn his eyes away from the strange unearthly spectacle; for oh! the face of his unlooked for visitant was ghastly pale; the expression of its eyes was leaden-like and livid; and so abjectly sad, so unutterably melancholy and desponding, that our hero quaked with terror. The figure shook its long dark spectral curls, as if reproachfully; waved its hand thrice, and pointed to the moon; then looking once more anxiously and imploringly into our hero's face, it suddenly was gone. Whither? By what means? What was it? Our hero asked these questions of himself, but he found no answer. He opened the casement and paced again the whole garden over: the wall was lofty enough to prevent the escape of any one; and then, the unearthly gaze of that mute sad vision! the midnight hour! the peculiar circumstances of their last parting! the note—the warning, supplicating, and yet unanswered note of yesterday! No wonder the spectre looked

reproachfully at him! Our hero spoke aloud, and the sound of his own voice startled him, although it was unchanged. He tried optical experiments with his vision, but his senses were all in order, and he discovered nothing that could have occasioned any illusion. He paced again and again up and down his apartment;—he even called on the name of his Isabelle, but the vision did not return. Whatever it was, it was one of those secrets of the prison-house, of which the tale was never yet unfolded here. At all events it did not seem to be a favourable omen, and the fears and apprehensions of our hero were redoubled a hundred times. He thought of the Irish superstition of the fetches, and fancied that he traced in this appearance of to-night, a fearful confirmation of such wild legends. He tried to recollect some parallel story, in order to account for the occurrence, from Scott's History of Dæmonology and Witchcraft, or from the accredited ghost stories. He reminded himself of the supernatural visions which used to trouble the fancy of the celebrated painter, Blake, who illustrated the Night Thoughts—but in vain: his was no fancied vision; what he had seen, he had seen with his eyes, palpably and distinctly: his imagination was still haunted by the memory of the



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CHAPTER XIV.

How disgusting and sickening is the common-place of life—even its necessary business, but still more, its pleasures and its gauds, its follies and its mirth, —to the mourners!—

Mr. Snuffles, who had been sent for by express, on the first serious apprehension of Lord Furstenroy's danger, and Lord Carmansdale, who was already in Paris, on his way back to Naples, were soon at hand. The first, as the family lawyer, and the other as chief executor and trustee, appointed in the will for the administration of the disposable effects, entered officially on the discharge of their duties; but they could not sympathize with the deep feeling and bitter affliction which oppressed every member of the family itself. It was arranged by them, that the remains of Lord Fletcher, and of the earl his father, should be laid in the same hearse, and removed to the family vault in Northamptonshire for interment.

It was well that these two individuals were at hand to superintend all the details of this melancholy business, for no member of the family was in a fit state to undertake it. Lady Fanny Bazancourt and her married sister secluded themselves in their own chambers; and by an unaccountable singularity of conduct, which no one but himself would have committed, it was discovered that our hero had suddenly disappeared the very morning after his father's death: he had quitted the house alone, and on horseback, at an early hour. The disposition of his father's property, the arrangement of the funeral procession, the consolation of the other members of his family —all were alike neglected—and why?

It must have been a powerful motive which could lead away one, who was usually so attentive to his duties as Richard Bazancourt. Nevertheless, no one could give any account of his plans or his intentions. The Comtesse de Carbonnelle, if she had a suspicion in her mind that his absence was somehow connected with their conversation of the yesternight in the garden, locked up the secret in her own bosom, and appeared to be overcome and totally engrossed by the severity of her affliction.

Meanwhile, two grand parties in Paris, an extra-

ordinary event at this season of the year, divided the attention of Mr. Snuffles and Lord Carmansdale with their more serious and more melancholy offices. Both assemblies were to be given by two old English ladies resident at Paris, who were at the head of two opposite cliques or factions in society, and who consequently looked upon the success of these two rival parties as the test and criterion of their comparative popularity and influence.

Lady Constantia Pruderly was the great champion and defender of everything English. She had always in her mouth such phrases as the following: —"propriety of conduct"—"strictness of demeanour"—"unexceptionable deportment"—"domestic virtues"—"correctness of manners"—and so forth. She was an old maid, and being exceedingly stiff and rigid in all her ideas, she had contrived to make herself rather odious in certain circles of society, by refusing to call upon or visit one or two ladies whose behaviour she was pleased to consider a little too free. Amongst others, the Countess Carbonnell, on account of her open flirtations with George Grainger, had attracted her unfavourable notice; and she had omitted her, on the occasion of her last party, from the list of her invitations. Accordingly, George

Grainger had long nourished a secret spite and dislike against the old lady, which her present issue of invitations for a new party gave him an opportunity of gratifying. Determined to have his revenge, and far from being overscrupulous as to the means he adopted to obtain it, our privileged friend, George Grainger, was guilty of an action which will justly scandalize the right-thinking portion of our readers. We are greatly shocked at it ourselves; but when a man once acquires a habit of hoaxing, there is no telling where he will stop.

George Grainger, by means of a bribe, obtained from one of Lady Constantia Pruderly's servants a list of the people's names, to whom invitations had been sent; and the morning before the night of the party, he sent round notes to each of the persons who had been asked, informing them that the assembly was put off, on account of the sudden indisposition of Lady Constantia Pruderly.

That excellent but unfortunate lady, by no means suspicious of any such abominable fraud, and bent on eclipsing the party of her rival, and establishing the triumph of her own principles on the ruin of those of her antagonist, had spared no expense upon the preparations for this evening. The time arrived:

—eight—nine—ten—eleven—hour after hour went by, and not a soul had yet appeared in her salons. Six rooms were lighted with chandeliers; the refreshments and the supper had been provided; several singers from the opera waited in vain by the piano to enchant the absent audience. At last, poor Lady Constantia, perceiving that some trick must have been played her, and foreseeing the consequent triumph of the rival party of the night, burst into a frenzy of rage, tears, regrets, threats, and asseverations, and was carried in hysterics to bed.

In the mean time, the dowager Mrs. Mac-Rubber, whose evenings of reception were less restricted and exclusive, and who was consequently a more generally popular person, was astonished and delighted at the increasing multitudes who flocked into her drawing-room. People, whom she had scarcely expected, from their known intimacy with her rival, Lady Constantia, crowded into her rooms. There was the strangest medley ever seen:—Lord Arthur Mullingham was jumbled against Monsieur Percent, the old Jew banker; a celebrated piano-forte manufacturer was in close contact with a German prince of the blood; a London brewer and an opposition member of the Chamber of Deputies were brought



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as these words were spoken, and although not generally an interested man, he certainly did note this circumstance at the time, and remembered it afterwards to some purpose.

"Here comes the *chain-peer*, as they called him the other day at Brighton," said Fitz-Waterton, as Lord Carmansdale approached, covered with antique rings, and chains, and holding the Louis quatorze cane in his hand.

"Qui est-ce donc là?" enquired a French Carlist of Carmansdale, looking towards the London porter-brewer, who was dressed in a brown snuff coloured coat, and appeared every way calculated to play Falstaff without stuffing, "est-ce qui c'est un grand seigneur?"

"Pas precisément," replied Lord Carmansdale, "mais il est chevalier de Malte."

"Dieu! quelle odeur!" cried a pretty little comtesse, holding her perfumed handkerchief to her nose, as Mr. Earthstopper Brush Fivebars passed her, smelling noisomely of the stable; but Mr. Fivebars was not wounded by the remark, for he said he always liked to have the scent of his horses hanging about his clothes, and considered it to be the most recherché perfume in the world, as it



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banker, with unrestrained familiarity to the German prince, laying his hand at the same time on his shoulder.

"I am sorry, sir," said the aristocrat, drawing himself up to his full height, "that I am not able to return you the compliment of saluting you by your *Christian* name.* The Jew was silent, and swore to himself that he would never lend any more money to a German prince.

Meanwhile, the opposition member of the Chamber of Deputies, was telling the last bon mot of M. Odillon Barrot with great applause. A majority of eighty-eight had been obtained in a recent important division against the government of Marshall Soult, notwithstanding that the government party had received the support of the doctrinaires. Odillon Barrot met de Broglie coming out of the chamber after his defeat, and looking extremely annoyed, and a good deal older than usual, in consequence of his chagrin at the result:—"Dieu, mon ami!" exclaimed the witty barrister, "comme vous êtes vieilli depuis hier! je ne vous aurais pas donné plus de quarante cinq ans, tout au plus; mais aujourd'hui votre figure a l'air de *quatre-vingt-huit.*"

* Nom de baptême.

"Upon my honour and credit," exclaimed Fitz-Waterton to old Snuffles, as he looked round and beheld the innumerable flirtations that were going on in the corners, "I begin to think the cecisbeo and cavalière servente system, is as regularly recognized now at Paris, as it is in Italy; and I suppose in a few years more it will be pretty well established in London itself."

Mr. Snuffles, who did not understand the meaning of the words cecisbeo, or cavalière servente, replied, "that the death of the Earl of Furstenroy was to him a subject so exclusively interesting, and so absorbingly engrossing, that he could think of nothing else." He offered, however, to consult his law books on his return to town, if the Kilkenny cat was desirous of taking a good legal opinion upon the subject.

Just at this conjuncture, a great deal of sensation was excited at one end of the room, by the exhibition of a curious old snuffbox by Lord Carmansdale.

"I have no doubt," said Snuffles, "that it is most remarkably curious, and most anciently antique. Myself, I am satisfied with this plain box of Irish blackguard."

"Do you mean any allusion to me, sir?" asked the Kilkenny cat, stepping forward in a threatening attitude.

"By no means, sir," answered Snuffles, "I was speaking of the snuffbox."

"It is more like a lady's bon-bonnière, than a gentleman's snuffbox;" said the dowager lady of the house, who wished Lord Carmansdale to make her a present of it, "to-morrow is my jour de fête," continued she, "do leave it here to-night—I should so like to shew it to my friends to-morrow—I want to see it by daylight."

Lord Carmansdale, who began to tremble for his valuable piece of rococo, could not, however, evade this positive appeal, and consigned, with ill-concealed trepidation, the box into the hands of the lady, observing that he would send for it to-morrow. Lord Carmansdale returned home. His German servant, Anton, attended him at his toilet.

"There now," said the old privileged domestic, "I told you how it would be. I told you never to take that box out with you, or you would be sure to lose it."

"Go to-morrow morning early, Anton," said his master, "take the étui with you, and say that you

am come for the tabatière, which I left with Mrs. Mac-Rubber."

The enemy, however, was not behindhand, and Mrs. Mac-Rubber knew well how to practise every sort of counter-manœuvre. The first thing the next morning, she told her housekeeper to take from the cupboard two large jars of preserved tamarinds, and to send them as a present to the residence of Lord Carmansdale. "Now," said she to herself, "I am sure of the bon-bonnière." Her confidence was not diminished, when half-an-hour afterwards Anton arrived with the étui, which the footman carried up stairs and delivered to his mistress without any message.

"See," said Mrs. Mac-Rubber to an early visitor who was with her, "his lordship has made me a present of the box, for he has sent me the étui."

Anton, however, was much too wide awake to his master's interest, to return without the snuffbox, and sending up again the footman, desired him to say, that he was desired to bring home the étui and the box together.

This decisive measure of Anton quite overthrew poor Mrs. Mac-Rubber's plans, and she was obliged to deliver up the box, and lament, at the same time,

the gratuitous loss of her two jars of preserved Indian tamarinds. Quel malheur! She was only consoled for her misfortune, by learning, later in the day, that the triumph of her party was complete; for that her rival, Lady Constantia Pruderly, had been played the most abominable trick, and had sate up all night to receive company, without a single arrival. "If this had happened to me," said Mrs. Mac-Rubber, "the shock would have certainly occasioned my death, and driven the gout to my stomach, like poor old Lord Furstenroy!" and so saying, she commenced assiduously polishing what she called "her dear little darling Meissen tea-pot."

CHAPTER XV.

HAUNTED unceasingly by the strange vision which he had seen through the window of his chamber, our hero had not enjoyed either a long or a tranquil slumber on that eventful night. Every time that he closed his eyes, the same sad beckoning form stood before him, shaking at him forlornly the dark tresses of her floating hair, and gazing in mute unutterable woe upon his face.

As soon as morning dawned, unable longer to remain inactive, or to endure the horrible state of uncertainty in which he was placed, he arose hastily from his pillow, made the best of his way to the stable, and saddling with his own hands his favourite Mahmoud, proceeded, before any of the domestics were awake, to quit the house of mourning, and accelerate his departure, at the quickest pace, in the direction of Meaux on the Marne. It was a wet and melancholy morning; one of those inauspicious open-

ings of the day which depress irresistibly the spirits of sensitive men, and set the nerves on the *qui vive* with apprehension. Having repeatedly changed his horses, which he continued to propel at a most precipitate and even dangerous pace, our hero arrived in much shorter time than could be expected at the place of his destination. Nevertheless, the sun was high in heaven, and the day was considerably progressed already, when his loud and impetuous knock at the door of the friendly but unexpecting Italian's house, startled the quiet inhabitants of the chateau from the unruffled quiet of their provincial inactivity. No meeting had taken place between our hero and the Principessa, since the first eventful evening at Blenheim, on which he had rescued poor Carlo from a watery grave. She however instantly recognized him, and, with one of those sad smiles, which at once kill hope and wither up every lingering leaf of joy's faded chaplet, greeted him to her desolate habitation.—Yes! her habitation too was desolate. Having waited in vain for an answer to the urgent letter which we have above transcribed, and in which she had so vehemently pressed his instant coming, our heroine was gone;—she had gone forth into the wide world like a fugitive and a wanderer; torn from

the hospitable hearth and the familiar voices of her friends; far from him who alone was dearer to her than all; unattended by him who alone appeared to her worthy to be her shield and her protector.

During the whole time that had elapsed since she quitted the house of the old lady at Fontainebleau, the demeanour and expressions of Jeannette Isabelle had tended to give fearful evidence that her mind bordered on a state of frenzy. The idea which she had at first taken up from casually hearing the conversation beneath her windows;—the idea that her lover had been killed by the hand of her husband, had continued to haunt her imagination. She had written to him, it is true, in terms as fond and confident as the still remaining feeling of hope blended with affection could dictate; but when hour after hour passed by, and still he came not; when her eyes were weary with looking for him from the lattice, and her ears ached with listening for the gallop of his steed, the dæmon of despair had usurped the sole empire of her thoughts, and she had nearly raved with the horrible uncertainty and agony of suspense in which she was placed. Her child was no longer with her to distract and beguile her mind; and it was certainly not a judicious proceeding on the part

of the good old lady to have detained little Florence from her mother; for, however violent her expressions of dislike might have been, dictated by sudden emotion and capricious passion, at a moment of strong excitement, it was not to be supposed that Jeannette Isabelle would have long continued in the same harsh mood towards her infant daughter.

Arrived at the chateau of Pisatelli, she asked continually for her child. "Give me my infant! Bring me to my dear friend!" she exclaimed; "Where is he? Where have they buried him?—Hah! 'twas too true!—murdered!—I know the spot;—I will go and seek him there!—I will go and sit upon his grave, night, noon, and morning, and sing.—I will bid the flowers grow sweetly over him; and I will weave them into a necklace for my baby's neck!—Hah! Where is my child? Absent too? What! not one spared me?—not one left to save and protect me, should my husband come! I would have laid my infant at his ruthless feet, so that he must have set his foot upon its neck, and walked over its dead body, before he could have touched me. Bazancourt would have taken other means for my defence; but here—alone! deserted! undone! I shall perish of fear and agony of mind, even if I should

remain undiscovered by my husband. Oh! he is dead! Bazancourt is dead! I know it well, or he would be here ere this. Yes, I will sit there, and braid the wild flowers by his green-grass grave. I will water the violets with my raining tears, and mingle the perfume of the primrose with my sighs. Is it not well to do so? Do I not owe him all? Has he not been to me the only pleasurable thought that I have ever known in life? Have I not dreamt of him in the night time, and thought of him through the day?—And shall I now grudge to die with him? No—welcome rather, warmly welcome death, and the barred-up coffin, and the deep deep grave!—Would that I were there! There is no peace for me above ground;—I am all alone in the world."

In vain the Principessa, with all the kindness and attention for which she was remarkable, endeavoured to appease and soothe these troublous excitations of her diseased imagination: in vain Carlo, who had not been forgotten on her departure from Fontainebleau, was now brought to her chamber to give a new direction to her tense and torturing thoughts; and yet this dumb animal, connected as the sight of him was with recollections and associations of our hero, seemed to attract her regard, and to alleviate the

melancholy of her mind more than any other object. The whole of the days of the twelfth and thirteenth had thus been passed in a sort of frenzy of sorrow, and a real prostration of feeling, which must end, if long continued, either in death or madness. On the evening of the thirteenth,—the same evening on which Richard Bazancourt had stood a mourner by the side of his father's death-bed, Jeannette Isabelle had been induced by the beauty of the evening, and the repeated solicitations of her friend, the Principessa, to take a stroll in an adjacent copse of birch, larch, and holly, which bordered closely on the banks of the river, and extended a considerable distance in length, till it was at last intercepted by the crossing of the high road to Paris, at the further extremity. Carlo, who seemed almost to sympathize in the sorrows of his mistress, did not bound or caper as he used to do at Stonesfield formerly, but he followed closely and quietly at the heels of the two ladies, hanging his head low, and drooping his long tongue out of his dry and gaping mouth. "The garland you culled for me from the gardens of Lucullus, my sweet friend," said Jeannette Isabelle to her Italian companion, "has never proved a wreath of

joy to me. Do you remember your parting gift? It has much more resembled, alas! a crown of thorns: for, from the time when I quitted you at dear Naples to the present moment, I have been tossed on a troubled sea, and battered by continual storms. One ray of light there was, indeed, which gleamed on me from heaven, and made even existence dear to me; but it is all darkness again now—and the light is gone out, and the strings are broken, and the music is mute. I have nothing more to do, than to say to the grave, thou art my brother—and to the worm, thou art my sister."

"Dearest Jeannette," replied the Italian, "is this the result of all your boasted philosophy? Has no better lesson than despair been taught by all those vigils which you used to love to keep, over the folios in your father's library at Naples? Do you remember when I was a giddy, laughing girl, and you were an ambitious, aspiring scholar, how I used to tell you that all your learning would bring you no good in the end, and that gaieté de cœur, which I consider as my best possession, is worth all the learning in the world to a woman?"

"I remember well, my friend," said our he-

roine; "gaieté de cœur, however, once was mine also; and if I was more devoted to study than most gay-hearted maidens are, I prosecuted such pursuits because I found real enjoyment in them, and they possessed for me a deeper interest then than any thing else. Alas! I had not then loved. Whatever I know, whatever little learning I may have collected from books or from meditation, was acquired at an early age—before the passions had broken out—before I was old enough to feel that master impulse, which absorbs and engrosses every other thought or sentiment, like Aaron's rod devouring the rest of the serpents. Since then—since that night, when you were my companion on the banks of Blenheim lake, I have given study, and even meditation, to the winds. No woman that truly loves can either read or think. Love is a perpetual occupation to her, it colours her existence, and supplies food for her secret meditations, and her profoundest reflections. Ah! my kind friend! I speak more calmly now. The softness of this evening air, the stillness of this quiet place, the sight of the river and the green trees, have soothed me a little, and I feel less wildly agitated than heretofore. If I had but my child and Bazancourt! some visions of happiness might haply

even yet hover round the evening of my days;-
say the evening of my days—for though I am b
a young martyr, I feel conscious that my time he
is drawing to its close. I have exhausted feelin
and drained dry the very dregs from the cup
emotion. My heart is worn out, and my mind
gray; and, although I cannot count more th
two-and-twenty summers, I am literally older, a
have lived more, if I may so express myself, th
many people at three times my age.

‘ My days are in the yellow leaf,
The flowers and fruits of love are gone,
The worm, the canker, and the grief
Are mine alone!' ”

“ Don't talk so dismally,” said the little Prin
pessa, “ take my prescription of gaieté de cœu
and I will answer for your perfect restoration
health, mental and bodily, in a very short tim
It is the best universal medicine that has yet bee
discovered, I assure you.”

“ Don't talk to me of medicines,” answere
abruptly our heroine, “ nought can minister to
mind diseased. The illness is here,” pressing h
hand to her heart; “ when the sickness falls upo
so delicate a part, it is incurable.”

The Principessa left our heroine for a few m

nutes, to seek something in the house. The comparative calmness to which she had been restored by her evening promenade, diminished the alarm which her friend had felt for her. She left her with the promise of returning in a few minutes, and Jeannette Isabelle continued her walk along the sloping margin of the river, till she had well nigh attained to the furthest boundary of the little shady copse. The sunbeams were slanting almost horizontally; and all was so still, that the leap of a solitary fish, every now and then, from the shining surface of the Marne, startled the timid ear of our heroine.

Her thoughts were still with Bazancourt. His absence, and his silence, perplexed and terrified her. If he yet lived, she felt certain that he must still come; that he was, probably, even now upon his road.

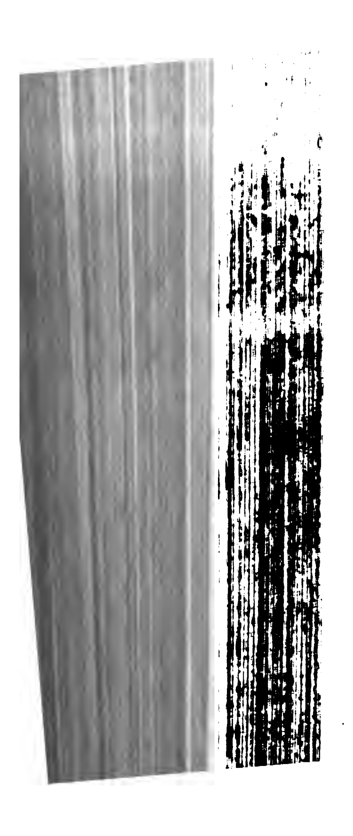
Finding the high road to Paris at the end of the copse, she advanced from beneath the covert of the trees into the clear and open pathway, and seeing a carriage approaching in the distance, she allowed herself to be sufficiently led away by her confident expectation of Bazancourt's arrival, to step out into the road, and await the coming up of the carriage.

The Principessa, in the mean time, having dispatched her errand in the house, hastened her return to the coppice to renew her conversation with her friend. Arrived at the spot, she found her not. Carlo was not either to be seen. She searched in every direction, and called to her in vain. She sent messengers, and waited anxiously some explanation of her absence.

The body of poor Carlo was found dead in a ditch, and this inexplicable circumstance was the only thing discovered which could in the remotest degree throw any light upon the subject. And Carlo sleeps well to this day by the waters of the Marne, and a sum is still expended annually on a poor cottager by the Princess, in order to keep the daisies trimly cut, and the wild arums neatly shorn, which otherwise might encumber with their too luxuriant verdure the polished marble tablet, which glistens when the sun shines over him.—But we must not anticipate.

It was not till some hours after our heroine had been missing, that a boy, who had been keeping cows in a neighbouring field on the other side of the road, communicated that he had seen a travelling carriage with four horses approach; a gen-

tleman had descended from it, and with the assistance of his servants, had forced the lady into the voiture, which drove off at a rapid rate in the direction of the capital. This was all the story which the Principessa was able to communicate to our hero; and, indeed, up to the present moment, she had indulged the hope that it might have been Bazancourt who had carried her off in the carriage. Alas! no; *that* night was the same night on which our hero had seen the mysterious vision at his window.



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affliction of his
brother, he had
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road to relieve his agony of mind by the rapidity of the motion, and the physical operation of bodily exertion. There seemed to be little doubt, that the person in the carriage, who had carried off Jeannette Isabelle, could be no other than Lord Clanelly, and the thought of this well nigh infuriated our hero to madness. It was the thought of the terrible revenge, which he still burned to inflict on that individual for his accumulated wrongs, that still supported him through this severest trial of all. He would not stoop to tears—he was of too proud a nature to bend beneath the storm—

> "Rats die in holes and corners; dogs run mad;
> Man hath a braver remedy for sorrow:
> Revenge! the attribute of gods!"

and with this sentiment of Pierre impressed upon his heart, he proceeded on his way.

Oh! Love, so tender in thy beginnings, so terrible in thy results! can then such fierce defiance, and such blood-thirsty wishes, proceed from thy soft and gentle influence! Small, at first, and secret, like the gurgling fountain of some mighty stream, which steals quietly along, and winds its way among the matted grass, presently thou enlargest the scope of thy dominion, and hurriest on the

[redacted]

impetuosity of thy career, till nothing can stand before thy waves. Thy cataracts carry with them the solid rock over the stunning precipice—thy torrents whirl, and foam, and dash about, like a tempest. Thy course rolls on—and the ocean is before it—there is no end but death to thy dominion. Mighty god! Deity of noble natures! Oh! Love, how is thy worship profaned, how is thy name taken in vain, how is thy majesty blasphemed and thy glory disparaged by the frivolous offerings of little minds and narrow hearts upon thy altar! Many, indeed, are the votaries that do unto thee lip-service—many are the tribes that call upon thy name; but they to whom it is given to feel thy inmost mysteries are few. They who are privileged and chosen from the crowd to be thy high priests in thy temple are very small in number. Love is not a thing that passeth away and is soon forgotten. It abideth ever—it is eternal—it is almighty. It is a mockery and a burlesque—it is worse than profanity to hear the way in which people speak of love, who do not and cannot understand it. It is one, and simple, and undivided—it is the jealous god of a terrible and exacting religion. You must put your faith in him, and he will not desert you—you

must trust in him, and he will abide by you unto the end. Tender and gentle as the breath of the sweet south; when he is wronged and roused, he comes forth like a giant from his slumbers—like a giant refreshed with wine. The myrtle of Amathus —the Cytherean jasmine—the rose of Paphos—are twined around his brows, but he sleepeth not always in the lap of Cyprian luxury—he riseth up—he clotheth himself with strength—he putteth on his armour—and he laugheth in the face of his foes. Woe unto them that defy him. Verily they shall have their reward!

Lord Furstenroy, as we must henceforth call our hero, on arriving in Paris made every enquiry respecting Lord Clanelly which was likely to throw any light upon his movements. At his hôtel, at his club, at every possible or probable haunt of that nobleman, he instituted, in his own person, the most minute and particular investigation; but without result. He had left Paris a few days previously, immediately after the fatal duel, with post-horses, and he was expected every day to return; but, as yet, no certain information could be obtained with regard to his movements: even his late second, Mr. Fivebars, declared himself entirely ignorant on the subject.

Our hero, who had arrived again in Paris late in the night of the fourteenth, or rather early in the morning of the fifteenth, instant, passed a restless and miserable interval; and having prosecuted his search the ensuing day in the forenoon, till a late hour, without success, as he passed quickly down the Rue Vivienne, turned into Roussel's fencing-rooms, partly from the hope of meeting some one there who might give him the information which he sought, and partly to relieve, by violent bodily exertion, that restlessness of mind, which is the most torturing misery to which human nature can be subjected. He was unwilling to expose himself publicly anywhere during the peculiarly delicate position in which he was placed by the recent event of his father's death; but his mind was in that excited condition, that he scarcely reflected on what he did. To obtain a moment's respite from the agony he endured, was the first wish present to his mind; and he entered the room, took down his foil from the stand, put on a mask, and without changing his dress, stood ready to face his antagonist—one of the pupils of the school—in a few seconds. It may be that on entering here, he even secretly wished in his heart for this opportunity of trying his skill in

arms, preparatorily to the deadly contest in which he felt certain that he should now shortly be engaged. Be this as it may, this was certainly not the uppermost thought in his mind. We are sometimes actuated by motives so exceedingly fine and secret in their operation, that we do not confess them to ourselves, nor are we ourselves even aware of their influence on our own actions. The human mind plays the hypocrite in some cases to itself. Lord Furstenroy's immediate object was to divert his mind by the violent exercise; at least, he really believed this to be his only reason. To take anything like an advantage of an adversary even by previous practice, was not a line of acting likely to be adopted by our hero. There were the voices of Englishmen conversing in the small dressing room in the corner adjoining the Salle d'Armes, and Lord Furstenroy could plainly distinguish the brogue of Fitz-Waterton among them; the other voices were unknown to him; but it was not difficult to tell the tones of the Irishman in the crowd.

"Upon my honour and credit," said the Kilkenny cat, "'tis terribly warm work this summer weather; it pulls me down to a walking shadow. I shall be able to perform in the living skeleton soon. I'm

becoming the mere anatomy of a man from sheer hard work,—as I told my dear little Barbara the other day, speaking of her sister, 'why you're thin, and she's thin, but upon my honour and credit, I'm thinner than both of you put together.' "

The by-standers laughed at the Hibernian's bull, and an old East Indian, taking up his parable, continued the conversation. "Oh! it's nothing this at all; if you had been out hunting with me in the jungles in India you would all have been melted away like butter. I never shall forget that day, when we went wild elephant-hunting, and bagged no less than fifteen of those monstrous animals."

"*Bagged* fifteen elephants," interrupted Fitz-Waterton; "capital!—and I suppose you had a retriever of proportionable size to bring them to you in his mouth."

"Like Lord Clanelly's bull-dog and the old woman," remarked a third voice behind the scenes.

"I only wish Lord Clanelly was here, that we might have the pleasure of seeing him fence," said Fitz-Waterton: "Roussel himself can't touch him, and says, moreover, that he is, without exception, the best swordsman he ever saw in his life."

Our hero's ear listened attentively. He wished

to go, in order to escape observation, but the turn which the conversation had taken was far too interesting to him, upon private grounds, to admit of his departure.

"And I should think," remarked the East Indian, "that his lordship would be a good man in the field; he has so much tact and coolness about him, that I wouldn't give sixpence for the life of any man who had to stand up against him,—he'd spit him through the middle like a lark in a minute, 'and clench his rapier on the other side,' as Lee says in one of his plays."

Our hero began to look grave and thoughtful.

"But he's quite as good with a pistol as he is with the foils," continued the Kilkenny cat; "I've seen him hit nine eggs out of ten at twelve paces, and snuff a candle with the greatest nicety. Indeed, he has lately given very good proof of his talents in that line. Poor Lord Fletcher had a short life and a merry one."

Our hero looked again grave and abstracted; he thought of his brother, and of his father, and of his Isabelle, and of his own approaching trial of skill with Clanelly, and of the uncertainty and brevity of human life.

"Where is Lord Clanelly to be found generally inquired the nabob.

"I should think the most likely place would the Combat des Animaux," answered Fitz-Wat ton; and our hero smiled bitterly as he heard t reply. He had hoped to have found, even th some clue to the movements of his enemy; but nothing seemed likely to transpire on that hea and he was anxious to leave the salle before t party in the side-room should have discovered hi he hastened to quit the apartment, and made t best of his way over to Montmorency, in order pay those necessary attentions to his family whi he had even now too long neglected.

It was, however, late in the evening before could dispatch his more pressing affairs, so as to able to set off on his journey homeward. The mo was risen, but not sufficiently high to be alwa visible over the trees, and the shadows which we flung by her pale light over the white road we long and spectral. As soon as he had advance sufficiently far to be quite free of the town, Mal moud was put into a sharp trot, and they had soo proceeded as far as that part of the road where thick cluster of elms and mountain-ashes ove

canopy the path, forming the extreme skirt of an ancient forest, which used to extend far and wide on the right hand side. There is a long turfy avenue between the trees, and there are also the picturesque remains of an old fountain, now clustered round with shrubs and wild flowers, which peer out between the silvery trunks of two tall birches, thus forming rather a conspicuous object at a short distance down the avenue.

Mahmoud was proceeding at a rapid pace, and the hard road rung with the echoes of his hollow hoofs. Suddenly he stopped short, so as nearly to throw his rider over his head; and notwithstanding all the efforts made to urge him to proceed, he stood still, throwing himself back on his haunches, his fore-feet out, his nostril distended, and snorting loudly as if with terror and dismay. He shook all over, and his sides were covered with a dense sweat. Our hero turned his eyes towards the avenue on his right, and there, standing in front of the fountain, so as plainly to disclose the outline of her figure between the contiguous trunks of the birch-trees, he perceived the same strange vision which had so awed him on the previous occasion, at his chamber-window at Montmorency. There were the

same well-known lineaments,
pale, and phantom-like. Th
pression of unutterable woe—
reproach and complaining en
carnation of the spirit of patie
choly resignation. The myst
in a deep black garment, whi
tattered, and bespattered wit
dishevelled, as if blown by t
feet were bleeding, as if from
on the flints. The figure sto
not seem to change its gest
occasion, by pointing to the
finger of the right hand, wh
line from the shoulder, was
earth. Might it be that she
my home and my shelter, my
place?"

What might these things
mained also motionless. The
he was silent too. He s
weighed down by the prese
could not move from his sad
him—he was fascinated by
preternatural power;—but it

remained gazing on the figure he knew not how long—the spell was broken by Mahmoud proceeding of his own accord, and unbidden on his journey.

Immediately that Mahmoud moved, our hero pulled his bridle and recalled his steps to the spot where he had just stood, but the animal showed no longer any signs of fear—the phantom was no more visible. He rode up to the fountain—there was no one. Mahmoud paced quietly and tractably the whole space around it. Our hero examined the trees, and the fountain, but there was nothing in their form or appearance which could have resembled that of a human being; and how could he be mistaken in his Isabelle? He proceeded on his way in a deep and profound melancholy.

CHAPTER XVII.

It was some days after the above ride of our he
from Paris to Montmorency, that a great dinn
party happened to be given by our friend Mr. Eart
stopper Brush Fivebars, to a number of Englishme
at the Rocher de Cancale. Bob Tracy, who h
managed not yet to get into St. Pelagie, was,
course, one of the principal features of the compan
and a number of his old Oxford friends, whom
had chanced to pick up about Paris, were added
the party; Grainger also was there, but not Mullin
ham; and Fivebars, who since the duel had est
blished an especial intimacy with his principal
that occasion, had been so successful as to prevail
Lord Clanelly, notwithstanding his general dislike
society, and his special reasons at the present mom
against it, to be one of the guests.

No legal process had been resorted to agai

him in consequence of the fatal duel; for, at the time we write of, such affairs were rather encouraged, than otherwise, by the authorities. "Ce ne sont que de mauvais sujets qui se battent," was one of the cunning maxims of Louis Philippe, and he thought it much better that the wild spirits of the capital should shoot each other in single combat, than that their pistols should be directed either against himself or his government.

At table, on the present occasion, the excellency of Parisian cooks, and the importance and dignity of the culinary art in general, were dilated on with his usual eloquence and enthusiasm, by George Grainger.

"I forget which of the kings of France it was," said he, "but I believe Henri Quatre, who being engaged in his wars on the eastern frontier of his dominions, and at the point furthest possible removed from the sea, suddenly took it into his head that he would have a turbot for dinner. The nearest fish-market was miles and miles away. There was a notice given of only two or three hours:—what was to be done? A cook of any other nation in the world would have given up the point in despair; in which case I think the king would have been justified in ordering him for immediate execution, without benefit

of clergy; but the great man wh
ance of the great monarch's
master, not easily to be baffle
recollected that he had an old
somewhere, packed up in his
determined to convert into a
was bold. To present his old
eaten at the monarch's table,
riment: if detected, he knew n
the punishment he should su
He exerted his utmost art u
odds and ends of the buckskin
sauce. The king was deligh
approved; and the cook did
secret, till he found himself u

"The style of cooking is
from what it used to be at C
old Oxonian to Bob Tracy.
sending for the manciple the
wanted something extraordinari
'What can we have at the top o
was your question. 'Nothing,
nicer than a leg of mutton,'
well, that will do,' was the res
answer. 'And what will you

tom?' 'Oh, sir,' replied the manciple, 'nothing can be nicer or simpler than a leg of mutton for the bottom?'"

"It is very remarkable," said Tracy, "that at the universities, notwithstanding their vast opportunities, from the leisure supplied by their rich endowments for the study of this noble science; notwithstanding also their universal employment of dog-cooks in their kitchens, quantity is still preferred to quality in the arrangement of their dinners, and in the composition of their dishes. The last new discovery made there, with which I am acquainted, was a sort of patent elastic India-rubber waistband for the dons' breeches, invented by a professor, and dedicated to the universities."

"If the professor turns seriously his attention in that direction," continued Grainger, "he might not only revive and increase illimitably the perhaps somewhat declining reputation of our English universities, but would confer incalculable benefits on the whole human race, and the advancement of universal science Cooking has too long been looked down on and despised as a subject unworthy of the wise man's attention. Incalculable harm was done to the cause by weak-minded men, who, in the rude and dark

ages, managed to excite the
their anchorite habits, and p
virtue to live upon

> 'A scrip with herbs and
> And water from the spri

This, however, hand-in-hand
is now making rapid strides
revival of learning has brou
steaming potatoes, and the
engine—an Ude and a Watt-
an Arkwright's improvement
has been defined by Dr. John
mal: it is the great disting
separates him from the brutes
live like the hermit, in the w
of nature; but man—man en
faculty, and capable of syllog
man employs that mighty in
preparation of his food. All
may be proved to be inferior
—The chemist experimental
charges his retorts and his ba
fluids and his essences;—but
of a cook's education. He

combine, and separate; in short, the analytic and synthetic arrangements and disarrangements of syrups, sauces and savours, acids and alkalis; but he is not a perfect cook, although he may be a good chemist. The education of the physician and the surgeon is equally necessary for him;—of the surgeon, in order that he may perfectly understand, in all its branches, the anatomy of the several animals with which he has to deal—the turtle, the fish, the fowl, the quadruped, and their several habits of life. A knowledge of botany will not be entirely unconnected with this; and the whole province of zoology, in order to know how best animals may be fattened, and brought most easily into a fit state for an alderman's table: but more especially is the education of the physician necessary, because I do firmly believe, and sincerely hope, that in a short time, physicians may be entirely superseded by cooks, and that we shall be enabled to take our physic in a more agreeable form than heretofore—that is to say, in the shape of food instead of medicine. We have only to increase and impart more universally our knowledge of what is wholesome and what is deleterious, and of the different effects which different viands produce on different stomachs and constitutions, in order to make cookery



"Those Paris hells, those Paris hells,
How many a tale my pocket tells,
Of rouge et noir, and that sweet time,
When first I heard the dice-box chime!

"Those joyous hours are passed away!
And many a heart that then was gay,
In the King's Bench now darkly dwells,
And haunts no more those Paris hells!

"And so 'twill be, when I am gone—
Those cards and dice shall still play on—
And fortunes, lost by other swells,
Shall fill your banks, sweet Paris hells!"

"Gentlemen," said George Grainger, rising as soon as the applause occasioned by this song, and the chorus of "Landlord, fill the bowl!" after it had subsided—"Gentlemen, there were three sects of philosophers of old, who principally merit notice on the page of history:—these were, first, the Stoics, gentlemen, who went to bed sober; secondly, the Epicureans, who indulged in the more sensible habit of going to bed mellow; and, thirdly, another class, who may be supposed to have been so fond of drinking, that they literally lived in a tub, and were called Cynics, from their partiality to dogs and dog-fighting. Gentlemen, I shall be allowed, I hope, to conclude these remarks, by proposing to you the





" Sure never men's prospects were brighter,
Said I, as I jump'd from my perch:
So quickly arrived at the Mitre,
I'm sure to get on in the church.

" I look'd on the head of my college
As equal at least to a god:
I deem'd him Colossus of knowledge,
And fear'd his oracular nod.

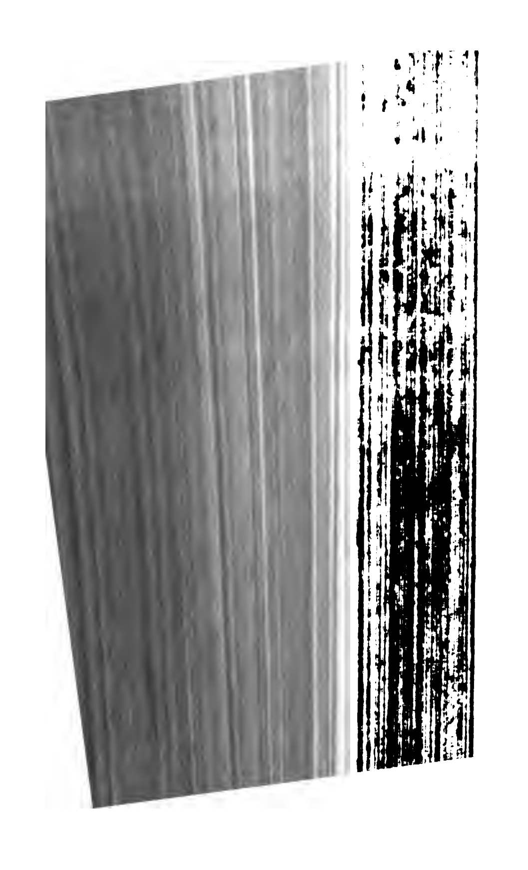
" I breakfasted twice with my tutor,
On stale bread-and-butter and tea;
And felt myself proud as a suitor,
Enthroned on his mistress's knee.

" To wake me for six o'clock chapel,
A 'larum was placed by my bed;
With logic I ventured to grapple,
And talk'd of what Paley had said.

" But soon, in my habits of thinking,
A great revolution had place:
I took to the science of drinking,
And made my new study, the chase.

" I voted it slow to be booky,
And sold off my library shelves:
I sat up all night at blind-hookey,
And swore at the proctors themselves.

" I made against study a vow, sir,
And strove to forget what I'd read;
And champagne was the only thing now, sir,
That ever got into my head.



It was just after this song had been concluded that a dispute arose between Lord Clanelly and Mr. Fivebars, relative to a thorough-bred mare in Lord Clanelly's possession, and the distance of Fontainebleau from Paris. Fivebars offered to bet large odds that Clanelly did not trot her over there in four hours; and it was agreed that the match should come off the following day. Fivebars offered freely the odds at five to two against the mare; and, as the evening was now far advanced, and Lord Clanelly was anxious to retire early to rest, in order to be in good condition for his wager the following day, he presently quitted the party, which, indeed, had already began to assume rather too boisterous and juvenile a turn even for his lordship's taste. Hot punch was now brought in; and as the jugs went round, and the anchovy toast went down, the conversation and the songs degenerated alike into scraps and fragments.

" Mop up your liquors," cried Tracy.

" Floor your lush," repeated another.—Here George Grainger left the room.

" All round my hat," cried a third.

" It's all very fine, but it won't do here to-night," said a fourth.—Tracy began drawing men and women

on the table, with his forefin
gin and water, which Five
table.

> " Here's a health to the gove
> To send us the tin, wheneve

sang one :

> " Here's a health to the blacksmith
> Who works at his anvil, while his

responded another, in a total

" Hip, hip, hip—hurrah !
from his seat—even he had
all staggered home, supportin
other's arms, and singing

> " Since now we are a co

in full chorus, all down the I



CHAPTER XVIII.

It was the following morning early that our hero, in walking down the Boulevard des Italiens, in Paris, fancied he caught, from the mouth of a passenger, something like the name of Lord Clanelly repeated, in conjunction with that of Fontainebleau. Devoted as he was to the one sole object of discovering that individual's motions, he could not resist the strong inclination he felt to enquire of the stranger whether he could give any information on the subject. Approaching, therefore, the man, and touching his arm with his finger, he apologized for the liberty he was taking, and enquired if he had not heard him say that Lord Clanelly was gone to Fontainebleau? "Just started, sir, an hour ago," answered the man, with an indifference which contrasted well with the impetuosity of our hero; "and I'll bet you a pretty penny that the mare does it 'asy."

The latter part of the sentence was unmarked by our hero, who only waited for the categorical answer to his question, and set off immediately to procure post-horses, in order to follow his enemy to Fontainebleau. In his mind Fontainebleau was only regarded as the receptacle which contained the child of his Jeannette Isabelle. Hearing that Clanelly was gone thither, he naturally feared that his journey was somehow connected with the child; and as he had repeatedly promised our heroine that he would never, if possible, allow that infant to fall into the hands of its father, and particularly as he now clung to it as a part and remnant of his lost Isabelle with a double fondness, he resolved to exert every sinew to prevent Lord Clanelly's supposed object from being attained. With three horses attached to his light and empty britska, our hero was not long upon the road: he arrived within a very short space of time after Lord Clanelly himself, at his destination; and alighted in trembling anxiety, at the door of the good old lady's chateau. The entrance was opened for him speedily by Victoire; but Victoire's eyes were red with weeping, and at the sight of our hero she burst again into a fresh paroxysm of tears.

"L'enfant! l'enfant! où est il donc?" exclaimed our hero, rushing into the house, and scarcely waiting for a reply. He had already traversed several of the rooms, and found them all vacant, before he had recovered sufficiently the use of his reason, to reflect that he had better make some enquiries of Victoire.

It was too true that the house was empty. The child was gone—the old lady herself, even, had disappeared; of all this Victoire could give no explanation; she could only state the simple fact, that the old lady of the house had that morning taken out the infant, Florence, for a stroll; that she had been seen to proceed to the principal hôtel in the town; that she had there engaged a chaise de poste and a pair of horses, and had suddenly left Fontainebleau without giving any account to the bewildered Victoire, either of her motives or her destination. There was not even a line or a message left for our hero, in case he should arrive, nor the least clue to the route which she had intended to take.

Our hero felt half inclined to accuse the old lady of treachery. He began to think that she had betrayed him, and allowed herself to be made

such a conclusion very reluctan
impossible, too, that her motiv
exactly the reverse, and that sh
away the child, purposely to a
that, in short, she might have,
sually heard of Lord Clanelly's
necting it somehow with the
held in her charge, determined
and out of reach, to avoid the
ing it. In this case, also, dis
rally have dictated to her the in
municating her motions or her
toire, from whom it might be
information might be subsequ
Clanelly himself. This was
likely, as well as the most cha
which could be put upon the
old lady; but whatever might h

and her familiar voice, secured comfort to him. He clung to her syllables and her surmises with a fond but disconsolate sort of credulity, loving to hear the accents of hope, even while filled with the bitterness of despair. As, however, no time was to be lost, and he found, moreover, on enquiring in the town, that Lord Clanelly had again left the hôtel, en voiture, to return to Paris, our hero could not linger here.

He felt that now the grand climacteric of his fate was approaching:—something within whispered to him that the web of destiny, which was being wove around him, was nearly ended. Now or never he was to settle the grand question, which had become to him the mainspring of all his actions, whether he or Lord Clanelly were to continue as denizens of this earth.

He had wrought up his imagination to such a pitch of excitement, that he had long since determined the impossibility of their both living together in the world. Lord Clanelly was his evil genius—his vampire—his curse which crossed him in his path—a very blight and mildew upon his best hopes and brightest enjoyments; and yet he felt a presentiment, that even should he succeed in bringing

his enemy into the field, and should the result of the conflict be fortunate to himself, his happiness, nevertheless, was over, and his heart dry for the rest of his days. Never again could he renew those fresh and joyous beatings of the young bosom, which impart to existence a novel charm, to nature a two-fold grace, to love, above all, such a witchery and such a spell, that earth seems heaven, and mortals like the gods! On him no more might fall that pure celestial dew which steals over, and soothes, and softens the sad spirit, till melancholy melts into love! that boon of youth! that pride and glory of man's early days! that delicious dream, which invests all things with beauty, and light, and melody! that delirium of the glad brain, which paints a smile upon the cheek of every object, and flings a lustre and a sun-beam over the gloom of life. No more upon his ear must the accents of woman's adoration fall like the rain-beads on the flowers, cheering him with their playful gladness, filling his breast with thankfulness and his lips with praise! No, no!—the incense was burnt out upon the shrine—the cup of dalliance was drained to the very bottom—the excitement was past—the vision vanished—nought remained but the stern truths and

hard realities of life! Gone were those glorious tints of Fancy's pencilling, which hung with roseate splendour round the dull horizon of the future, which enamelled with their glowing hues the path of life, making it like a meadow in a morn of May! Past were those hours of dreamy indolence and voluptuous repose, when he could pillow himself upon a sunny bank and sigh; or bound with all the elastic energy of confident hope to that threshold, where his guerdon would be blessings, and his welcome kisses. In the hush of evening was now no sweetness to him, as once, when his thoughts all hived and garnered in those twilight meetings, he nightly hasted to the trysting-place, and left it still panting only for the following night! One curl of his Isabelle's tresses had been dearer to him far than all his millions to the miser. Oh! how he had feasted and hung upon her neck! how he had loved to bury himself beneath the long, shadowy, fragrant meshes of her hair! how he had clung to her honied lip, like the bee upon the rose, and girdled her with his arm till they had seemed to grow together like the marriage of the vine! how he had mingled the fingers of her frail soft hand with his own, and drunk the ambrosial perfumes which hovered and

floated round her footsteps ever
sphere of odours o'er her, as in
queen. Farewell, now, Idalia
joy's gorgeous imagery!—farew
for ever farewell!

But once in man's whole l
blossom, and the spring flouris
descend then upon the tree,
scorches and dries up its sapl
dull damp autumn withers it
it is well fitted for the axe, an
fire.

What a mystery is man!
with such vast capacities for
a longing after happiness, wi
appreciating its attainment, he
to misery! One flash from t
lation from heaven—bursts or
of our lives to show us what l
all dark again—no more love-
our graves! Ah! little can th
of reason and the hard maxin
pensate for the loss of those
those pure and natural illusion
love generates, illumines, and

a man who has attained, at a painful cost, to what is called a knowledge of the world, would give the treasures of Peru to be a doting fool again!

Our hero, as he rolled rapidly along in his britska on the road to Paris, in pursuit either of Clanelly or the old lady, and determined to stop whichever he might come up with first, mused and meditated on these things till his brain reeled. Strange thoughts rush over men's minds in moments like the present. All the knowledge, and feeling, and experience of our whole lives seems presented to us in a narrow compass, and to flash before our memories, as if mirrored in a glass. Life and death —time and eternity—the first cause—the end of actions—the nature of the soul—man's immortality —all these things were imaged at once before him. "What am I? to what end am I born? whither am I borne along upon the stream of Fate?" all these questions he asked himself, and he could not answer them.

The Pythagorean unity and the Heraclitan fire—the primitive intelligence of Anaxagoras—the affinity and discord of Empedocles—the atoms of Epicurus

—the bipart and pre-existent soul which was evoked by Plato—all, all glided over the surface of his imagination in vague, dim, and indistinct characters.

"I am a Christian," repeated he to himself; "why then do I long for this man's blood? I am very desperately wicked; I believe that I am very weak; but I cannot help it,—I am borne along irresistibly by the force of my destiny. I feel that I am intended to be the slayer of Clanelly. I am entirely miserable. This action will not make me happier, but rather more wretched than before; yet I know that he must fall. I could then shut myself up for the rest of my days afar off from the rest of the world—a lone man and an outcast; if it be so written, be it so! I will atone by suffering and penance, if it be possible, for my crime; and I will mourn over my love. Oh! my Isabelle! where art thou? what is thy fate? where is to be the end of our calamities?"

As he went on his way, the spirit of our hero waxed dark within him; he felt so utterly wretched that he could not bear the sounds of mirth or gaiety. The ploughman's whistle fell in discord on his ear;

the beauty even of the landscape, and the verdure of the foliage, seemed to rise up to upbraid, and reproach, and mock at him; and he cursed the birds that carolled in the hedgerows for being so happy.

CHAPTEI

MEANWHILE, we should b
duty of faithful historians,
scribe the course of even
during this time, to the ot
the approaching struggle.

Lord Clanelly, whose in
racter prevented him from
a serious light, and who w
up the thought of his o
and enjoyments, even witl
weight and importance, in
duel with the late Lord F
carriage, as if nothing h
intention of laying in a la
wine, from the cellars of
spected those vast subterr
made a large purchase, at

he best vintages, he set off with Tartar, now his solitary companion since the death of poor Griffin, to return to Paris. His road led through Meaux, and wound along the end of the copse, which we have above described as surrounding the château of Pisatelli, on the banks of the Marne. He was proceeding carelessly along, and at a rapid pace, when his attention was arrested by what was never to him an unwelcome sight, the view of a solitary woman, accompanied only by a large dog, and dressed in a plain white costume, without any bonnet, but with loose floating masses of dark hair. The sunset was already past, but he could not be mistaken, he stopped the carriage, and before he had time even to descend, he recognized the features of his long-sought wife in the person who was advancing to meet him.

Meanwhile, Jeannette Isabelle, who had hurried towards the carriage, firmly persuaded that it could contain no other than our hero, whom she was so anxiously expecting, and whose arrival she had so much right to expect, as soon as she perceived it stop, and was enabled to identify the face of the dreaded individual who issued from it, uttered one sharp wild shriek, and fell perfectly insensible into the arms of

her husband, who had now dismounted and was endeavouring to force her into the carriage. Owing to her senseless condition he might soon have accomplished this with the assistance of his servants, had not Carlo, the faithful Carlo, rushed forward to defend his mistress, and sprang at Lord Clanelly as he attempted to lift her from the ground; but luckily for his lordship, Tartar was at hand to defend him; before the Newfoundland could make good his hold, Tartar was at his side. He darted from his seat in the carriage, and grappled with enormous force the throat of the other dog, whom Lord Clanelly could now no longer doubt to be Carlo. It seemed as if the animosity which existed between the individuals whom they severally accompanied, had communicated itself to these two furious, but faithful, animals, for they fought for life and death with the most bloody and terrible savageness. Size was considerably on the side of Carlo; but the bull-breed of the other gained in strength, compactness, and courage, what it lost in size and weight. Each had in a few moments grappled a firm hold on his antagonist, and as they rolled over and over in the dust struggling for the upperhand, only a subdued and savage growl was from time to time audible from between their clenched teeth.

Meanwhile, Jeannette Isabelle, still utterly insensible to the scene that was passing around her, had been deposited safely on the seat by Lord Clanelly's side, and he was now delighted to have the opportunity of watching the conflict which was taking place between the two dogs. Still supporting his fainting wife with his left arm, he kept motioning to and encouraging the bull-dog with his right: "Now, Tartar—go it, old fellow—shake him now—loo, loo, loo:" but Tartar did not require much backing; he had held poor Carlo ever since the beginning of the uneven contest tight by the throat, and notwithstanding all the efforts of the latter, he was unable to disengage himself. At last, Carlo letting go, through sheer exhaustion, of the hold he had taken on Tartar's side, just under the shoulder, Tartar was enabled to shake his antagonist violently; which he continued to do with such force, that his breath, at last, was fairly driven out of his body. The gigantic Carlo, at length, fell breathless on his side; he turned once his bloodshot eyes upwards in the direction of his mistress, and rolled over dead into a ditch.

Every method was in the meantime resorted to, in order to restore to animation our heroine; but

the carriage was put in m
far on its way, long befo
to indicate the least return
ings of Lord Clanelly, as l
inanimate wife, and ga
features, which on him m
not attempt to describe or
were not so deep as might
as the carriage stopped a
Clayes, which is the next
scended from the voiture f
a cigar. The two servant
absent from the carriage, h
for the purpose of acceler
the fresh horses. Our h
fainting fit—she suddenly
in which she found hers
night had by this time d
with great presence of
execution, she dismounted
side opposite to the one w
running to the ready cove
the other side of the road,
ciently hidden from observ
dread of discovery. Torch

house, and search was made in every direction, as soon as her loss was discovered; but Jeannette Isabelle, having considerable head of her pursuers, and taking the route by which it appeared to her the least likely that they would follow, succeeded in escaping detection. In a short time she had traversed the whole of the thick covert of trees which overhung the road, crossed several fields, and stealing along under their hedges, was presently beyond all chance of being retaken. At length, when the pursuit had been abandoned, when all was again silence around her, and she recovered sufficient calmness and self-possession to review her own position, Jeannette Isabelle felt horror-struck and terrified. She knew not where she was—whither they would have conducted her. She feared to look for refuge in the neighbouring hôtel, as directions would probably have been left there to detain her, if she reappeared. The rush of desperation and frantic fear came over her like a flood again—and she fled—on, on, on—away from the voices or the eyes of men—she knew not whither—she knew not by what preternatural energy she was enabled to pass over such a space of ground so quickly, and with so little perceptible fatigue. Is it that some-

thing like madness lent this strength to her frail sinews? Her flight was long—for she knew not whither she fled.

But we must return to Lord Clanelly, who after lighting his cigar and returning to the carriage, was in a furious rage at finding that his neglect had suffered our heroine once more to escape him. The first thing he did was to vent his fury on his servants, one of whom he struck, and both of whom he abused with the most ungovernable violence. After the search had been prosecuted in vain, and he found himself obliged to proceed once more without his wife, he became, however, more resigned to the loss. So callous had even his most excitable feelings become, by the mere habit of long sensual indulgencies, and general egotism, that he could not now feel deeply on any point for a long time continuously. By the time the carriage had advanced a couple of miles, he became sufficiently composed and resigned to his situation to light another cigar; and this may be, perhaps, termed by some people, philosophy—if so, it is not ours.

After this description of the apathy which he displayed, even at the moment when the prize he had been seeking so long had just slipped out of his

ınds, we shall no longer feel much astonishment at nding him within so very short a time afterwards ining at Mr. Fivebars' convivial party, and engaging ı a wager to ride a distance in a given time. We ıave already stated that he won his match, and have nentioned his departure again from Fontainebleau, ɔn his return to Paris. It had so happened that he set off on his return from that place just at the time that our hero had entered the old lady's château, and was in conversation with the maid. This will therefore account for the circumstance of the two noblemen not having met each other on the road.

We have now brought up our story evenly to the period when Lord Clanelly, arriving at the second post-house from Fontainebleau, on the road to Paris, stopped for a few minutes to take some refreshment, or perhaps for his usual purpose of getting a light for a cigar. The old lady and the child Florence were far in advance of him on the same route, and probably by this time had already reached Paris. The britska of our hero, on the other hand, was following close behind, and this short delay in changing horses at the post-house of Ponthierry, enabled the well-paid postillions of the latter to come up with Clanelly's carriage in that spot. With Lord Cla-

nelly, in his carriage, were Fivebars, Tracy, and Fitz-Waterton, who were loudly discussing the whole way home the merits of the little mare which had won Clanelly's wager, and rejoicing or lamenting over the winning or loss of their bets.

It may be as well, before describing the interview which is about to take place, to remind the reader that Lord Clanelly, however great his personal antipathy to our hero might be, had never become acquainted in the slightest degree with the connection which had existed between that individual and his wife: it was impossible, indeed, that he or any other person should know it, as so much secrecy had attended their retreat at Stonesfield, and in every other place in which they had been seen together, there had been no one present who was familiar with the persons of both of them. Another circumstance to be borne in mind by the reader is, that Lord Clanelly was entirely ignorant even of the existence of his child, for it had been born several months after his wife had left him; and we have seen that, at the time of her escape, no one was acquainted with the fact even of its being expected.

As his carriage now drew up in front of the village auberge, immediately behind that of Lord Clanelly,

our hero sprang from his seat, and advancing towards that nobleman with a firm step and an assured carriage, addressed him as follows, in the presence and hearing of his three companions:

"Lord Clanelly, I have found you at last, and I am glad of it. I have looked for you long in vain; —this is the first time, my Lord, that we have met since by your insulting and disgraceful conduct to a near and dear relation of mine, you first merited my deep scorn and utter contempt. Yes, I now tell you to your face, my Lord, that I do view you with the deepest scorn and the most utter contempt. Since then you have become still more an object of abhorrence to me, by being the means by which my brother, Lord Fletcher, was hurried out of the world; but, my Lord, you have not been content with this; you have dared to speak ill of my brother since his death, and it is for this that I now demand instant satisfaction at your hands. It is not necessary to go far;—I am ready;—the nearest field and the shortest distance. Are you prepared?"

Lord Clanelly and his companions, whose train of ideas had been upon subjects so totally different, and who still retained their betting-books in their hands, were at first disposed to look upon our hero as an

apparition or a madman ; b
ness and intensity in our he
not to be mistaken.

Lord Clanelly drew hims
with an air of dignified haute
He was about to reply, wh
loved to be foremost when
fighting going on, stepped in

"On my honour and cre
posal, truly! Do you think
fight you at a minute's notic
are to be his seconds, where
anything else about it?"

"I am ready to do so,"
which fell from Lord Clanell

Here Fivebars interfered
that he as yet saw no cau
grievances of which our her
of them of too old a date
others of too slight a nature
a duel which might end in bl

"And it *shall* end in bloo
hero. "No cause of serious q
shall be then no mistake.
tell you, in the presence of

you are a scoundrel—that you are a low-minded unprincipled villain, and an abject and contemptible wretch!"

"I am ready for you," again repeated Lord Clanelly,—and both parties seemed bent on the immediate decision of the question by arms upon the spot. The other persons present, however, could not of course allow of this. Fivebars came forward, as the second of Lord Clanelly, and proposed the following morning for the duel. It was agreed that Charenton should be the spot; the hour, seven in the morning; and for other particulars our hero referred Fivebars to Lord Arthur Mullingham, who would, he felt confident, undertake the office of second to him in this affair. He only expressed a wish that if the pistols did not promise to terminate the business quickly, it should be decided by the sword.



CHAPTER

READER, look round among
and tell me, is there or not
old man, who seems a thing a
the rest of the world—silent a
meditative—yet benevolent to
no interest in the passing aff
and philanthropical; ever ami
forgiving, and kind; not g
shrinking from the voice of mi
except with a most melancho
thou knowest such a man, beli
in his youth: he once embark
vessel, and she sunk with th

carping at and quarrelling with everything—with the sneer for ever on his curling lip, and distrust and suspicion in his eye? Hast thou marked the sardonic expression, the witheringly bitter scorn with which he seems to look upon the actions and motives of his fellow men—the bad opinion he has of human nature—the ironical blandness of his smile—the fierceness of his occasional invective—the dry sarcasm of his every-day remarks?—If thou hast seen such a man, know that he too hath loved in his youth:—pity him, and bear with him; for he hath haply been disappointed or deceived. Look on him, as on the ruin or the wreck, for he was once a noble thing; but his blessings have been turned into curses, and his affections into bitterness and reviling.

Reader, once more I will ask thee, dost thou reckon among the circle which surrounds thee a reckless and profligate old man?—a gray-haired debauchee—one who crawls on tottering knees to his mistresses—one who has brought on premature senility by the wildness and excess of his indulgences—one who has set no bounds to his passions, but has sated himself with drinking deep of the unhallowed waters of a thousand wells—one who has been, and who is haply still, a drunkard, a gambler,

a swearer, a roué, a spendth
on excitement, and contin
poison till it kills him?—Re
on this man's errors: he, t
his youth. Learn to bear
and be wise. Perchance to
remembrance; perchance to
unbearable thoughts; perc
uninteresting existence the
this man hath dashed into l
all that he seeks is to forg
the embraces of others is
one, who once betrayed his
cere affections; or of that
torn from him by uncontrol
the conventions of that so
now braves, and sets at nou
him, reader, and forgive l
wrong course; but in the be
—remember that corruptio o
man, like the fig-tree of H
carved by the hands of desti
or a god. If circumstance l
his devilish deformity, he ha
the angels.

The great, the true, the only philosophy, after all, is to be indulgent to the faults of others, for we all have faults which require other's indulgence. If Richard Bazancourt became, in after life, a reserved and silent man, a person pointed at by the finger of the crowd; if he took no delight in the dalliance of mirth and minstrelsy; if he came not to the festival, and loved not the merry laugh, nor the riot of the chase, nor the throng of towns, nor the applauses of the senate, we have seen the cause. His heart was withered up; he became an old man in his youth. Thousands of men and women love as they eat their dinners, or put on their clothes: it is one of the ordinary operations of their lives, which they consider mechanically, and adopt or lay aside at their pleasure. But there are beings of nobler natures in the world; whose love is not written in the sand, but engraven in the flinty rock, and chiselled deep in the marble. This remains when other things pass away!—Youth, joy, hope, ambition, friendship, even fades; but these men's love abideth!

Could any foresight on the part of our hero have prevented the accident which first threw him in the way of Jeannette Isabelle? Having seen her,

and spoken with her, could he help loving her? Could she any more, on the other side, avoid feeling the passion with which he inspired her?—and is there not destiny in these things?

Our hero, as soon as the preliminaries, which we have described at the end of the last chapter, were settled, hastened on his route to Paris. He took his seat again in his carriage with a light-hearted buoyancy of spirit which he had not experienced for months. He felt happy, and gay, and satisfied with himself, as he meditated on the prospect now, at length, placed straight before him of meeting his antagonist in arms.

"Now then," thought he to himself, "the time is come. Now we shall at length see whether the star of Bazancourt or Clanelly is in the ascendancy. —Whether the star of Bazancourt is in the ascendancy, said I?—How can I doubt it?—It is: it must be so. I feel here within me a certainty of success. I know that I shall triumph. I shall have my revenge—I shall wash my hands in his blood. How I hate him! for he once presumed to love what I have loved:—he has lately carried away once more from me my hidden treasure; and, perhaps, even at this very minute withholds her somewhere from my

arms. Of this I could not speak with him—propriety forbids. Decency, convention, decorum, forsooth, are arrayed against me! and then I should commit her, too, by mentioning her very name. It matters not—it will not be so to-morrow: there are no conventional rules of propriety in the grave. Death is without ceremony. I will set my foot upon his breast; and standing over him, prepared to strike, I will then ask him for my Isabelle. I will then torture him in his last moments, and complete my triumph by declaring myself her champion. I will demand her at his hands, and she shall be mine for ever."

On arriving in Paris, our hero found, much to his satisfaction, that Mullingham was in town, and on being applied to, he readily consented to undertake the office, and to adjust with the seconds of the opposite party all the necessary points previously to the duel. As swords had been proposed as the probable termination of the affair, in case the pistols were not successful in the first instance, Lord Clanelly had wished to have two seconds on each side, as is usual among Frenchmen, and as is often the case with Englishmen also, on these occasions, in France.

The Comte de Braglia, an expert and experienced swordsman, consented to be his additional second, and the chief responsibility was undertaken by Fivebars. Lord Arthur Mullingham, on the other hand, was so fortunate as to prevail on Lord Carmansdale, who was still in Paris, to be the supernumerary second of our hero; and Lord Carmansdale was, probably, induced to consent, from the idea that he might, perhaps, act as a moderator, from his intimate connection with both parties. Of course, Lord Clanelly having now attained his majority for some time past, Lord Carmansdale had no longer any tie with that young nobleman, which could prevent his appearing as the second of his adversary, and taking a pinch of snuff from his mother-of-pearl tabatière, he assured Grainger that he would not fail to be ready for Charenton the following morning, at half-past six.

Lord Furstenroy, having ascertained these points, ordered once more his carriage to be prepared, and proceeded to Montmorency, where he was desirous of seeing once more his family, and also of arranging some of his papers and affairs, in case the termination of the duel should be different from what he so confidently anticipated. The first person whom

he encountered, on entering the old country-house at Montmorency, was his eldest sister, and as she crossed him on the staircase, she held out her hand in passing, and let drop the single word "remember." Yes! he had remembered—he would still more effectually remember her to-morrow. To-morrow! how the syllables rang in his ear! To-morrow was to decide all—on to-morrow's dawn hung all his future views, hopes, wishes, prospects—on to-morrow, as on a hinge, moved the portals of his future fate. On entering his room, he took down his sword from its resting-place, and drawing its shining blade half out of the sheath, imprinted on it a kiss, in the same manner, though with far different feelings, as Jaffier does, before he yields himself up to the ministers of justice. He took out his pistols from their case, and looked at them, and caressed them, as if they were his friends; and at last, having partaken of a quiet meal with his sisters, and imprinted on the lips of each of them a kiss, he retired to his own room for the night, in joyous and yet anxious expectancy of the morrow.

It was after he had closed his writing-case, and had begun to make preparations for his toilet on retiring to rest, that his attention was attracted to-

wards the window by a sound which seemed like the tap of a finger, three times distinctly repeated, on the glass. On turning his head towards the casement, he saw clearly, in the light of the moon, the same figure of his Jeannette Isabelle, which had twice already before paid him such mysterious visits in the night hours; but this time her face was glad and cheerful; she smiled a benignant and encouraging smile; she was no longer appareled in the trailed and draggled garments of her last appearance; she no longer wore her hair dishevelled, or looked with that inexpressibly melancholy gaze upon our hero, which had so pained him on the two prior occasions: but sunshine seemed to beam from her joyous features, so radiant did they appear with happiness. She raised her hand, and beckoned to our hero, and strange to say, the fascination which had fixed him to the ground on which he stood, on the previous interviews of the same kind, no longer existed. He was enabled to open the casement, and follow into the open garden. The figure, however, continued to retreat as he advanced. The flowing ringlets of the form were adorned with a chaplet of bright flowers, and her apparel was white, and decorated with

glittering gems, as for a bridal; and thrice, as our hero pursued her retreating steps through the garden, she stopped, and pointing to the moon, and then to the earth alternately, made three circles round her head, and then moved on again. When the figure stopped, our hero involuntarily stopped also—he could not help it—and he dared not, or could not, speak to it. At length the strange vision appeared to have arrived at the boundary wall of the garden, which was so high as effectually to prevent the escape of any one from within; our hero sprung suddenly forward, as if to clasp the phantom in his arms, but he came in violent contact with the stone-work, and the image had disappeared. It was, then, beyond doubt, a supernatural appearance, which he had thus, the third time, seen distinctly face to face; and with circumstances at once so varied and so similar, as to leave no doubt upon his mind that there was a secret meaning in these warnings; and yet the face of his Jeannette Isabelle had looked so animated with pleasure and hope on this last occasion, that he felt encouraged and inspirited by the matter. He felt that he should go forth with double confidence into the field to-morrow. His



Lacrimantem et pl
Dicere, deseruit, tenuesqu
Ter conatus ibi collo dare
Ter frustra comprensa ma
Par levibus ventis, volucri



CHAPTER XXI.

Everybody knows the pretty little village of Charenton. Situated at the distance of about five English miles from Paris, it seems more in the country, and more secluded from the crowd and noise of the neighbouring metropolis, than, perhaps, any other place at an equally small number of leagues from that capital. Close by, on the right, stands the veterinary school of Alfort: and further on, upon the other side of the village, is the celebrated Maison des Fous, which is one of the first and best conducted lunatic asylums in the world. It is this that is the principal feature, and which gives its chief notoriety to Charenton. The salubrity of the air, the beauty and extent of the pleasure grounds, in which the unfortunate inmates are allowed to walk, and encouraged to amuse them-

selves with the cultivation of the flowers, render this spot one of the most eligible for the purpose of restoring to reason the minds of deranged persons.

It was in a field at the back of this building, and sufficiently hidden, by a high party-wall and a row of poplars, to be tolerably safe from observation, that it had been agreed by all parties to meet for the purpose of deciding the quarrel between our hero and Lord Clanelly. The morning was sunny and delicious. All nature seemed to smile. The lark was on the wing, piping merrily. There was just sufficient breeze to prevent the heat of a July morning from being yet perceptible. The bee and the butterfly were abroad, and busying or idling among the flowers. The dew was nearly dry upon the grass, for it was just upon the hour of seven.

Our hero, accompanied by Lord Carmansdale and Lord Arthur Mullingham, was first upon the ground. He alighted with a decided step, and a firm gait, from the carriage. Joy was in his countenance, he looked elated with hope and confidence. Lord Carmansdale deposited his Louis quatorze cane under the seat of the britska, for fear it should

be stolen, and desired Anton to keep a sharp look out.

"How do you feel?" said Lord Arthur to his friend.

"Perfectly cool," was his reply; and Mullingham at the same minute looking round, added,

"We shall not have to wait long, for here comes the other party."

It was finally arranged, after much discussion among the seconds, that only one pistol shot should take place; and on the persuasion of De Braglia, they agreed that this should be done in the continental fashion, of what is called the barrière. Quinze pas barrière is the usual distance, although this varies according to circumstances, and the particular laws laid down by the seconds; but as fifteen paces was the space fixed on upon the present occasion, we will shortly describe the practice, as it is unusual in this country. Two points, or limits, are then first of all marked out in the field, at the distance of five yards, or paces, from each other; these are the two barriers, and beyond these the parties must not advance, so that they cannot by any possibility take a shot at a less distance than five paces. On each side of these two barriers, how-

ever, the seconds mark ou
five paces; so that the two
paces from each other. T
at these two extreme poin
given, they do not fire tog
other. Each must contin
moment the signal is give
as he pleases; and one
pistol, the other is not pe
further, but may take a
from the spot in which he
adversary.

Lord Carmansdale bowe
to Clanelly as he alighted
Clanelly returned his salute
hauteur. Lord Carmansdal
Arthur Mullingham that h
province of loading the pis
reluctantly consigned into
afraid and suspicious of s
prevent the weapons from t
he secretly desired.

Lord Clanelly took his
affected air of indifference—
exclaimed, as the faithful an

his legs, and brushed him with his tail, "take this dog away, William, and tie him up, or he will be shot," he continued to his servant; but, "are you ready, gentlemen?" soon recalled his attention to the real business of the day.

Fivebars dropped his white handkerchief, which was the appointed signal; and Lord Clanelly, depending on his skill in firing, and unwilling to allow his adversary a chance, drew his trigger instantly. The ball took effect on the hat of his adversary, which it passed through, just above the point to which the head must have been inserted, and it seemed a miracle that he had escaped.

"Pshaw!" muttered Clanelly to himself.

But it was now our hero's turn to fire—and the whole party waited with fearful expectancy, scarcely venturing to draw breath, as they saw the deliberate steadiness with which he took his aim. His hand did not quiver, nor his eye flinch, and the cool determination of his whole air, seemed to give assurance to his shot. At last the words "il faut en finir," escaped his lips—he drew the trigger, and away went the bullet, rising in the air far above his adversary's head, and making a report of incredible loudness. Mullingham at once perceived that the

pistol had been badly loaded; and, in fact, Lord Carmansdale, anxious, if possible, to save the life of his late protegé, Clanelly, as well as that of his principal, had, with the connivance of the pacific Fivebars, put in a double charge of powder into both pistols; a thing which inevitably causes a ball to rise and describe an arc, instead of a straight line, in its progress. The dispute, however, was not yet decided.

"The swords," whispered our hero, with an intense deep breathing, and half choked with the mortification of having missed his aim. "Bring me the swords—this time I cannot fail:" but Mullingham, who well knew the proficiency of Lord Clanelly in fencing, did not feel now so confident as before in the success of his friend.

"Be cautious," said he, "and keep yourself cool," as he placed our hero in his proper position, and gave the rapier into his hand.

"I *am* cool," was his reply: but no sooner was the word for the assault given, than the impetuosity of our hero's temper, and the bitter hatred which he bore to Clanelly, carried him beyond all bounds in the violence of his attack. Clanelly, collected and wary, retreated gradually, with all the tact



which his long experience gave him, keeping his eye steadily fixed on that of his opponent, and parrying skilfully his well-aimed blows. At last, in withdrawing himself too suddenly from a thrust in tierce, which he attempted to stop with the guard of semicercle, his foot slipped upon the dewy grass, and he fell on his back upon the ground. Our hero stood over him contemplating his humiliation and mortification, and waited quietly till his seconds had assisted him to rise, and placed him once more in a condition to carry on the contest. Then it was that the thrusts of our hero were redoubled with tenfold energy; the blades of their swords glinted sparks of living fire. The assault of Bazancourt was terrific. He seemed actually to hurl himself upon his enemy with each push he gave—again—again—again—following up as the other retreated, pressing him most when he fancied that he seemed fatigued or breathless. Art was exhausted by the skill displayed on both sides. The spectators were in an agony of suspense, not knowing how this would end. Clanelly warded off adroitly a desperate lunge in quart made by Bazancourt. Bazancourt instantly made a coupé over the point of his sword, and plunged his own weapon into Clanelly's breast, then

leaning on it with all his weight, he seemed to feel a triumphant pleasure in the thought, as he saw the red warm stream ooze out; as he withdrew the blade, the blood spirted forcibly and far, and the green grass was crimsoned with it. Clanelly fell heavily to the ground. Yet, even on the ground, and writhing with the pain of his death-wound, he did not forget the dæmoniac hatred with which he regarded his adversary. Stuffing a handkerchief against the gaping wound, and endeavouring to rise, he beckoned to his seconds to help him once more upon his legs.

"I am not beat," he exclaimed, "'tis nothing—a mere scratch—I can go on again—I am ready—oh! this wound—'twas badly done of me—I was too slow with my guard—oh!—"

Who is it that is rushing over the meadow there, with frantic gesture, and with streaming hair? with eyes flashing with the fire of madness, and waving her arms aloft so menacingly? From an obscure back door in the dead wall, which enclosed the back part of the Maison des Fous, a figure issued just as the last fatal thrust of the encounter was given. 'Tis she! 'tis she!—at once our hero knew her—'twas indeed his Jeannette Isabelle—but she was

raving mad—she came dancing on in frantic guise, stooping ever and anon to gather some flower from the ground—and she had twined wild-flowers in her floating hair too—and dressed herself with all the ornaments in her possession. Clanelly also recognized her, although his vision was waxing dim, and his senses weak; but she roused him, for she ran up to him as he lay upon the ground, and shook him by the shoulder—

"Hah!" she shrieked aloud, "blood! red blood! why he is dying! going to be happy! going to his rest! going to be free!—keep him alive, good friends—let me bandage him! I would not have him die!—no—no—'twere pity that so kind and good a man should die! The grave is too good for him—the winding-sheet is too warm a covering—the funeral bell would sound too gaily on his burial day—ding dong—ding dong—ding dong—I hear it now, it is calling me—away! hark! away!—'twas very cold that night—my feet ache still with my journey. They brought me here—I know not where it is, but it is not very far from death. The tomb is open for me, and I am coming, good death—kind death—gentle death—I only would bid farewell to my infant and my love—where is he?"

But our hero, unable to restrain longer those emotions which were bursting within him; and seeing that Clanelly was already properly attended by his two seconds, and under the care of the surgeon, was already by our heroine's side; he had already surrounded her waist with his arm to support her, and looking into her eyes, seemed to endeavour to recall her to reason and recollection in vain. Clanelly looked darkly and suspiciously on the scene, as he beheld the care and anxiety with which our hero was paying such devoted attention to his wife; but the pain he suffered, and the operations and remonstrances of the surgeon, prevented his speaking. Jeannette Isabelle displayed not the slightest recollection of our hero.

"I know you not," she repeated wildly; "I know you not—unhand me—death is my friend—*he* is a lover that never fails his mistress when she sends for him."

These words, said as if in allusion to the letter which he had failed to answer, went to the heart of our hero.

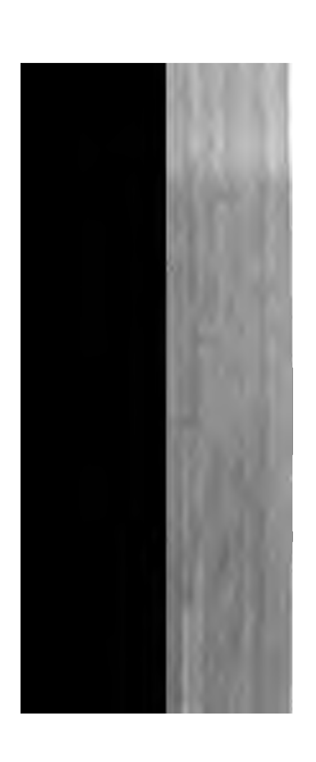
It was just at this conjuncture that another carriage was seen approaching by the road which skirted the end of the field, and our hero beheld



descending from it the mysterious old lady with whom he had formerly deposited his Jeannette Isabelle at Fontainebleau, who now advanced, bearing in her arms the precious pledge which she had still retained—namely, the little beautiful Florence.

"My wife! Lady Carmansdale!" exclaimed Lord Carmansdale as she approached.

It was, indeed, no other than the wife of Lord Carmansdale, whom we have above described as a married man, although he and his lady had been separated for years, on account of the incompatibility of their tastes and habits. She, nevertheless, had always retained sufficient regard for her husband, to be anxious, on all possible occasions, to be informed of his movements. Hearing by her secret channels of information, that his lordship was engaged to set off early this morning for Charenton, and wishing to have an interview with him for the purpose of consulting him regarding the child of Lord Clanelly, now that she seemed to have totally lost sight of its mother, she had followed his carriage to this spot. Perhaps she had also a presentiment that a duel was in agitation, and impressed with her peculiarly zealous views of religion upon that point, she might have accelerated her journey with the



saw that she had little time to lo
him with the child, and kneeli
sented it to him in her arms, say
behold your daughter."

The dying man's blood
staunched—his pulses ceased—
staggered at this sudden and i
dress.

"My daughter!" he falte
"do not mock a dying man!
so!"

"Indeed, indeed," repeate
old lady, "it is fact; you ar
child is yours. It was I who, a
name and authority of Lord C
relative and guardian, succeed
keys of your wife's apartment a

the very lineaments of its face bespeak. The registry of its age and baptism will be found at the Catholic chapel in Oxford. Should you require other witnesses they shall be brought."

"Witnesses! 'tis too late to bring them here for me," sighed forth the weakened voice of Clanelly; "I shall not live to see them, but I believe you, Lady Carmansdale; I thank you for it; but let me kiss my daughter;" and as Lady Carmansdale held out the pretty Florence to her father's lips, she drew back at the sight of the blood and at the paleness of his face and screamed.

"I give thee my blessing, my child," came almost inaudibly from Clanelly's lips; and keeping his eyes fixedly and sorrowfully on the figure of his frantic wife, he at last grasped convulsively the grass with his fingers, as if to support himself, and rolling over on his side, expired in the arms of his attendants.

"Is he dead? No! he is sleeping! wake him again! I want to talk to him!" exclaimed Jeannette Isabelle, still raving with the delirium of her madness: "I would reproach him for his baseness! I would wring his last moments with agony! I would make him know me well, ere he went out of the



recollection of her husband, our l
to rush franticly in circles round t
wildly; "Ha! ha! ha!—ha! ha
now—he is sinking—sinking in t
down—I come too—I follow—sa
love?"

At that moment the clock in
renton church struck eight—the
cally on the ear of the listening
same instant, a little Savoyard in
had wandered in ignorance so n
scene, commenced playing on h
well-known melody of "Marlbr
wars." On so slight casualties d
tous events in men's lives sometin
nette Isabelle started, looked onc

by the peal of the church-tower—and all her faculties were instantaneously restored. She gazed on her dead husband—on her sorrowing lover—on her speechless child—and though reason had re-asserted its empire, the aggravation and accumulation of calamities and trials—the mixture of excessive joy and the shock of terror—was too much for her; her accents faltered, and she burst into tears.

"My own! my beloved! come to me now, and let us pass the rest of our days together," exclaimed Bazancourt; "come to my arms, and let us be at peace; all our trials, all our difficulties, all our dangers are over, and nothing remains but—"

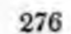
"For me to die," responded calmly Jeannette Isabelle; "I have always wished for death, and it is sweeter to me thus to pillow my head upon the knee of him I love, and so fall quietly asleep, than to live longer here. Bring me my babe, too; I would embrace her, ere I go to my home. Richard, let her be your charge, your care, your trust; let it be your pleasure and your pride, if you should hereafter retain a place in your memory for one who has loved you better than her life, to love this child. In her youth, guide her and guard her; and when she grows up, warn her against the errors of her

mother. I bless you both
sometimes, Richard, and sit
and scatter flowers on my
you, nor see you, but the th
farewell."

Our hero looked at La
saw that she too had pe
change which had passed
loved one ;—the living had
ture had passed into clay.
and dejected. He was a
world to him was empty-
without a charm. He took
and imprinted on its brow
now become, by the descent
was permitted to the famil
nelly ; large lands and ple
store, but she had become
heiress and an orphan.

That instant our hero
solemn vow that he would
own—that she should su
thoughts of her who was
rest—that all his worldly
should be directed only to

vantage of this child: and though the stream of years has not rolled as yet far on, though the flowers are yet fresh upon the turfy tomb of Isabelle, and the sad tale is green in the memories of them that knew the history, it may be truly said that Lord Furstenroy has abided, and gives proof that he will abide, by his word. Alone, with the daughter of his dearest-beloved companion and of his bitterest foe, he inhabits his retreat in the country; and often at evening, as he paces up and down that old avenue, which we described in our first volume as one of the most beautiful features of the Northamptonshire estate, he is seen to stop, when the sun has set, and silence reigns, and the deer are sleeping round him; and some say that he holds commune there with a vision, some phantom invisible to all but to himself. He mixes not with the world—he reads much—and his talents and information might ensure him fame and power in that senate, whose applause and whose laurels he despises. He only smiles when Victoire brings to him the little Florence, and he asks, "Think you she grows liker to her mamma?" or else at night-fall, when his mysterious visitant—his spectral comforter—hath met him in his walk; then it is that his countenance beams happily, and



he appears solaced and g
once, on such an occasion, a
heaven!"

"Celui qui n'a pas souffert, dit

[redacted]

CHAPTER XXII.

We have now conducted our readers to the end of this tragical history; and if we have been too tedious in describing its minutiæ, or too attentive to detail in analyzing the workings of the heart, we can only thank them for their patience, and request them to accept as our apology, that "difficile est proprié communia dicere." The remaining personages, whom we have introduced to their acquaintance, "to point our moral or adorn our tale," although numerous, are too unimportant to detain us long. We have certainly, as we have said, a good many of them; we have of young ladies alone as many on our list to be provided with husbands in our last chapter as even the honourable and disagreeable Mrs. Scraggs herself, or any other elderly chaperon. We will begin, however, by accounting, first of all, for the manner in which our heroine had first found a refuge in the madhouse of Charenton.

This was done through tl
less a person than our old r
argent, who, after the death
acquittal, finding politics a b
them altogether, and had ol
as one of the keepers of the
des Fous. He had been se
conduct back a patient to
returning along the road late
Jeannette Isabelle wandering
condition, in which we have
fled from her husband, in th
took compassion upon her, p
his carriage, and conducted
From this retreat she had artf
but in a decided state of ma
when the fatal duel had enc
discovered this service to h
Sansargent, settled on him a
his life.

Poor old mother Boivin
connected more or less with
brother, Lord Fletcher, was
being brought to England, ar
a cottage on Lord Furstenro

ing an annual pension in Paris. She preferred the latter; as having been born in the Rue St. Denis, she wished to die there also. She, however, accepted the pension, and continued cursing the sacrés chiens d'Anglais to the last, even while she was living on their bounty. St. Just's celebrated code of laws for the immortal republic, which her son used to quote, contains the following rule:—"Un homme convaincu d'ingratitude est banni;" but Madame Boivin never approved of her son's line of politics.

Lord Carmansdale, shortly after this recognition of his wife, whom he had not previously seen for years, died. The cause of his death was the fact of his having gone out without his great coat one chilly day, to look at some watches at Brequet's, in consequence of Anton having not allowed him to wear it, on account of economy. He left his collection of snuffboxes and canes to Lord Furstenroy, with long written directions in his will for polishing them, and keeping them in order. His diplomatic appointment was considered a great windfall by ministers, and was filled up in the next gazette: after this he was entirely forgotten.

His widow continued to live on the continent until her death, only paying an occasional visit to

England, for the purpose of
by her little protégée, Flo
shire.

The Comte de Carbonnel
his wife, who wrote a ve
brother after the duel, expr
faction at the way in wh
George Grainger remained
hanger-on about the house;
naturally stupid, knew the
verb, that "un cocu est un
il sait se taire."

Lord Arthur Mullingham
a very ample fortune had
Fanny Bazancourt, by her
shortly afterwards made prop
although she had formerly p
"bête noire," and he had
hand, that she was his "abs
were both clever people in th
that great wits have short m

Our good Irish friend,
soon after this period also, s
on' Miss Barbara Scraggs
Waterton, even without the

necessity is the mother of invention, and faint heart never won fair lady. It was within an exceedingly short interval after his marriage, that he one day met Fivebars, who married the other sister.

"Well, Fivebars, my dear fellow," said he, "which do you think you are—an uncle or an aunt?"

"What do you mean," said Fivebars; "you were only married the other day."

"Well—I know; but upon my honour and credit, I've got a little child come to town:—what do you think it is?"

"A girl," said Fivebars.

"No!—guess again."

"A boy," said Fivebars.

"Ah! sure now somebody told ye," replied Fitz-Waterton.

We have said that Fivebars shortly after espoused another daughter of the house of Scraggs; and this circumstance in some sort consoled the disconsolate and honourable mamma for the bad match made by her rebellious second daughter. Fivebars, however, kept up his character as the uncomfortable man. Shortly after his marriage, he gave a great house-warming at his new house, which he was building

in Leicestershire, to a large party of his frien
The house in fact was not finished at the time. T
dining-room was complete, and furnished, and t
sat down in it thirty to dinner: but the room im
diately overhead had not yet even been boarded o
and the rafters were visible, shewing through t
interstices the lath and plaster which formed
ceiling of the room below. Fivebars had parti
larly charged his wife not to run the risk of stepp
across these rafters: but nevertheless, as soon as
ladies had left the dining-room, she took a can
in her hand, and offered to shew the extensive
mensions of the future drawing-room to her frien
As she stepped across from one beam to anoth
her foot slipped; and Fivebars and the rest of
company below hearing a crash, and seeing the d
sert covered suddenly with a shower of mortar, look
up, and there they beheld the unfortunate Mrs. Fi
bars, dangling from the ceiling, having arrested
fall with her elbows, which she kept extended acr
the rafters, to support her. This is what might
called a good introduction to the county.

Bob Tracy, in the mean time, having tired
all his friends, and being completely tired of hims
though not given to matrimony, started one f

morning in a steamer for America, taking with him nothing but a stout pair of shoes and a hatchet; and telling his acquaintances that they would shortly hear of his keeping a small shop, with—small beer sold here—at Bogota, or a gin-palace, on the top of Chimborazo.—Some time afterwards, it was reported that he had returned, and had brought with him a fine collection of parrots and parroquets, for the sale of which he had established a regular trade by commission with a red Indian tribe in the back settlements: he taught all his parrots to quote Horace, and sing Drops of Brandy, and might be seen daily at his stand, at the corner of Pall Mall, with a long pole over his shoulder, and wires as perches for the parrots, swung in balance at either end; and the remaining Miss Scraggs, who seemed now destined to become an old maid, purchased one of the parrots.

The pretty Mrs. Blandford still continued to exhibit her children as if they were wild beasts, and herself the keeper of the ménagerie: her last joke was as follows—

"Who was the wisest man, my little dear?"

"Solomon, mamma."

"And who was the wisest woman, Charlie?"

"There never was a wi
swered Charlie.

"Do make him say it
exclaimed the delighted and

Olympe, Comtesse de
observe all those exact disti
rences which separate at Pa
honnêtes" from that of "fe

Sir Derby Doncaster f
his physician ordered him t
leg, blistered, and turned
a summer's run.

The Rev. Samuel Circum
living; and if not exactly
any rate, to play the part
naughty boy, Bob Tracy, f
ing in London, and used
Pall Mall, took great pain
say "No parsons;" and th
put into the mouth of le bo

> "A ces gens-là, si j'ouvre
> Que le diable m'emporte !

At last, our hero being
passing by from his club, th
features of Bob Tracy, as

acquaintance. Finding it to be the case, he gave him his hand, helped him out of all his difficulties, procured for him ordination, through his interest with the Bishop of Hornchester, a particular friend and distant connection of his own family, and presented him to the finest living in the gift of the Earls of Furstenroy, where Bob made an excellent parish priest, and all the better for his experience—bowed with a patronizing air to his old tutor, when he met him at the Visitations—and enjoyed an income, from his tithes and glebe, of four times the amount of that which the Rev. Samuel Circumflex derived from his college vicarage. Bob was shortly afterwards made, through the continued kindness of Lord Furstenroy, his domestic chaplain, and has been promised a prebendal stall in a cathedral in the north, when a vacancy occurs!—Gentle reader, farewell!

FINIS.

C. Whittingham, Tooks Court, Chancery Lane.



CRITICAL NOTICES.

"This moral is finely and sternly wrought out in these pages. indolent and unfilled hours soon lead to the want of any excite and this is found in a criminal passion, the progress of which is loped truly and terribly."—*Court Journal.*

"This work is more than an interesting novel, it is an essay and the human passions. The author has dissected and laid bar human heart to its very core; and the story, for skill in its deline and profound interest in its incidents, has rarely been matched years. We can scarcely imagine a heart that would not respond eloquent out-pourings of grief of the all-accomplished but Maria; the entire work, indeed, varied and enlivened as it is glowing picture of the gorgeous East, will be read with the gr interest."—*Birmingham Journal.*

"The author of 'Paynell' has added a new name of promise already thickly studded field of literature. Mr. Stapleton has evid luxuriated in the East—his picturesque and Oriental scenes are tifully described, and the work itself, a story of intense passion an venture, bears such marks of originality as will rivet the attent the reader; he delineates and lays bare the workings of the h heart with a master hand."—*Manchester Courier.*

"His style, indeed, using the word in its most extensive meani singularly graceful, rich, and flowing."—*Monthly Review. March*

"This is, we believe, Mr. Stapleton's first work—it is a bri promise—and we prophecy that we shall have to address his next duction in the words of Horace, 'O matre pulchrâ, filia pulchrio *New Monthly Mag.*

[redacted]



[redacted]

